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ABD-UL MEDJID.

THE CITY OF THE SULTAN.

THE BOSPHORUS—ITS MAGNIFICENT SCENERY—THE GOLDEN HORN—SULTAN'S WHITE PALACE—SULTAN'S YACHT—A SAIL ON THE WATERS—THE SWEET WATERS—WOMEN—COPPEE-HOUSES—THE GRAND BAZAAR—A STREET—THE SULTAN.

MY last communication closed with some references to the glorious scenery of the Bosphorus. The etymology of this word has been traced by those who are fond of searching into such matters to a couple of Greek words signifying bull and passage, and it is supposed to have been called the "passage of the buil" because the strait is here so narrow that a brute could easily swim across it. Others attribute the name to the classical

myth of Jupiter and Io, and the promontory of Scutari is imagined to have been the landing-place of these famous personages. It is also said, by some writers, to have been the burial-place of the wife of Chares, the Athenian general, who aided the Byzantines when attacked by Philip of Macedon, and some relationship has been attempted between these celebrated waters and the figure of a heifer which surmounted the monument erected to her memory. I have somewhere seen what purports to be the inscription which was carved upon the column of her tomb. If it is authentic, it is a disclaimer of this immortality, for the epitaph ran thus:-

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"I am not the image of the cow, daughter of Inachus, and I have not given my name to the Bosphorus which extends before me. Her the cruel resentment of Juno drove beyond the sea; but I who occupy this tomb, I am one of the dead—a daughter of Cecrops. I was the wife of Chares, and I sailed with that hero when he came to combat the ships of Philip. Until then I had been called Boidion, the young heifer; now, the wife of Chares, I enjoy two continents."

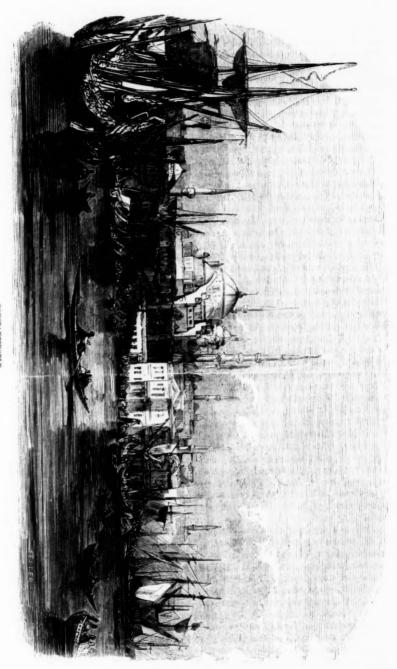
The belles of the present day would not be flattered with the appellation "the young heifer," but it was a complimentary expression among the Greeks, and Homer sings of "ox-eyed Juno."

The Golden Horn undoubtedly receives its name from its resemblance to the cornucopia, and from the wealth which the city derived from the advantages of its position upon its shores. The narrow passage which separates Europe and Asia is called the Thracian Bosphorus, to distinguish it from the strait which connects the Black Sea with the Sea of Azof, formerly called the Cimmerian Bosphorus, and now known as the Straits of Caffa. Mount Hermes, a peak of the Balkan chain, borders the European shore, while the Asiatic boundary is terminated by the mountains of Bithynia, which descend to the Black Sea. The best views of these winding waters, which narrow and widen in various places, are from some of the hills which overlook their course. The most central and picturesque view is in Asia, from the summit of Kandili, at the foot of the Sultan's kiosque. Your readers can hardly gain an idea of the beautiful port of Constantinople as it spread out before me, from the imperfect and contracted accompanying sketch. How then can I give even a glimpse of the magnificent view which was spread before me from the heights of Kandili! No artist's pencil, though dipped in the colors of morning, could give it. Notwithstanding all the glowing descriptions I had read, I was ready to confess that language had been unable to exaggerate the marvelous beauty of this oriental panorama. I shall therefore attempt no pen-and-ink picture of what is perfectly indescribable, but endeavor to present some of the more prominent points of the tableau, which you can amuse yourself by grouping in imagination, with the perfect certainty that all your efforts will never surpass the reality. To the left, as you face Constantinople, are the Dardanelles in the distance, the

Sea of Marmora, the Mountains of Olympus, the point of the Seraglio, and all the city of Stamboul, with its swelling domes and the elegant minarets of its mosques. A little in advance are Galata. Pera, Top-Khana and the European shore, with its ports, villages and kiosques. Stamboul, Galata, and Scutari, the three cities which are comprised in Constantinople, are thus visible at a single glance. The right view from the same point, though facing the Black Sea, presents all the windings of these beautiful waters. their basins and defiles. In the foreground is the castle of Europe; beyond it are Therapia and Buiuk Déré, the residence of most of the foreign ambassadors to the Ottoman government; while upon the opposite shore are seen the Castle and Sweet Waters of Asia, the valley of Sultanich and Unkiar-Iskiliey, and finally the giant mountain behind which the Black Sea is concealed.

Lamartine said the Bay of Naples faded from his imagination when he gazed upon the enchanted picture of the Golden Horn. He adds that the glowing sky and transparent waters can alone mirror the marvelous beauty of this scenery, which changes and increases with every glance. I recollect laughing heartily over the story of one of my countrymen who was thrown into such ecstasies by this gorgeous panorama that it produced a violent fever. The poor fellow recovered, as he deserved; but true to his enthusiasm, notwithstanding the penalty which it had cost him, he persisted in declaring that if but one look upon earth was vouchsafed to his eyes, that look should be spent upon the Golden Horn. The story recurred to my memory many times as I wandered amid this unrivaled scenery, and though it failed not to call up a smile, it no longer seemed as laughably incredible as before.

The sentiments awakened by these charming scenes are all glad, joyful—ecstatic, I was about to add in the spirit, perhaps, of my spasmodic countryman. You may have experienced similar emotions on some beautiful spring morning while wandering in flowery vales, which glittered with dewy perfume and echoed to rural melodics. Nature smiles and laughs upon the shores of the Bosphorus; she does not awe and silence you with grandeur or solemnity. Some of the elevations which form a verdurous amphitheater



CONSTANTINOPLE

upon the two shores and are faithfully mirrored in the blue waters at their feet, may sometimes remind you of the Swiss hills, as you search your memory for some point of comparison. Upon these declivities, as far as the eye can reach, extend lines of red pagoda-shaped houses, half concealed amid rose and jessamine shrubbery. Interspersed among them are palaces of dazzling whiteness and of a light and graceful architecture, over which aged sycamores extend their sheltering branches; while still higher up charming kiosques peep forth from thickets of foliage, like rubies encased in enamel. Sparkling brooks gleam like silver ribbons from the shadowing forests, or plunge in cascades, while the warm rays of the sun dance and play with all the prismatic colors upon their surface. The relieving outline to this dazzling parterre is formed by the gray-tinted rocks, which are still beyond and above, giving tone and harmony to the whole picture, while dark evpresses lift their tufted heads upon the summits, forming a subdued and massive frame for the smiling landscape.

The constant variety of aspect presented amid this profusion of beauty, is not one of the least charming of its features: here a hill rises bold and abrupt in its outline, while beneath stretches a verdant and quiet valley, where thought is hushed by the murmuring lull of the fountain, and the intrusion of memory upon the dreamy enjoyment of the present, is banished by the soft whisper of the gigantic sycamore, mingled with the song of the waters. As you advance, one charming scene gives place to another still more charming. At every turn of this enchanted ground some delightful discovery is made of a beautiful picture which had only been concealed by one previously

Now that we have formed some idea of the general aspect of the golden waters which separate the two continents and unite two seas, let us step into one of the floating shells which skim over their surface with the lightness and almost the rapidity of birds. You must step lightly as you seat yourself within the caique, for the slightnest irregularity of motion will overturn the fragile structure, and plunge you into the water, much to the amusement of the kaidji, or boatmen, who invariably recognize the new-comer by his awkwardness

and timidity. The long and slender form of these boats, their sharp prows and their knife-shaped keels prove that there are strong currents beneath, and deceitful winds above these beautiful waters. The movement of a hand or arm is sufficient to disturb the equilibrium of these light vessels; but after you have acquired some of the Turkish immobility of character, you seat yourself upon their carpeted bottoms with a feeling of security which is due, in a great measure, to the confidence you soon acquire in the skill and experience of the kaidiis, or boatmen. They are a noble-looking set of men, with complexions of bronze and the finest muscular development. The introduction of steamers, which ply between the various landing-places, has very seriously affected the business of this class. Formerly at each point of embarkation you were besieged by them, precisely as the hackney-coachmen take possession of the unprotected traveler at your railway stations. One great drawback from the enjoyment of a caique is the absence of all awnings, even in the hottest season-this privilege is reserved entirely for the sultan-parasols and umbrellas were formerly strictly forbidden-for these have always been the symbols of power and royalty in the east, but of late this rigor has been somewhat modified; you can now protect yourself with them if you are careful to lower them upon approaching any of the imperial residences.

There is a whole fleet of caiques drawn up at the landing-place of Top-Khana. The first part of this compound word signifies cannon, and the latter means square. or warehouse; it is applied to its present locality on account of the large foundry which marks this quarter; it is also more frequented by the Franks than any other. After descending the steps to the water, you follow the European shore, in obedience to the strong current in the direction of the Black Sea. Upon the opposite shore is seen Scutari, in Turkish Ouskoudar, with its white mosques and red houses. It was anciently known as Chrysopolis, or the Golden City; it is said, on account of its being the place where the Persians received tribute from Bithynia. But though the gold which christened it exists no longer, it will always be a golden city while the rays of the setting sun pour their flood of glory upon it.

The vigorous strokes of our kaidiis soon bring us to a pleasant retreat called Dolma-Baghtche, inclosing a lovely vallev, lying between two hills which border the water. Here it is said Jason landed with his Argonauts, when in search of the Golden Fleece. At its extremity is a kiosque, covered within and without by Persian porcelain-a rare specimen of oriental luxury. The warlike dwellings of the Turcomans were intended to be represented in its construction; the tent of the chief, or the pavilion of the khan, forms the grand hall in the center; while the pavilions placed at the four corners are designed for the official guard.

Opposite Scutari appears the white palace of the sultan. It is in the Italian, or perhaps more correctly, the Lombard style, and was built by Mahmoud II., the father of the present monarch. The material used in its construction is the marble of Marmora, and though it has not all the severe correctness of outline which a cultivated taste might demand for a regal residence in a locality of such exceeding beauty, its massive staircases and columns, its gilded lattices and elaborate carvings produce a very unique and rich It is probably known to your readers that the Mohammedan religion strictly forbids the representation of any living thing either in carving or colors. More than three hundred halls of this sumptuous building are decorated in the greatest profusion with arabesques of every possible variety in the finest executed frescoes. One large saloon is lighted by a dome of ruby-coloured glass, through which the glowing light streams with a strange and striking effect, peculiarly gratifying to oriental taste.

The apartments of the sultan and those of the sultana valide, or queen-mother, are of exceeding elegance. Those of the former are somewhat in imitation of the splendors of Versailles; but no monarch in the world looks from his palace windows on such a prospect as stretches beneath the gaze of the padischa, from this

magnificent abode.

I often saw the sultan's caique in front of this palace. The elegance of its form is only equaled by the richness of its draperies, and the carving and gilding with which it is ornamented. The awning which covers his majesty is of velvet, studded with golden stars. It is sur-

rounded with a silver balustrade, and supported by four columns of elegant workmanship, and it is surmounted by four globes of carved silver and a golden sun. It is manned by twenty-six of the strongest and handsomest kaidjis, whose vigorous strokes send it like an arrow over the mirroring waters. Two, and sometimes three caiques precisely similar, follow that which contains the sultan, and these are succeeded by the caiques of the grand pashas, with fourteen oarsmen. truly royal and oriental cortege is always saluted with salvos of artillery from the city, the Bosphorus, and the vessels of the harbor.

Nearly opposite the white palace, upon the Asiatic shore, is another imperial residence, called the Beylerbey Serai, or vellow palace. These beautiful shores are almost a continuous line of magnificent edifices. The sultana valide, the sisters of the sultan, and the dignitaries of the empire, have summer residences in this vicinity, adding all that wealth and oriental luxury could suggest to these enchanting scenes. Magnificent flights of steps descend to the water's edge, upon which are seated the household slaves in rich costumes. The entrance to some of the apartments is partially concealed by vine-covered trellises which shade the terrace paths, bordered by flowers and shrubs, whose fragrance is wafted upon the air as we skim over the clear water. The open windows sometimes reveal the master of the house seated with Turkish gravity in a lofty hall, with no companion but the inseparable chiboque. Our caique glides beneath the shade of the overhanging trees in many places. The women's apartments are always in a wing by themselves; and the windows are protected by cedar lattices, but they are all furnished with round openings, by means of which those within can see all that passes, without being seen themselves.

Before the village of Arnaoul-Keur the strong current produces a great roughness of the hitherto placid waters. It is only passed by means of assistance from the shore; a rope is thrown by the kaidjis to three or four hamals, or burden-bearers. who pull lustily till oars may again be resumed with safety. This shore, which is equally dangerous in all winds and weather, is called Cheitan-Akindici, or the Devil's Current.

The Asiatic coast is more luxurious in trees than the European. Kiosks, palaces, and villages gleam forth in all the hues of the rainbow from the sheltering foliage. Most of these buildings are of wood, but not the less elegant, with their rich carvings, galleries and balustrades, painted and gilded in the bright hues of oriental taste.

And now we approach Guyuck-Sou, literally, "Blue Water of Heaven, or the Sweet Waters of Asia," as it has been called by Europeans. A beautiful building of white marble, covering a fountain, is seen from the water. As we draw nearer, its arabesque carvings and the crescents which crown it reveal themselves. The Golden Horn here narrows to a mere streamlet meandering between green meadows enameled with flowers. It is the favorite resort of the Turk, especially of the women and children. Every day, but especially on Friday, the velvet turf is crowded with groups of Turkish, Greek, and Armenian women. seated upon mats, or reclining on luxurious cushions, beneath the shade of the noble trees which ornament this beautiful spot. The former, however, are invariably accompanied by a negress, or an aged duenna, and those who are wealthy by a black eunuch, armed with the long whip which is the badge of their office, and which would unquestionably be called into use upon the slightest manifestation of improper curiosity from any of the male part of the throng. Too near an approach, or too earnest a gaze upon these "exclusives," would call forth a volley of choice epithets and emphatic maledictions, from which the unfortunate Paul Prv would do well to make a precipitate retreat. Public sentiment is a more effectual protection of them from observation than even the long whips of their attendants. English officers were lately enjoying the delights of this charming scenery, when the gilded arabas, or chariots, of the 'oval family, drawn by white oxen, in housings of crimson and gold, attracted universal attention. The first was occupied by the sultan's sister and two of his wives; this was followed by five other carriages filled with ladies of the harem. The whole company preserved, with scrupulous Turkish etiquette, the most imperturbable unconsciousness of the general interest excited by their presence, and though many dignitaries of high rank and brilliant equipages mingled with the scene, not a glance betrayed any vulgar curiosity on the part of these royal ladies.

The Europeans present, far from imitating this example of Moslem high breeding, gazed upon the display of beauty with unconcealed eagerness. One officer forgot himself so far that he took off his cap, and smilingly saluted the lovely inmates of the first carriage. He even advanced a step or two, with cap in hand, doubtless quite absorbed in the novelty and excitement of the occasion. But he was soon recalled from his oriental reveries by a disagreeable-looking gentleman of the darkest complexion, and a frightful scowl, who brandished a jeweled knife in the face of the Englishman, and then taking his place in front of the gilded araba, directed the driver to leave the ground.

Mingled with the groups reposing about the "Sweet Waters" are Greeks and Bulgarians, performing their national dances; Jews, offering trifles for sale; while the numerous coffee venders, water carriers, and confectioners are in great demand among the crowd. Turkish merchants smoke the chiboque or narghila, and occasionally the picturesque scene is heightened by parties of Turkish dignitaries mounted on spirited steeds, their bejeweled trappings flashing in the sunlight.

But we linger too long on these enchanted shores. Not far beyond, the castles of Europe and Asia stand upon the opposite banks of the Bosphorus, which here narrows to a rapid stream. It is about four hundred fathoms in width, and it is said that a bridge was thrown across it by Mandrocles, of Samos, for the passage of Darius with his army of seven hundred thousand men. All succeeding European and Asiatic invaders have followed the track of the Persian monarch. The landscape here has features of sublimity mingled with its loveliness. Two lofty capes, sloping abruptly from the mountains in the distance, support the massive and extended fortifications, which sit on their rocky foundations, looking defiance at each other. Their shadows darken the sun-lighted waters, while the long streamers of moss which hang from the walls, remind you of the drooping banners of the conquered. Roumeli Hissan, the castle of Europe, which is also called

Bogus Kesea, or Cut-throat, presents a fine appearance. It has three large towers, and these with a smaller one near the sea form four Turkish characters, which compose the name of Mohammed II., by whom it was built.

Many points of interest must be omitted in this rapid sketch, and my return beneath the unclouded moon in an atmosphere of such transparency, that it seemed no longer night, but subdued daylight, must be left to the imagination of your What will they think of me readers. when I confess that one of the numerous cafés of the Bosphorus was the most agreeable sight which met my eyes, notwithstanding the peerless moon, the glittering stars, and the twinkling lights reflected in the clear waters; but the truth is, I was voraciously hungry. The long streams of light which illuminated the sea, directed the swift strokes of my kaidiis, and I was soon sipping delicious coffee from the tiny cups in which it is served in these establishments. No place of public traffic makes less pretension to elegance and luxury than a Turkish café. Those on the Bosphorus are raised on wooden piles, a few feet above the surface of the water. The platform thus supported is surrounded by a balustrade of lattice work, inclosing one small, low room, which is, however, shaded by vines and tufts of trees. They are generally quite open, though many of them combine the barber's occupation in their establishments; but the Turk has few ideas of privacy except as regards the harem. He eats, drinks, sleeps, and smokes in the most public places, and is almost as regardless of the attention he may attract, as the Indian idols of the worship offered to

The interior of the *café* is furnished with a divan, upon which the frequenters of the place sit like monkeys, with a kind of ludicrous gravity about them. Shelves are arranged upon the walls, containing razors, basins, &c., rows of narghiles, of Bohemian glass or other material; while a furnace in one corner shows where the refreshing coffee is prepared under your very eyes.

In these places, too, the regulations in regard to pictures have been modified in some manner. The views of their favorite localities and public buildings hang side by side with the Emperors of Europe and your republican President. I cannot say much for the decorative effect produced by these displays; I remember counting twenty pictures in one of the finest cafés of the city, for which a quarter of a dollar would certainly have been an extravagant price. The absence of intoxicating drinks from these places, with the decorum consequent among all the inmates, is one of the most agreeable features to the foreigner. The iced water, lemonade, and coffee, form a favorable contrast to the exciting stimulants which are furnished in the resorts for the lower classes of most other countries.

One of the earliest points of interest upon which I stumbled was the Grand Bazaar of Constantinople. My inflated ideas of the elegance of this great mart were very soon dispelled upon a personal inspection. It covers a sufficient extent of space to be a city of itself, comprising streets, squares, fountains, and passages, the whole surmounted by a vaulted roof. through which the softened light is admitted by round tunnel-shaped openings; whole streets of this inclosure are devoted to the sale of drugs, sacks of which lie about and are exposed in heaps upon the stalls, while the merchant sits impassibly smoking, and apparently absorbed with the fragrant fumes of his pipe. Other parts are occupied by the perfumers, and these fragrant quarters are generally thronged by the women, who seem very merry as they inhale the mingled sweets of the rose, the jessamine, or lavender, if we may judge by the constant peals of laughter echoing among them. Then there are the rich carpets of Persia, the silks of Broussa, shawls from Cashmere, mirrors, cutlery, porcelain, jewelry, curious and antique articles of gold and silver, shoes of every fantastic shape and ornament, draperies of the richest hues and material; in fact, almost every article of use or luxury which it is possible to imagine. The tobacconists and pipe dealers are of course well represented in this exposition of oriental commerce and industry. Of the former there are four principal qualities for the chiboque and eigarettes; the latter are becoming very generally used, especially by the women. The only kind of tobacco which is used for the narghila is brought from Persia, and it is called tombeki.

But the grand object of luxury in the



CAFE ON THE BOSPBORUS,

East is the pipe; the stem, the bowl, and the mouth-piece are separate articles of manufacture, and command enormous prices: a pair of the latter, such as an aristocratic Turk would purchase, are not to be obtained at less than three or four hundred dollars. Of course they must be faultless in color and quality, and they are ornamented with gold and precious gems. I have been told that many of the wealthy private citizens of Stamboul possess col-

lections of these articles, of twenty or thirty thousand dollars in value.

To a foreigner, the most interesting display of the *Bezestin* or Bazaar is the crowd which is constantly circulating amid its motley assemblage of merchandise. Constantinople must always be the point of intersection for the Eastern and Western worlds, and the various types of the human family in this rendezvous of two continents present some of the most

remarkable and characteristic tableaux. There is no blending of nationality, notwithstanding the general commingling. You recognize the watchful Russian, the calculating Englishman, the business-like American, the gesticulating Italian, the loquacious Frenchman, the bartering Jew, the restless Arab, and the staring Negro, all mixing indiscriminately with the turbaned Turk, who is alone immovable in the midst of the general agitation.

The fez, the turban, and the Frankish hat, form an unbroken stream, in the midst of which move the shroud-like wrappings of the women, (with their white dominoes and yellow boots,) who have one characteristic, at least, with their more civilized sisters, in their passion for shopping. Now a mounted pasha, followed by his domesties on foot, parts the human stream to the right and left; and now a donkey, with the stupidity of his race, in the dis-



TURKISH BAZAAR.

play of which he is greatly aided by his driver, blocks the passage with the long lumbering cart to which he is attached. The sounds are as various as the sights: the flapping of the innumerable flocks of pigeons, the shrill cries of the sherbet and water-venders, the loud voice of the ballad-singer, who amuses his cross-legged listeners with interminable songs, of which they are never weary; and everywhere is heard the loud barking of the dogs, whose name is legion. A good-sized volume might be written upon the canine population of Constantinople; and a description of the city which left them unmentioned, would be like the play of Hamlet, with the part of that important character omitted. I have no intention of entering upon this extensive subject; but I must be allowed to say, that the Turkish dogs are the most wolfish race I have ever seen. I do not wonder that they are never admitted to the companionship or dwellings of the inhabitants. They are protected from destruction because they clean the streets, drive away thieves, and bark at Christians. Legacies have sometimes been left for providing them with food. It is quite amusing to see the canine crowds following the large basket which the bearer empties on the ground-the contents vanish as into air, and the whelps whisk away on their foraging expedition.

Such is Constantinople in the street and in the bazaar. The streets are generally narrow, filthy, and overshadowed by lofty houses and projecting casements; some of them, however, are rather picturesque from the variety of architecture displayed upon them, and the shrubbery or foliage that overhangs their walls. I send you a glimpse at the well-known street of Mohammed; I will indicate to you the reality better than any further words of mine can.

And now let us take a glance at the absolute master of this beautiful country, "the cousin of the sun and moon," as he is called in the language of Oriental hyperbole. Every week on the Mussulman sabbath, which is Friday, the sultan performs his devotions in some of the numerous mosques of the city. The place selected for the royal worship is announced on the previous evening. The avenues to the palace and the entrance to the mosque are occupied by detachments of infantry; but a good view may

generally be obtained from the windows of the cafés on the route. The music of the band announces the appearance of the sultan. It was to the stirring tones of the Marseillaise that the procession advanced when I saw it. It consisted of the grand officers of government, glittering with gold and jewels, and surrounded by their secretaries and subordinates, all mounted upon superb horses, which glittered like their masters with gems and embroidery. The body-guards wore velvet tunics, richly ornamented with gold, white silk trowsers, and caps adorned with tall plumes of peacock feathers. These were followed by servants on foot in livery, leading the splendid horses of the royal stables, with dazzling caparisons. superb steed on which the sultan was mounted succeeded this troop; and though the dress of his royal highness was exceedingly simple, he was readily distinguishable by the tuft of heron feathers fastened upon his fez by a magnificent diamond; another gem, of nearly equal size, gleamed upon the breast of his charger; and the imperial device decorated the housings of his saddle. The habit and consciousness of power had also stamped their unmistakable impress upon his features, almost frigid in their marblelike repose. His beard is thick and short, and more brown than black-and this gives him an older appearance than he deserves; he is also slightly marked with small-pox, though this is concealed by the artificial coloring resorted to on public occasions, according to Oriental usage. His form is very erect, his bearing distinguished, and the dignity of supreme power was visible in the slight inclination of his head to the officials who bent before him. His deep piercing dark eyes are the most striking feature of his face-and yet their profound depths give forth no changes of expression-they wear the same unvarying repose, almost amounting to weariness, which marks his countenance. It is evident that his health is delicate; and though but about thirty, he is probably paying the penalty of his sixteen years' reign by premature decay and debility, He is distinguished by his amenity and the moral nobleness of his sentiments. A countryman of mine has recently taken his portrait, and had therefore a good opportunity to see him on somewhat familiar terms. He reports that the sultan was



A STREET IN CONSTANTINOPLE.

full of complaisance. No one is allowed to sit in his presence; but he insisted that the artist should take the posture most convenient for his work. During the first sitting he seemed absent-minded, if not awkward, at the anti-Mohammedan scene; but at the second, which was immediately after his return from the mosque, when he was gleaming with gems, he showed the utmost freedom. His conversation is said

to have been not only vivacious, but remarkably sensible; and characterized also by the most humane sentiments. He asked the artist, how Hammer's History of the Ottoman Empire was liked in Europe. It was a delicate question; my friend answered as courteously as possible, making allowance for Hammer's severity on the crimes of the sultans. "As for that, sir," rejoined the sultan, "our history presents,



THE SULTAN'S AUTOGRAPH.

unhappily, too many examples of violence and barbarity—more, perhaps, than that of any other people; but I affirm, that so long as I bear the sceptre of the sultans, the world shall not have occasion to reproach me with similar acts."

No sovereign of Europe has shown a more considerate and elevated temper in his relations to other powers; none more moral dignity, amidst the trials that beset thrones.

He was born at Constantinople, in 1823, and succeeded to the throne at sixteen years of age. He seemed very early impressed with the responsibilities belonging to his situation; and it is said that he is governed by lofty motives, and manifests on all occasions the deepest desire for the welfare and prosperity of his people. He has several children, who inherit his own feebleness of constitution; and much anxiety is felt respecting them.

I send you a picture of his majesty, which will give you a better idea of his appearance than any further description. I send also his *thougra*, or signature. It is a curiosity in its way.

The composition of a thougra is one among many other difficult things demanded of the "head that wears a crown" in Turkey. The Arabie letters of the royal name must be blended in an original design, indecipherable to the vulgar, and

only intelligible to the most skillful caligraphist after long and patient research. This imperial flourish heads all the firmans or edicts which emanate from the seraglio; it is also stamped upon all the coins of the empire. This complicated device signifies, "Abd-ul-Medjid-Khan, son of Mahmoud-Khan, always victorious." But I am prolonging these sketches too much. Let these glimpses at the sultan's city suffice till we can examine it more fully.

FORGOTTEN BLESSINGS.

Where are the stars, the stars that shone All through the summer night? Why are they and their pale queen gone, As if they fear'd to be look'd upon By the gaze of the bold daylight?

Gone they are not. In the far blue skies
Their silent ranks they keep;
Unseen by our sun-dazzled eyes,
They wait till the breath of the night-wind
sighs,
Then come and watch our sleep.

Thus oft it is—the lights that cheer The night of our distress, When brighter, gladder hours appear, Forgotten with our grief and fear, Wake not our thankfulness.

Yet still, unmindful though we be, Those lamps of love remain; And when life's shadows close, and we Lool. up some ray of hope to see, Shall glad our hearts again.



BUNYAN'S WIFE BEFORE CHIEF JUSTICE HALE.

A SKETCH OF JOHN BUNYAN.

N the 23d of April, 1661, Charles the Second was crowned. In the general jail delivery which, according to custom, then took place, Bunvan might possibly have been included, had he felt it consistent with his high sense of principle to petition for his liberation. As the Royal Proclamation allowed convicted offenders a whole twelvemouth to sue out for pardon, the sentence of banishment was not immediately enforced against him; and, at the assizes in August of the same year, that true woman his second wife thrice presented a petition to the judges, praying them to hear him and consider his case. On the first occasion, the good Sir Matthew Hale promised to do his best, but expressed a fear of being unable to grant the application. On the second occasion, Mr. Justice Twisdon, a man of a different stamp, waspishly retorted that her husband was a convicted person, who could not be released without a pledge to preach no more. On the third occasion, Hale evinced a disposition to listen to the faithful wife, when a magistrate named Chester prevented him by the observation, that the prisoner had been duly convicted. Undaunted still, she pursued their lordships

to their inn, from the bow windows of which the jail was visible, and argued the case with an ability as well as a devotion worthy of the wife of Bunyan. Her immediate object was to prevail upon Chief Justice Hale to send for her husband; but, by the hostile intervention of his colleague, and of the county magistrates present, especially Chester, he was held to his first view of the matter. She urged, that her husband had been arrested before the proclamation against meetings was issued; that the indictment against him was false; that he had not been called upon to plead; and that, instead of confessing to it as was pretended, he had but admitted the bare fact of preaching. But all her objections were overruled by the repeated declarations of Chester, that his conviction was upon the record. The poor woman, it appeared, had even been to London, where she placed in the hands of a peer (Lord Barkwood) a petition to the House of Lords, praying for her husband's release. Their lordships' answer was, that they could not grant the application, but referred the matter to the judges of assize; who, nevertheless, as she said in addressing them, "would give

neither releasement nor relief." "He is a breaker of the peace," thundered the rude and surly Twisdon. This, meekly yet firmly, the noble woman denied. " Moreover, my lord," said she, turning from the puisné to his chief, "I have four small children, that cannot help themselves, one of which is blind; and we have nothing to live upon but the charity of good people." " Hast thou four children?" replied Hale; "thou art but a young woman to have four children." "My lord," she replied, "I am but mother-inlaw to them, having not been married to him yet full two years. Indeed, I was with child when my husband was first apprehended; but, being young, and unaccustomed to such things, I, being smayed at the news, fell into labor, and so continued for eight days, and then was delivered; but my child died." Whereat. continues the narrator, he, looking very soberly on the matter, said, "Alas, poor woman!" The stony-hearted Twisdon, unmoved by a tale so pathetic, told her that she made poverty her cloak; and even Hale, though touched with her misfortunes, and evidently in admiration of her courage, gave her but cold comfort. "I am sorrow that I can do thee no good," said he to this poor woman, with her husband in prison, and his four children on her hands; "thou must either apply thyself to the king, or sue out a pardon, or get a writ of error; but a writ of error will be cheapest."

From some eireumstances it would appear, that, notwithstanding his lowly condition, and the unfashionableness of his opinions, Bunyan's virtuous conduct procured him friends outside the circle of his religious connections.* His wife was encouraged by the high-sheriff to seek her interview with the judges; and, perhaps, it was partly from a knowledge of that functionary's friendly feeling, as well as from the kindness of his own heart, that the jailer relaxed the stringency of the regulations in his prisoner's favor. Be this as it may, between the summer and

winter assizes, he was allowed to follow his wonted course of preaching, and even to "go and see the Christians in London." But this coming to the ears of his enemies, the governor of the jail was obliged, for fear of losing his post, to put an end to these indulgences.

Right reverend prelates paid Bunyan the tribute of their anxiety that so formidable a captive should be secure. Thinking to catch his humane keeper in the fact, they dispatched a spy to Bedford, with instructions to arrive in the middle of the night. Their information had doubtless been of the best. Bunvan had indeed been at home with his family; but he was so restless that he could not sleep, and, taking this for a presentiment, he rose and returned to the prison, notwithstanding he had leave to remain out till morning. The jailer did not much relish being disturbed in his first sleep; but when, a few hours after, the episcopal emissary came, and demanded to see Bunyan, he felt very happy in being able to produce his prisoner.

As, from the close of 1661 till August. 1668, there is no record of Bunyan's presence in the Church-book at Bedford, it is probable that this enforced rigor continued till then. In anticipation of the winter assizes, January, 1662, he prevailed upon his keeper to insert his name in the calendar among the felons, and "made friends of the judge and the high-sheriff, who promised that he should be called;" but Messrs, Chester, Cobb, and Company, procured the erasure of his name, and thus defeated his intention to plead his own cause before the judges. The upshot was, that he lay in prison, from first to last, "complete twelve years."

His enemies succeeded in the infliction of much outward distress upon Bunyan himself, and of still more upon his heroic wife and innocent children; but, as to counteracting and suppressing his influence as a teacher of religion and a champion of the rights of conscience, (which, without violation of charity, may be supposed to have been their real purpose,) they were worse than defeated. The principal effect of his long imprisonment was, that, instead of only preaching among the scattered hamlets in the immediate neighborhood of Bedford, and encouraging conscientious Nonconformity within that narrow circle, he became the most popular preacher of

[©] In 1811, when the old jail was pulled down, a ring was dug up, bearing the initials "I. B." and the motto "Memento Mori," encircling a human skull. This relie, which is supposed to have been a gift to Bunyan, was purchased by Dr. Abbot, of Bedford, who presented it as a souvenir to the Dean of Manchester, in whose possession it now is.



BUNYAN'S BLIND CHILD,

the day, in the metropolis itself; was spoken of, even to the king, as a man for whose pulpit talents the learned Dr. John Owen would gladly have exchanged his erudition; and, above all, produced a book through which, to the present day, he continues, being dead, to preach the gospel in the most persuasive tones, and to advocate the principles of religious liberty with the strongest arguments, not to his own nation alone, but to most of the civilized, and not a few of the uncivilized, nations of the earth.

Thoughts of his poor blind child, who was frequently with him in prison, gave him poignant anxiety. His customary calling being one which could not be pursued in confinement, he acquired the art of making stay-laces for the support of his family, occasionally aiding the jailer in the management of the prison. Much of his time was devoted to study of the Scriptures, and of "Fox's Acts and Monuments;" whereby he was enabled to enrich with the most solid materials that immortal epic which he adorned with the splendors of his imagination. The tedium of confinement must have been further relieved by the presence, under such lenient custody, of so many fellow-prisoners of kindred sentiments, there being other Dissenters in the jail, including two ministers of his own persuasion. The dungeon must have been a dismal place, or it would not have inspired Howard with the resolution to devote his days to the improvement of prison discipline, nor have suggested to Bunyan himself the graphic idea of lying there till "the mess should overgrow his evebrows." His health, however, does not appear to have materially suffered; while it is certain that the privations of

confinement were greatly mitigated by unusual kindness, by the company of congenial minds, and by a state of heart and a class of occupations which might have converted the deepest cell in the Inquisition into a "Palace Beautiful."

The damp "den" which in those days overhung the sluggish Ouse, has acquired a memorable place in history from the fact that, within its gloomy walls, John Bunyan composed the First Part of "The Pilgrim's Progress;" a work drawn, doubtless, from his own unrivaled fancy, from his profound knowledge of the Scriptures, from his intense and varied experience, and from his close, though limited observation. With what facility and speed it was written, we learn from the quaint verses prefixed as an "Apology;" nor, though by much the greatest, was it, by several, the only work that he wrote in jail.

Some obscurity hangs over the period of his liberation. It was preceded by a renewal of the indulgence extended to him in the earlier months of his imprisonment. Although the feeling of the government and the legislature was manifest from the revival of the Conventicle Act in a more stringent form in 1669-70; yet his friendly jailer, for reasons that do not appear, was again induced to allow him so much liberty, that, during 1669, 1670, and 1671, he was regularly present at the Church meetings.

Toward the close of 1671 the Church at Bedford determined upon calling him to the pastoral office; and, in that same year, he received from the other elders the right hand of fellowship in token of his election. But from his own writings it is clear, that he must still have been a prisoner in 1672; though a record in the Church-book of a day of thanksgiving held for "present liberty," affords presumptive proof of his release before the end of that year. Barlow, afterward Bishop of Lincoln, has had the credit of his liberation; but, with many professions of willingness to oblige his former tutor, Dr. John Owen, who had appealed to him on Bunyan's behalf, the slippery ecclesiastic recommended the expensive course of an appeal to the Lord Chancellor. The insincerity of his professions was further shown in 1684, when we find him, in concurrence with the Bedford justices, clamoring for the law to be put in force against Dissenters.



BUNYAN'S CHAPEL,

The truth is, that Bunyan owed the recovery of his liberty to a very different sort of intervention. The Quakers and the Baptists, carrying their dissent to a greater extreme than other Nonconformists, were, in a preëminent degree, the objects of legal vengeance, and, in large numbers, found themselves inmates of the same prisons. As fellow sufferers, they must have sympathized with each other; and although Bunyan had sharrly controverted the opinions of such as in modern times have obtained the appellation of the "Hicksite" party, yet with the more evangelical portion he probably symbolized more precisely than with any other section of the Christian Church; for, among no class of divines was he involved in sharper dispute than with his fellow Baptists, who severely reprehended his liberality in opening the terms of communion so wide | licenses had been given. as to receive to the Lord's table, not only Pædobaptists, and others not practieing immersion, but even such as, with the Quakers, repudiated baptism with water altogether. When, therefore, the advisers of Charles II., having tried " many and frequent ways of coercion for reducing all erring dissenting persons," and being convinced "by the sad experience of twelve years, that there was very little fruit of all those forcible courses," wisely counseled His Majesty to suspend the execution of penal laws in matters ecclesiastical against Nonconformists, and induced him, under the sign-manual, to declare in favor of licensing the places of worship, and also the ministers, of all bodies of Dissenters, Roman Catholics alone excepted-active measures were taken by the leading Quakers for obtaining the benefit of the indulgence for some hundreds of their imprisoned friends.

Foremost among those engaged in this benevolent enterprise was George Whitehead, who, knowing Bunyan, advised him to petition the king; the result of which was, that, at a meeting of the privy council, held May 8, 1672, and before the order for the relief of the Quakers had been finally made, the petition of "John Bunyan" and others was referred to the sheriff of Bedfordshire: and. on the 17th of May, it was ordered by the king in council, that the names of the petitioners should be "inserted into the General Pardon to be passed for the Quakers;" when, through the kindness of Whitehead, the fees and other expenses of discharge were paid. The pardon which included Bunyan is dated September 13.

While this was in process of arrangement, Bunyan and his friends had already availed themselves of the royal license. On the 9th of May, a dilapidated barn, belonging to Josias Roughed in Bedford. was licensed to be a place for the use of such as did not conform to the Church of England, who were of the persuasion commonly called Congregational; and, on the same day, license was given to "John Bunyan" to be a teacher of the congregation allowed in that house, or in any other place licensed according to the Royal Declaration. And these, not improbably, were the very first instances in which such



BUNYAN PREACHING IN THE OPEN AIR.

In places where no building sufficiently large could be obtained, Bunyan occasionally preached in the open air. One of the spots thus consecrated in the regards of his admirers, is a dell in Wainwood, near Hitchin, which the inhabitants of that town take delight in pointing out to strangers.



DELL IN WAINWOOD.

Soon after his release, it became necessary to think of providing better accom-



BUNYAN'S COTTAGE.

modation for the crowds who flocked to hear him; and, in the original place, as

enlarged, he continued to preach without interruption, except from voluntary absence, till the time of his death. During the greater part of his permitted ministry, Bunyan lived at Bedford, near the meeting-house, in a lowly cottage since taken down.

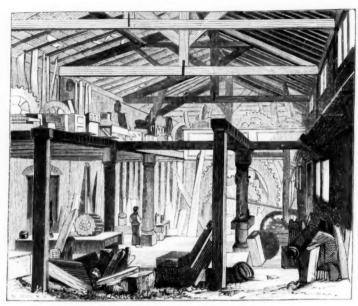
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It is an evidence of his extensive knowledge of the Scriptures, as well as of his candor and courage, that, in the course of his ministry, he did not shrink from argument with learned divines, who sometimes presented themselves as opponents, supposing him to be an ignorant, because a self-educated man; yet, whenever he met with a difficulty which he could not solve, he frankly admitted it, simply observing on one occasion when other men were giving confident expositions of Rom. viii, 19-22, "The Scriptures are wiser than I."

He paid frequent visits to London, where his popularity was so great, that, on the shortest notice, Zoar Chapel, in Southwark—an unsightly structure, which, in 1822, was converted into a workshop would be filled to overflowing, and crowded congregations came to hear him even on



ZOAR CHAPEL, SOUTHWARK.



INTERIOR OF ZOAR CHAPEL, A. D. 1822, THEN USED AS A FACTORY FOR MACHINERY.

dark week-day mornings at an early hour. He also made preaching tours in different parts of the kingdom, relieving, as the almoner of other persons, the wants of sufferers for conscience' sake, reconciling differences, preventing litigation, and thus meriting a title, first given him in derision—Bishop Bunyan.

When, by the Act of Indulgence in 1687, James II. professed to give liberty of conscience to all Dissenters, Bunyan did not hesitate to avail himself of it, though be declined to be made subservient to the royal designs. The real benefit, he saw, was intended for the Papists; but neither that consideration nor the suggestion that to accept the measure involved an admission of the king's claim to govern without a parliament, prevented him from availing himself, so long as might be, of its advantages.* The storm, which he was among the foremost to apprehend, hung darkly over the land; but, though imminent, it was providentially averted, and the hypocritical indulgence of the fugitive king was followed by that Magna Charta of religious

rights—the Toleration Act. He, however, had not the consolation of living to see the glorious calm which succeeded. On the 5th of November, 1688, William of Orange landed at Torbay; but, by that time, the greatest man in England, John Milton alone excepted, had been translated from earth to heaven.

He died at the house of his friend, Mr. Stradwick, a grocer, at the sign of the Star on Snow-Hill, London, and was buried in that friend's vault in Bunhill Fields' burial-ground, which the Dissenters regard as their Campo Santo—and especially for his sake.* It is said that many have made it their desire to be interred as near as possible to the spot where his remains are deposited. His age and the date of his decease are thus recorded

Ont long after the accession of James II., Bunyan conveyed his little property by deed of gift to his wife, not knowing what might befall him.

⁹ Mrs. S. C. Hall, in her charming "Pilgrimages to English Shrines," (among which she gives precedence to "The Birth-place of John Bunyan,") states, upon the authority of an old lady who remembers the fact perfectly, that Bunyan's grave "was a decayed-looking grave, some brickwork fallen down, and a sort of head-stone, green and moldering, upon which was what she called faintly carved, 'Here lies John Bunyan.'" Mrs. Hall's informant is positive as to the inscription, as she frequently visited the grave, and speaks of it to this day.

in his epitaph: Mr. John Bunyan, Author of the Pilgrim's Progress, ob. 12 Aug. 1688, æt. 60.

The Pilgrim's Progress now is finished, And death has laid him in his earthly bed.

It appears that at the time of his death, the Lord Mayor, Sir John Shorter,* was one of his London flock. His earliest biographer says also, that "though by reason of the many losses he sustained by imprisonment and spoil, his chargeable sickness, &c., his earthly treasure swelled not to excess, yet he always had sufficient to live decently and creditably." But all that Bunyan had to lose by "spoil," was his occupation as a tinker, which, fortunately for him and the world, was put an

end to earlier than in the course of his preacher's progress he could otherwise have cast it off. His widow put forth an advertisement stating her inability to print the writings which he left unpublished. They are probably included in the folio edition of his works which was published in 1692, the year of her decease, by Bunyan's successor at Bedford, Ebenezer Chandler, and John Wilson, a brother minister of the same sect, who went in Bunyan's life-time from the Bedford congregation to be the first pastor of a Baptist flock at Hitchin.

Three children survived him, there were none by the second marriage; and the blind daughter, the only one whom it might have troubled him to leave with a



BUNYAN'S TOMB.

scanty provision, happily died before him. He is said to have kept up "a very strict discipline in his family, in prayer and exhortations." For according to what little is known of his children, they went on in the way they had been trained. His eldest son was forty-five years a member of the Bedford meeting; he preached there occasionally, and was employed in visiting the disorderly members; he was therefore in good repute for discretion, as well as for his religious char-

acter. The names of other descendants are in the book, of the same meeting; in the burial ground belonging to it his great-grand-daughter Hannah Bunyan was interred in 1770 at the age of 76; and with her all that is related of his posterity ends. Mr. Offor, as well as Mrs. Hall, relates a conversation with Mrs. Senegar, a lineal descendant from John Banyan by his son Joseph. She was living in Islington in 1847, aged eightyfour; and there is still living, at Lineoln, an aged farmer, Robert Bunyan, also a lineal descendant through the same parentage.

Bunyan is described by Mr. Charles Doe, one of his cotemporaries, as appearing

September 6, 1668. "Few days before, died Bunyan, his lordship's teacher, or chaplain; a man said to be gifted in that way, though once a cobbler."—Ellis's Correspondence, vol. ii, p. 161.



BUNYAN'S PULPIT, BREACHWOOD.

stern and rough, but as being mild and affable, though rather taciturn than loquacious. He was tall, strong-boned, not corpulent, of a ruddy complexion, with sparkling eyes. His hair, originally reddish, was sprinkled with gray; and he wore a moustache, after the old British fashion. His nose was well set, but not declining nor bending; his mouth moderately large, and his forehead rather high. His raiment was always plain and modest.

Several relics of this remarkable man have been carefully preserved by enthusiastic admirers. The nature of these will be best understood from the engravings. The pulpit in which he preached at Bedford has perished, but one which he occupied at Breachwood remains. His cabinet is in the possession of the Rev. Mr. Jukes, minister of Bunyan's Chapel; and his chair, with rude simplicity, adorns the vestry. His case of weights, knife, iron pen case, and apple scoop, are the property of a Mr. Offor. The syllabub cup is at Bedford.



BUNYAN'S CABINET.

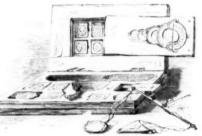
His published works, it has been remarked, were as numerous as his years. All of them attracted attention at the time; but a few only are generally known. Several collective editions have, however, appeared: the latest, in three volumes im-

perial octavo, is passing through the press, under the editorial care of Mr. Offor. Even now, his views on the subject of "open communion" are sometimes cited; and those tracts which partake of an autobiographical char-



BUNYAN'S KNIFE.

acter are for that reason frequently referred to. With these exceptions, he is celebrated chiefly as the author of "The Holy War," and of "The Pilgrim's Progress," and, for the most part, of the latter only. In some editions, it appears in three parts; but, though Bunyan contemplated a third part, his unexpected



BUNYAN'S CASE OF WEIGHTS.

death defeated the intention. That which has been added is the work of an inferior author, whose name rests in merited obscurity. It has been questioned, whether the First Part was written in prison or not; but internal evidence, not less than cotemporary and other collateral testimony, settles that point in the affirmative. The doubt arose from its not being published till 1678, six years after his release. A more serious but not more reasonable debate has been raised as to the originality of the work. Some have suggested that he may, and others that

he must, have borrowed his principal ideas from this or that allegorist; naming authors but little known, Spenser excepted, even among the learned, and overlooking the fact, not simply that Bunyan's whole library then



BUNYAN'S CHAIR.



SYLLABUB CUP.

consisted only of the two treatises his first wife brought him, a tattered copy of Luther on the Galatians, Fox's Martyrology, and his Bible; but, what ought to have received some attention, if not implicit deference, his own solemn and repeated declarations that the production was entirely his.

In ten years, the First Part had run through twelve editions. The Second Part, which was not published till 1684, did not reach the ninth edition till 1708; but, as means are wanting of ascertaining the number of impressions in each case, this circumstance affords no sure criterion of the comparative popularity of the two parts. One fact is, however, undoubted—that, during the author's lifetime, not fewer than a hundred thousand copies of the First Part were sold; a thing paralleled only in rare instances, such as the Waverly Novels, and "Uncle Tom's



VESTRY JUG.

Cabin." Through how many editions the complete work has passed since Bunyan's death it is inpossible to compute. It has found admiring editors in almost every Christian denomination, not omitting that in the interests of which its author was supposed to have been incarcerated. Writers of the most various and even opposite opinions have vied in awarding

to it the meed of their applause. and Southey, not less than Cowper and Thomas Scott and Lord Kaimes, Dr. Franklin and Dean Swift as zealously as Ryland, Toplady, and Montgomery, have assigned to it the first place in the order of works to which it pertains. How much soever it might have been condemned by Archbishop Laud, it enjoys, one may venture to assume, the unqualified approval of Archbishop Sumner. Although written by a prisoner for conscience' sake, it is universally acceptable, and is conceived in so catholic a spirit, that the keenest eve cannot detect in its contents to which section of the Church the author belonged. As natural as Shakspeare, as familiar as Robinson Crusoe, and as idiomatic as the Authorized Version, the spring and fountain of the glorious dreamer's inspiration, it has been read with avidity wherever the English language is spoken, and has been translated into more than thirty languages besides-an honor paid to no other book, the Book of God alone excepted.

KORNER'S BATTLE PRAYER.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

FATHER, to thee I cry!
The roaring cannon's vapour shrouds me round,
And flashing lightnings hiss along the ground;
Lord of the fight, I cry to thee!
O, Father, guide thou me!

Father, be thou my guide!
In victory's triumph, or in death laid low,
O Lord, unto thy mighty will I bow;
E'en as thou wilt, so let it be!
God, I acknowledge thee!

Thy holy presence, Lord,
In the dread thunder of the clashing steel,
As in the rustling autumn leaves I feel;
Fountain of mercies, I acknowledge thee!
O, Father, bless thou me!

Thy blessing on me rest!

Into thy hands, my Father, I resign
The life thou gavest and canst take, but mine
In life or death thy blessing be!
Glory and praise to thee!

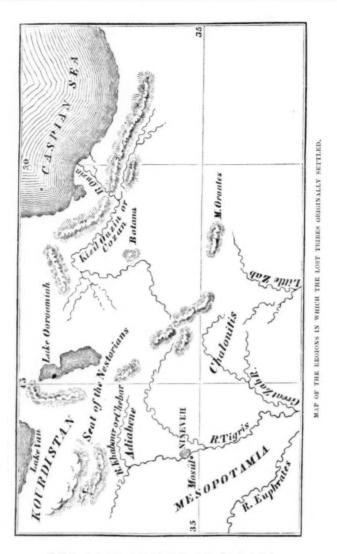
Father, to thee be praise!

Earth's treasures now we combat not to gain;

The holiest cause, the right, our swords maintain:

Falling or conqu'ring, therefore, still I bow me to thy will!

Lord, unto thee I bow!
When death in thunder greets me as its prey,
When from my flowing veins life ebbs away,
My God I yield to thy decree!
Father, I pray to thee!



THE LOST TRIBES OF ISRAEL.

MANY writers, both in ancient and modern times, have contended that if the tribes of which we have been speaking are to be found, they must be sought for in the neighborhood of the Euphrates and Tigris, or the Caspian Sea. And common sense would seem to say, if you would find anything, look for it where it was lost. These regions, then, are without doubt those into which the Israelites

were taken from their own country into captivity. Let us, however, endeavor to ascertain from the terms of Scripture, what those countries were into which they were borne. In 2 Kings xviii, 11, it is stated that the "king of Assyria did carry away Israel unto Assyria, and put them in Halah and in Habor by the river of Gozan, and in the cities of the Medes."

From this passage we learn that these

tribes were formed into two colonies, and were carried captive into two distinct provinces. The first occupied the cities of Halah and Habor in Assyria. other colony inhabited the cities of the Medes. What were their names the sacred historian does not inform us, and we have now no means of determining. Many ancient geographers, as Bochart, maintained that the river Gozan, from which the surrounding country derived its name, was afterward called the Cyrus, when the Persians subdued the province of Gozan, and that it is the same river as that which now goes by that name. Basnage thinks that the Scriptures do not expressly say that Gozan is a river. In this opinion Dr. Grant coincides. According to the former authority, Gozan is a city of Assyria, and one of those together with Habor and Halah into which the captive Israelites were carried; while Dr. Grant, on the other hand, considers it the name of a country, rich with pasture lands. Gozan, he thinks, is the same as Zozan, which signifies pasture, and is the name given by the Nestorians to all the high lands of Assyria, which afford pasturage for their numerous flocks. Major Rennell, in his "Geography of Herodotus," has arrived at a different conclusion. He maintains that Gozan is the same river as the present Ozan, or Ouzan, and frequently called Kizzel Ozan, or the Golden River. (See Map.) This, with little doubt, is the truth of the matter; and somewhere on the banks of this river were situated the cities Halah and Habor, where, according to the book of Kings, one of the colonies of the Israelites was located. We are thus able, therefore, to identify pretty accurately the situation occupied by the ten tribes during the period of their captivity. It is also clear that they spread themselves over a large portion of the Chaldean provinces, in the course of a few years. Nor is there much ground for believing that they returned in any very great numbers to their native country; but settled themselves down, and continued for ages in the very same district into which they were at first de-Indeed, Josephus informs us, that while many families returned with Ezra, a far larger number preferred their situation in a heathen land to settlement in Judea, to reach which must have cost them a long and dangerous journey.

If we are able to show, as it seems likely we shall be, that the ten tribes remained in the land of their captivity, and did not return; and then if we are further able to prove that they were in the same region in the first century of the Christian era, which was seven hundred years after they were carried away to Babylon; and if we can show that they were still in the same districts in the fifth century; then we shall have done much toward proving where they are at the present day. This hypothetical argument we conceive to be conclusive. Dr. Grant confidently asserts that he has found the antecedent facts, and he therefore triumphantly draws his conclusion.

It is abundantly proved that there were a multitude of Jews in these Chaldean provinces in the early part of the first century, from the statement in the Acts of the Apostles respecting those present at the preaching of Peter on the day of Pentecost, from Parthia, Media, and Mesopotamia. And these correspond with the regions in which the ten lost tribes were settled as captives. Moreover, Peter, the apostle of the circumcision, wrote his first epistle from Babylon, where he had a number of Jewish converts, for he speaks of them as sending their salutations to the Churches in the western parts of Asia. Without laying any special stress upon the mention of the "twelve tribes scattered abroad," to whom James addresses his epistle, evidence is not wanting to show that their representatives and descendants were recognized as existing in these districts.

Josephus, in his "Jewish Wars," is an additional witness; for he recites a speech of King Agrippa to the Jews, in which they are exhorted to submit to the Romans; and expostulates with them in these words: "What, do you stretch your hopes beyond the Euphrates? Do any of you think that your fellow-tribes will come to your aid out of Adiabene? Besides, if they would come, the Parthians will not permit them."

Adiabene was a small kingdom on the banks of the Tigris, and formed a part of the Parthian empire. The celebrated Helena, who has been claimed as an illustrious convert, both by Jews and Christians, was the wife of Monobazus, King of Adiabene. And the number and influence of the Jews in his kingdom may be infer-

red from the circumstance that Izates, the son of Monobazus and Helena, being circumcised by Eleazar, openly professed Judaism when he succeeded his father to the kingdom. And although much opposition was raised to the introduction of a new religion into the country, yet so great was his number of adherents, that he succeeded in establishing himself permanently on the throne. Helena, on the death of her husband and the accession of her son, retired to Jerusalem, and there built for herself a palace and a tomb. At the death of Izates, he was succeeded by his brother, Monobazus. He also persevered in his attachment to Judaism, and sent his children to Jerusalem to be instructed in its principles; and they were in the city when it was taken by Titus, by whom they were carried prisoners to Rome. These interesting facts seem to show that the Jews must, at this time, have been both numerous and influential in Parthia. And further, these Jews must have been mainly the posterity of those ten tribes who were carried away captive only a few centuries

Then again, on the testimony of Jerome, who flourished in the fifth century, we find traces of them once more; for he informs us that the descendants of these Jewish people were still in these parts. "Until this day," he says in his notes on Hosea, "the ten tribes are subject to the kings of the Persians, nor has their captivity ever been loosened." By which he means, that they were still in exile, though not in bondage. And again he says: "The ten tribes inhabit at this day the cities and mountains of the Medes."

Now as this Adiabene is inhabited by the Nestorian Christians, who number probably no less than 100,000 souls, while only a small remnant of Jews are to be found among them, Dr. Grant imagines that these Nestorians must be the descendants of the Jews who inhabited these regions in the fifth century, and still earlier in the first century, while still united as provinces to the Parthian empire; and hence, also, that they have sprung from the ten tribes who were carried originally into the same countries by their Assyrian conquerors.

We proceed now to put our readers in possession of the principal arguments employed by Dr. Grant, in support of his theory. The first is from the language

spoken by the Nestorian Christians. With the exception of a trifling difference in dialect, it is the same as that spoken by the Jews of the same district. And what is more singular, it is not the vernacular language of the country. This is sufficient to prove that this people is not indigenous to the soil. The language spoken by these tribes, and the Jews who dwell in their vicinity, is a dialect of the Syriac, which plainly bespeaks their origin. Although these Nestorian Christians and the neighboring Jews must frequently meet from their contiguity, yet, like the Jews and the Samaritans of old, they hold no kind of social intercourse. A Nestorian will neither eat with, nor enter the house of a Jew. This kind of exclusiveness and religious antipathy is a sufficient refutation of any supposition that one party may have derived its language from the other. The Syrian dialect used by them identifies them at once, in the estimation of Dr. Grant, with Palestine, from the probability of this having been the language spoken by the ten tribes before their The proximity of Israel to captivity. Syria; the close alliance which, for a long period of their national history, existed between the kings of Israel and the kings of Syria; the frequent adoption, on the part of Israel, of the idolatrous practices of their allies; and above all, the forty years' servitude which they endured under Syria, would all aid them in the adoption of the Syrian tongue, especially as it differed so little from the Hebrew.

Another proof that they are but a continuation of the same stream as the ten tribes is derived by Dr. Grant from their calling themselves "Beni-Israel," sons of Israel. "Ask any intelligent Nestorian," says Dr. Grant, "for information relating to his ancestry, and he replies at once, 'We are sons of Israel.' But," he adds, "while they assert an inalienable right to this name, so significant of their Hebrew origin, still, as their specific character as Jews has merged into the one they now bear as Christians, and as their national character is in a manner lost in their long captivity, they now more commonly apply to themselves another name."

A third argument is derived from the similarity of rites and customs prevalent among the Nestorian tribes, to those in use among the Jews. Although these tribes have embraced the profession of

Christianity, yet they have preserved among them a number of customs alleged to be of Jewish derivation. It is not probable that Gentile Christians would have adopted Jewish ceremonies, especially under the existence of strong social and religious prejudices. Indeed, these religious rites constituted the vexata quastio between the Jews and the Christians of the first century; and these religious differences would not be likely to diminish as time advanced. But it is a well-established fact, that the Jewish converts did retain many of their previous customs and ceremonial usages after they embraced the religion of Jesus Christ. Upon the supposition, therefore, that these Nestorian tribes were Jews, before their conversion to Christianity, we can well enough account for the continued prevalence of these Mosaic observances in connection with their Christianity. Those rites, however, which were antagonistic to the essence of the gospel-such, for instance, as sacrifice-as was the case with the early Jewish converts, they have discarded. But Dr. Grant does not seem to be sufficiently aware that most of the rites still in use among the Nestorians are not exclusively Jewish, but such as were common to the East. The special observances of the Sabbath, and the Pascha, celebrated by the emblem of the body and blood of Christ, must be cast out of the scale as evidence; for these are to be found, with more or less variation of form, among all Christians; though it is not contended that all Christians are on that account of the children of Israel after the flesh. The preparation of the Sabbath. commencing about three hours before sunset on Saturday, when all labor ceases, excepting what is indispensably necessary, together with the abstinence from swine's flesh, are evidently more peculiarly Jewish. Circumcision is not practiced among them; it having been, as they consider, superseded by Christian baptism. This departure from the practice of ancient Israel is sufficient, according to the notions of Sir George Rose, to exclude the Nestorian Christians from all claim of Israelitish descent, as no people can be entitled to future restoration to the promised land but such as have the seal of circumcision!

Another proof of the Israelitish origin of these Nestorian Christians is in their Vol. VI.—17

physiognomy, which is characteristically Jewish. We must warn our readers to receive this description of evidence with much caution, because it has been employed with an air of triumph by all parties, in their turn, to prove the same of the North American Indians, the Afghans, and Tartars. "When I look upon the Indians," exclaims William Penn, "I imagine myself in the Jewish quarter of London." M. Moria attempted to prove that there was a striking resemblance in the features of the Jews and the Lacedæmonians, and expressed his belief that the Danois are descended from the tribe of Dan. We mention this to show that little dependence is to be placed upon this kind of evidence, unless it were based upon a more scientific knowledge of physiological structure.

As the language, the rites and customs, and the appearance of these Assyrian tribes are Jewish, according to Dr. Grant, so also, the same authority contends, are their names. Some of these he specifies, e.g., Abraham, Simeon, Zadoe, Absalom, Elias, Jonah, Solomon, Melchisedec, Gamaliel, &c. The Nestorians themselves seem to lay special claim to a descent from the tribe of Naphtali. The records on which they mainly rely for the evidence of this were lost, they relate, with a large quantity of other manuscripts, in conveying them across the Zab at high water, about sixty years ago.

The strongest argument in favor of the theory of Dr. Grant is that derived from the several links of connection existing between these captive tribes in Assyria and Media through the first and fifth centuries, and almost to our own times. If the present tribes are not the posterity of the Jewish converts in the first and fifth centuries, what has become of them? Did they emigrate to some newly-discovered California or Australia? If so, where did they go? Were they subdued and destroyed by some conqueror? If so, we have a right to demand when, and by whom? On these questions history is silent, where we might have imagined it would have been most declarative. supposition, however, that the Nestorians are the descendants of the ancient Israelites relieves us of all difficulty, without laying any heavy tax upon our credulity. Nay, the chain of evidence is complete, since it is well known that the Jews of

that locality received the gospel in great numbers in the apostolic age, and the inhabitants of that same district are, as we have seen, Christians up to the present moment.

The arguments of Sir George Rose against the theory of Dr. Grant, lately published in a pamphlet by the honorable baronet, are puerile and even worse. It is amazing how the possession of certain high-flown conceits will blind the mind to all sound reasoning and common sense. "The fact," he says, "of the Nestorians having adopted Christianity, completely negatives the theory that they are the ten tribes. In the thirty-sixth chapter of Ezekiel, the prophet is informed, 'These bones are the whole house of Israel.' If the reanimation of all Israel is to be simultaneous, then it has certainly not yet taken place, and the ten tribes cannot have received Christianity." The baronet continues his quotations and interpretations of the prophet: "'Then will I sprinkle clean water upon you, and ye shall be clean: from all your filthiness, and from all your idols will I cleanse you.' Ezek. xxxvi, 25. This purification, evidently referring to baptism, is not to be performed until they have been restored to their promised land; whereas the Nestorians have preached baptism sixteen hundred or seventeen hundred years." Further, Sir George remarks: "Dr. Grant affirms that cireumcision has been superseded among them by baptism; but no nation in which circumcision is not practiced can be recognized as qualified to claim its share in the future inheritance of Israel: it has renounced the title-deed of its ancestors to the inheritance of the land of promise."

A far more weighty authority against Dr. Grant exists in the person of Dr. Layard: "I cannot," he says, " trace the Hebrew descent which that gentleman (Dr. Grant) could discover in them, (the Yezidees,) as well as in almost every other sect in Assyria." Much respect and deference are unquestionably due to Dr. Layard on a subject of this kind, since he has spared no pains to acquire the amplest knowledge of the history, habits, and customs of this interesting people; still the weight of evidence on the opposite side is so great, that we are not justified in complete skepticism on the subject. Let it be granted that all the

children of the captivity did not remain in these districts of Assyria; let us suppose also that some, and even many, of them did wander further east into India and China; let it even be granted that these tribes have intermarried with others not of Jewish extraction: still there may be enough of Israelitish blood in them to warrant us in calling them the descendants of Israel and the posterity of the children of the captivity. We are quite aware that this view of the case would not have accorded with the notions of Dr. Grant concerning Israel's future. For he believed them still to exist as a pure and unmixed race. We fully understand also that, in the estimation of such theorists as Sir George Rose and Mr. Forster, these opinions would appear in a light no less awful than impious; for in that case they would consider that the promises of God to Israel would never be fulfilled.

If, as we have seen, the authority of Dr. Layard goes against the supposition of the Jewish extraction of these Assyrian tribes, another, equally learned, is entirely in favour of it. If the Israelites can be supposed to retain to this day any distinct individuality of character, Major Rawlinson thinks that the Kalhurs, who have inhabited the region around Mount Zagros, have a claim to this distinction; and not unlikely preserve in their name the title Calah, (or Halah.) "They declare themselves," he says, " to have deseended from Roham, or Nebuchadnezzar, the conqueror of the Jews. This may be an obscure tradition of their real origin. The Hiyat of this tribe now mostly profess Mohammedanism, but a part of them acknowledge themselves an off-set of the Kalhurs, and most of the other tribes of this neighborhood profess a religion made up of a singular amalgamation of Judaism with Sabæan, Christian, and Mohammedan fables." Rabbi Benjamin, of Tudela, when he visited this region in the twelfth century, says that he found no less than twenty-five thousand Jews. And "these Jews," he remarks, "have descended from those which were originally led into captivity by King Shalmaneser. They speak the Syriac language, and among them are many excellent scholars." Major Rawlinson conjectures, that in the time of Rabbi Benjamin the whole of these Kalhurs may have existed with their Jewish forms of religion very much less

corrupted than they are at the present

We have thus impartially stated the views of Dr. Grant. And while pointing out the weakness of some of his arguments, we have conscientiously maintained the strength of others.

We proceed to notice very briefly the last hypothesis to which we shall allude, which is this, that the ten tribes are completely lost by amalgamation with other tribes, making all inquiries after them idle and vain. Those who have maintained this view of the subject divide themselves into two classes. First, those who, with Prideaux, suppose that they have been lost among the surrounding heathen population; and second, those who regard the dissolution of these tribes as having taken place through intermarriages with the other Jewish tribes of Judah and Benjamin. Prideaux contends that the ten tribes of Israel, which had separated from the house of David, were brought to a full and utter destruction, and never afterward recovered themselves. And the manner in which he conceives this to have been effected was, through their falling into the idolatrous usages of the regions in which they were planted. And as they had been previously much addicted to this sin, they all the more readily fell into the snare, after they were removed from their own land. "And hence," he remarks, "they soon became absorbed among the heathen, and utterly lost their language, and were never afterward mentioned."

This theory has met with another advocate in Von Bohlen, who conceives that the ten tribes intermarried so freely with the surrounding population, that they became completely lost, and thereby, he thinks, the riddle is explained of their descendants never having been discovered. A sufficient refutation of these harsh opinions may be found in the frequent mention made by the apostles of the twelve tribes, among whom the ten must have been in-In their days, these ten tribes cluded. are referred to as a well-known people, and are clearly defined from the heathen. Compare James i, 1, and Acts xxvi, 7. And subsequently, as we have seen already, even down to the fifth century, they were known as being then in existence.

The second class of writers we have

Israel have so freely intermarried with each other, that no trace can ever be found of any individual tribe. It is a well-recognized fact, that the present race of Jews have lost all trace of tribal distinction. Soon after their restoration, these ancient marks and boundaries began to disappear. Indeed, after their return to Judea, the laws of their landed inheritance no longer necessitated the maintenance of separate tribes; and no difficulty was therefore in the way of their freely intermarrying from one tribe into another. The obliteration of these distinctions would consequently be natural, if not inevitable. "No modern Jews," says a learned writer in Dr. Kitto's Biblical Cyclopædia, "know to what tribe they belong, although vanity always makes them choose to say that they are of the two or three, and not of the ten tribes. That all Jews now living have in them the blood of all the twelve tribes ought (it seems) to be believed, until some better reason than mere assertion is advanced against it."

This writer cherishes the belief, that a greater number of the ten tribes returned with the other two than some are disposed to allow. While, on the other hand, those writers who suppose that the twelve tribes are to be once more restored to Jerusalem. and to live under a theocracy or Christocracy there, are unwilling to allow that any of the ten returned to their own land with Ezra. Free permission was granted both by Cyrus, and afterward by Artaxerxes, to all in their realms to go to Jerusalem; for the proclamation of Cyrus was made "throughout all his kingdom," (Ezra i, 1.) and by Artaxerxes to all the people of Israel "in my realm." Yet we have no clear Scriptural authority for supposing that many of the ten tribes availed themselves of the opportunity afforded them. Indeed, we have no real authority or evidence to guide us on these questions; but are left to the mere probabilities of the case. And these will be strong or weak according to the prejudgments in the light of which they may be viewed. To arrive at absolute certainty is impossible.

We have now examined the principal theories which have been held respecting these mysterious tribes. None are entirely satisfactory in themselves, nor free from objection, though most of them seem to rest upon some substratum of truth. Permentioned contend that all the tribes of haps this very circumstance may point

out to us a new method of seeking a solution of the difficulty; or a "new key," as Mr. Forster would call it, for explaining what has become of the lost tribes. We cannot, however, promise that it will, like his, unlock any prison door, that we may have a glimpse of them, where they are kept in safe custody, against the time when they are to be redeemed from their temporal bondage.

1. There seems some foundation in Scripture for the belief that a considerable amalgamation of tribes took place during the period of the captivity. For in the list of families given by Ezra, of those who accompanied Zerubbabel and himself from Assyria and Media to Jerusalem, it is impossible to say whether the persons mentioned belong to Judah or Israel. fact that the tribal heads of these families are not stated, as is invariably the case in all Scripture lists, is sufficient evidence that their genealogy was already lost. Then, further, the more loose and indefinite use of the phrases Judah and Benjamin, and children of Israel, to be found in the book of Ezra, showed that they ceased to mark distinct nationalities. The first appears to be used to describe the more prominent actors; and the last to designate the whole nation collectively, including all the twelve tribes. "Israel," says the writer already referred to in Kitto's Cvelopædia, "is used to signify what we might call the laity, as opposed to the priests and Levites; which seem as though the writer were anxious to avoid asserting that all the families belonged to the two tribes." And again, in the book of Esther, the twelve tribes through all parts of the Persian empire are called, not the children of Judah, or of Israel, but Jews; which is a remarkable variation from the pre-captivity period. These facts may suffice to show that there must have been a melting together of these different tribes. Still. notwithstanding this fusion, a large number of aristocratic families, proud of their lineal ancestry, would doubtless remain. Indeed, the Talmudists assert that only the rabile portion of the people returned from the land of their captivity to Judea, while the best and noblest families remained in Babylon.

2. So there may be also a residuum of truth in the views entertained by those who consider this people absorbed and lost among the surrounding heathen pop-

The proneness of these Israelulation. ites to idolatry is well known and universally admitted. In their highest state of moral susceptibility for such evil influence, they were taken into the midst of an idolatrous people. Some of them, through the adoption of the worship of their rulers, would be led, eventually, to heathenish intermarriages; and others again, through conjugal unions, would be drawn into the practices of idolatry. And from the book of Ezra we know, that these unions with the heathen did extensively prevail even in Ezra's time: for at the close of his book we are furnished with a very long list of those persons who were compelled by him to put away their foreign wives, before permitting them to return to their own land. "All these," he says. "had taken strange wives; and some of them had wives by whom they had children." If there were such numbers among those who were about to return to Judea, that had taken wives from the heathen population around them, the presumption is, that a vastly greater number among those left behind had done the same, and that they lived with them until death parted them. With such facts as these before us, what can be said of the purity of the present race of the ten tribes, even supposing them still to exist? If the stream became vitiated so near its source, it was not at all likely to purify itself in its subsequent course.

From these data the conclusion is inevitable, that the distinction between the tribes must have been in a great measure lost during the captivity, even among those who returned under the leadership of Zerubbabel and Ezra. The precaution used by Ezra in separating the men from their strange wives, preserved those who returned from foreign admixture; while those who remained in the land of their captivity, became, to some extent, amalgamated with the surrounding population. How far this might have been the case, however, it is impossible to say,-probably, as facts would seem to teach us, not sufficiently for them to lose all those marks of individuality of physiognomy, customs, and religion, which would serve to distinguish them from the purely heathen stock.

3. The original situation in which the captive tribes were placed being known, and the partial admixture of these tribes with the surrounding population being sup-

posed, how far will such data accord with or explain the numerous facts which have been brought to light with respect to the people supposed to be their posterity? To begin with the Nestorian theory of Dr. Grant: there is everything in the description which that gentleman gives of these interesting people, that we might have imagined would have been developed naturally out of the conditions we have assumed, only modified by special circumstances. Out of Christianity, grafted upon a corrupted Judaism, and both further corrupted by worldly and superstitious influences, might naturally have grown, in the course of ages, the Nestorianism of the present day. So, again, out of the principles of Zoroaster, a corrupted Judaism and Christianity, together with the Mohammedan superstition by which they were surrounded, might have grown the Yezidees, or devil-worshipers, spoken of by Dr. Grant and Dr. Layard as being also descendants of the ten tribes. Thus the theory of Dr. Grant does not exclude the two previously mentioned. On the contrary, all that is really essential in Dr. Grant's, such as the locality of the tribes, and their present religious condition, seem to require them for its proper elucidation.

4. This combination of theories will harmonize also with all the essential facts brought to light by those writers who have sought to discover these lost tribes among the Afghans, the Tartars, the Chinese, and the North American Indians. have in the course of our investigations found many references to migrations from the Assyrian and Median provinces, into India, China, Tartary, and even across Behring's Straits into America, although the latter reads rather chimerical. other countries are not only within the bounds of probability, but they seem to rest upon sufficient evidence to warrant us in regarding the Israelitish extraction of some of these races as an established fact. The Afghans, as we have seen, have traditions among them still of their having come from these Assyrian districts. Similar traditions prevail among the Black Jews of Cochin China, who are believed by Dr. Buchanan and Mr. Forster to have descended from the tribes of Israel. White Jews of the same country, according to their own account, departed from Jerusalem after the destruction of the second temple, in order to avoid the conqueror's

The Black Jews are believed to wrath. have arrived in India long before the White Jews. "The Hindoo complexion," says Dr. Buchanan, "and the very imperfect resemblance to the European Jews, indicate that they have been detached from the parent stock in Judea many ages before the Jews in the west, and that there have been intermarriages with families not Israelitish." "The White Jews," the same writer adds, "look upon the Black Jews as an inferior race, and as not a pure caste; and this circumstance plainly demonstrates that they do not spring from a common stock in Judea." And upon further inquiry of them, says Dr. Buchanan, concerning the ten tribes, they said that it was commonly believed among themselves that the great body of the Israelites are to be found in Chaldea, and in the countries contiguous to it, being the very places whither they were first carried into captivity; that some few families had migrated into regions more remote, as China, and Rajapoor in India, and other places yet further to the east; but the bulk of the nation, though now much reduced in number, had not to this day removed two thousand miles from Samaria.

This narrative fully bears out the remarks we have offered, to the effect that there may be a portion of truth in all the theories which have been propounded, to a certain point, and that no one of them is true to the exclusion of the rest. We are borne out, then, by the foregoing facts, in coming to the following conclusions. First, that the Jews who returned from the captivity were, with some individual exceptions, a mixture of all the twelve tribes; secondly, that those who remained in the land of their captivity were not only an amalgamation of Jewish tribes, in which almost all distinctions were obliterated, but they had, to a considerable extent, become corrupted by heathen admixtures; thirdly, that the original stock of these Israelites still exists in the Chaldean provinces, represented by the Nestorians, the Yezidees, and some other tribes; and fourthly, that branches from this stock spread out into India, Tartary, and China, where their descendants are to be found among the Afghans, Black Jews, &c., who have preserved among them traditions of their Israelitish origin.

The force of these conclusions will be felt by all excepting those whose minds are

preoccupied with certain untenable theories respecting the restoration of Judah and Israel to the land of Palestine, and the reconstruction of their national polity under the son of David. There are two classes of prophecies which speak of a deliverance for Israel, and of their future. One class relates to the time when they should be led forth, freed from their Assyrian captivity, into Judea again. These predictions were actually fulfilled in the days of Ezra and Zerubbabel. The other class of prophecies refers to more distant times-to the days of the Messiah and the glorious events of his reign. Now we think that, in regard to this and other cognate subjects, sufficient discrimination is not displayed by those writers who so zealously advocate the restoration of the Jews to their native land, and the revival of their ancient national glory there. These two classes of prophecies are confounded the one with the other, as if they referred to one common object. The passages which speak of the restoration of Israel to their own country are improperly employed to prove and illustrate events which are still unrealized, though an intelligent examination of the context would almost invariably show the true object to which the prophet refers--whether to the nearer or to the more remote future.

With regard to those glowing predictions of the prophets which undoubtedly point to the times of the Messiah, it may be observed that instead of being minute and specific, they are general and shadowy in the forecastings. We do not deny that in some parts of the prophetic roll the writers make use of terms which, in their outward sense, would seem to convey the notion that such a literal restoration to Jerusalem as some are expecting is actually to take place. Other portions, however, parallel in meaning, declare that such will not be the case; but that those grand times will be characterized by what is spiritual rather than by what is external and ritual. Jer. xxxi, 31-34. Jew must come to Christ as a man, and not as a Jew; for in Him "there is neither Jew nor Greek." Let us not, then, unwittingly help to deceive this people in their blind expectations of a coming Messiah; but let us rather tell them, that when "it (that is, the heart of the Jew) shall turn to the Lord, the vail shall be taken away."

[For the National Magazine.]

MAKING THE CHILDREN SOMETHING.

BY ALICE CARY.

"THIRD EVENING.

66 MWO days having gone since I came L here, and days so short I never saw, and yet they are not broken in upon by calls, or by dressing, or by going out, though Aunt Margaret says we shall go visiting a little and see some visitors, she hopes, when the harvest is past. I do not feel the need of any change yet; it will keep me busy for a month more to see all the things on the farm, and it will require longer than that to learn to keep house well, Aunt Margaret says. While it was yet dark in my room I heard such a crowing of roosters as I never heard beforeit was like a band of music, almost, and especially when, as it grew lighter, a thousand birds in the trees and bushes about the yard began to shake their wings and to sing as if it did their hearts good. I cannot make you understand how sweet it was-I could not bear to lie in bed, and as soon as I could see to dress, afose, and throwing the window open wide, looked out: there was no dew on the grass, though vesterday morning it was all wet, and green paths went along the gray, wherever footsteps had been. One great white star stood away in the south, as it were right in the treetops; and where the sun was coming up lay a long bank of clouds, red as fire. No wind stirred the leaves, or the curtain of my window, and I could not smell the hayfields as I did yesterday. I heard dogs barking across the hills, and boys calling the cows, but mostly it was very still. While I stayed at the window I saw a young man walk along the turnpike road, with a brisk lively step, and an energetic swing of the arms, as though he had something very important to do, and was thus early astir to do it; as he passed by I saw it was the schoolmaster, and on telling Aunt Margaret about it, she said he walked so every morning-sometimes two or three milesfor his health's sake, and that he is thought a young man of great promise, and is educating himself to go as a missionary to some distant country. I thought about the young schoolgirl, and wondered if she would go with him.

"I put my room in nice order before I

left it to-day, which Aunt Margaret said was greatly better than coming down an hour after breakfast. I thought to be the first one up; but Maria and Peter were already gone to milk, the tea-kettle was steaming, and Aunt Margaret was spreading the table.

"Seeing nothing I could do, Aunt Margaret told me I might go out and feed the chickens, and she showed me how to make food for them by mixing corn-meal and water together. I had two quarts or more of it, which I scattered about the ground, calling the chickens to come; and I do believe two hundred of them came running from every direction: roosters, red and black and speckled, with tails shining like a peacock's; and hens of all colorssome old and having some of their feathers hanging loose; others with cunning brown eyes, and combs as red as roses, and looking plump and sleek, and well to do-these I take to be the young lady hens; and then there were faded prim-looking ones that kept apart and made no noise, and these I supposed to be the old maids; the lean ruffled ones, seeming cross and picking at other hens. I thought were the worn mothers of hungry broods, themselves giving all to their little ones. But the dear little chickens were prettiest of allsome yellow as gold, and some black as a crow, and others speckled-I could not tell which was the most cunning, all were so pretty. I caught one or two of them in my hands; but the mother hens, seeing me, flew right at my face, and I was glad to let them go. While I was feeding, Uncle Wentworth came along from his morning work at the barn, and I said to him I wished Albert was there to see the chickens and ride the horses, but that I supposed he was gone to Florence before that time to learn to paint. He asked me if Albert had any genius for painting; I told him I did not know, but that I was sure he liked horses better than pictures; and he then said money would not put genius into anybody-it must be born in them, and that a great thing couldn't be got out of a man unless it was first in him. The minds of people, he said, were just as various as their bodies, and we could not greatly change the form of the face, nor could we any more of the mind. It seemed to me worth thinking about, but perhaps you will not agree with me.

"While we were talking Cliff joined us,

having in his hand a small basket full of eggs-all fresh and white: he said he would show me where the nests are, that I may gather them to-morrow myself. He is very handsome, but I don't believe he gave me the berries. I went this afternoon to the meadow where he was at work to see if I could find any-I thought, perhaps, he would think I came to see him, and so I kept on the other side of the field. Uncle Wentworth came and showed me where there were plenty of berries, and I soon filled the little basin I had quite full. I then thought I would sit a little while in the shade of a walnut-tree that grew in the meadow, and see them make hay, for there were a dozen of men in the field, some mowing, and some pitching, and some raking, and others loading and hauling it into the barn. All worked as fast as they could, for uncle said it would rain-black clouds were flying about the sky, and now and then a gust of wind swept through the corn-field, making a solemn sort of noise, and away in the orchard I could hear the apples falling from the early trees, as they call the harvest-apple trees. The horses were almost covered up with the great load of hay as they drew it toward the barn-two or three men followed, the others remaining to work in the field, for the clouds grew blacker and began to close together. It was not near the house, yet I thought I could run home when the sprinkling began, and sat still. I could see the schoolhouse across the field, and see the children when they came out to play-up and down the woods they ran, talking and laughing so loud that I could sometimes hear what they said. I noticed the young girl that rode the little way with us-I knew her by the blue bonnet, and the quiet, melancholy way she had; for she did not join in the playing nor the talking, but went apart, picking flowers. I left my berries and crossed the meadow, and joined her in the woods, intending to ask her to come and see me at Uncle Wentworth's; but we were scarcely seated on a mossy log together, when the rain came dashing down in a perfect torrent, so that I was forced to go with her into the schoolhouse for shelter. The master made me welcome very politely, and said the rain, so unfortunate to the haymakers, had been to him fortunate, and other pleasant things which I do not remember. The name of the

young girl I learned is Mary Bell, and the master's name is Hillburn. I noticed that Mary kept the flowers she had gathered in her hand, and I could not help thinking she would gladly have given them to the master, but she did not, and presently seeing that she was picking them to pieces I took them out of her hands, and the master coming that way shortly after admired one of them very much, and on my giving it to him he set it in his buttonhole and wore it while I stayed, which was not long, for the storm was soon past, the heavy wind seeming to drive away the clouds. The trees swung their tops together, and we heard the fall of some dead limbs in the woods, which made me a little afraid. The master told me there was no danger-that the trees near the schoolhouse were too sound to break, and that the wind was not strong enough to uproot them. Mary, who sat by me, was trembling with fright, and her pale cheek was paler than ever, but he spoke never a word to her about her fear or anything else. She is a sweet, modest girl, and I could not help putting my arm around her and kissing her when I came away. The schoolmaster is very pretty, having black curls along his smooth forehead and large black eyes. His smile is sweet, and his manner for the most part that of one whose thoughts are introverted upon himself. He is quiet, but I should think not easily turned aside from a purpose when once fixed. As I said, he spoke most politely to me; nevertheless I could not feel as though he thought of me even while he was speaking-I wish I had not seen him-I can't get the picture of his sad sweet face out of my mind-if he is happy it is a happiness so subdued that I cannot under-

"Whether my going into the schoolhouse was a fortunate thing for the master or not, it certainly was to the children, for I was never so much looked at in my life-not one of them could see a book while I stayed; some of them, indeed, held their books before their faces, but their eyes were fixed on me--and so many bright eyes I never saw-I think they would light the house at night without any The little schoolhouse stands candle. right on the edge of a green maple woods, and as I walked through them on my return home, I could not help building a little cottage there in my mind, and of putting Mary and the schoolmaster in it. Why I should have joined them together from the first I don't know; but I did.

"The rain did not last half-an-hour, when the clouds broke apart and the sun shone again, hot as ever. Crossing on the green swathes of hay to the tree where I had left my berries, I found the basin heaped full with finer ones than I had gathered. I asked Uncle Wentworth if he did it, but he said no, and told me to inquire if Cliff knew anything about it. Just then I saw him drop his scythe and lift up one hand. from which the blood was streaming; and putting down my berries, I ran to him and found that he had cut two of his fingers badly: he said it was nothing, and would have gone to work again, but I bound up the hand with my handkerchief, (it was not a lace one,) and ran and told Uncle Wentworth how bad it was: he laughed, and said it was a trick of Cliff's done for the sake of being allowed to go to the house and stay with me; Cliff grew angry at this and threw himself down in the shade of the tree where my berries were. He had been out in all the rain, and his clothes were wringing wet, and I thought he might get his death-cold-so I coaxed him to go to the house with me, for I would not have left anybody lying alone on the wet grass if I could have helped it. The mowers laughed out aloud when they saw us, and one of them said he thought Cliff more of a man. I told Cliff I did not hear what he said, and I did not care either, and that I supposed if one of his hands was cut off he would be glad to leave working. Cliff turned his head away, and I am sure there were tears in his eyes; poor Cliff!-it was heathenish in the mowers to laugh; I hope Uncle Wentworth did not give them one drop of whisky the whole afternoon. I think it strange if one person cuts off a hand, and another person ties it up, that other persons must laugh. Aunt Margaret said he must not go to the field any more that day-and she called him an unfortunate boy; but he is not a boy-he is, he will be twenty-one years old next year, and I am sure that is old enough. She gave him the new shirt that I helped to make; I dressed the hand myself; I knew just how it was, and could do it best; Maria, who stood by, had to say that Master Cliff's hand didn't look much like Miss Annie's; I told her I wished she would go back to her work, and mind her

work; but she did not, and Cliff said, 'No, Maria, my hands look more like yours;' and he put his head down on his arm and kept it there a good while. If he thought I hated him because the sun had made his hands a little brown, he thought what was not the truth, and I wanted to tell him so, but I could not say it-and so I turned back my sleeves and began to scour knives to show him I was not afraid of my hands, and tried to make him forget the mowers and Maria too, by telling him about my visit to the schoolhouse. He smiled directly, and asked me if I thought Mr. Hillburn was handsome? I said yes; upon which he told me that he and Mary Bell were thought to like each other very much. I told him the master had worn my flower, at any rate; but still he would not give it up but that he liked Mary better than any one else.

"When I came back, after a short absence from the room, I found Cliff looking at the stitching in the wristbands of his new shirt. I asked him if he liked it, for the sake of saying something, and he replied that he liked anything I did-he is so kind, you would like him, I know. I read for him some amusing stories I found in the paper; but the night seemed to come in a minute; so I left the reading to assist about the supper, for I don't want Cliff, nor any of them, to think me lazy. Maria could not get water enough to fill the tea-kettle out of the well to-night, it has been dry so long; the springs are shrinking away. Peter took a bucket, and I went with him to a spring at the foot of the orchard hill, which, he said, was never known to be dry in his time. The water breaks right out of a bank in a clear, cold stream as big as my arm, and falls into a shallow well, about which is a pavement of flat stones, and running over this, it flows along the hollow in a stream half a foot deep in places. If the drought continues, Peter said, the cattle will all have to be brought there to drink, for there is no other such spring on the farm. Flags and broad-leaved grass grow along the sides of the run, and two or three brown birds, having very long legs, flew up before us, and one rabbit started from its hiding-place, and ran so fast I could not see what it looked like. Uncle said at supper time, the rain had not done any good at all; that the ground was not wet to the depth of an inch, and that the cornleaves are all curling together for the want of it. Cliff looked pale and did not eat much, nor say much. I am afraid the wound is going to make him sick; even Aunt Margaret, who is so good and kind, does not seem so much alarmed as I should think she would be. When the meal was concluded. Uncle Wentworth sent Cliff about the farm to see if there was water enough for the cattle; I wanted to go with him-I thought it would be a good opportunity for me to see all the farm; but no one asked me to go, so I left Maria to do her own work, and came to my room to write to my dear parents. The sun is gone down behind the trees, and all the western sky is golden and orange, shaded with black-one star stands out, clear and beautiful, but I can see to write by the daylight yet. Aunt Margaret says I must be up at four o'clock in the morning and help to churn, and if the day bids fair she will have something to tell me. I wonder what it can be. There is Cliff, standing under my window, with his hands full of scarlet and blue flowers-he says I may have them, but he can't throw them up to the window, so I must go down.

"FIFTH EVENING.

"WHEN I dropped my pen the third evening, it was with the intention of taking it up in a few minutes; but Cliff seemed so lonesome, I thought it my duty to stay with him. I told him I would walk with him another time, upon which he said it was not then too late; so we strolled together into the high road, and turned down the way I had come from the city. We could hear voices across the hills at the houses of the neighbors; some, indeed, were just calling the cows home-could hear the tinkling of bells, and sometimes the chirp of a bird, and that was all. Cliff told me about his college days, and how much he had tried to like study as well as did his older brother, but that he would always rather plow an acre than commit a Latin lesson, and that after he had obtained a certain amount of knowledge, it seemed to him that he was losing time, and that for the future he could better learn by experience as he went along than by books alone. His idea of happiness, he says, is in fifty acres of ground, containing woods, and orchards, and springs of water, and being nicely stocked with cattle, and horses, and sheep; having on

it all the best implements of husbandry, a good little house full of everything to make comfort. But what that everything would be, Cliff didn't say. I cannot repeat half so well as he said it; but if you heard him, you would be convinced that a farmer's life is the happiest one in the world.

"We were standing on the stone bridge and talking, when we heard some one singing the sweetest and saddest song I ever heard; and looking about, we saw Mary Bell sitting beneath a walnut-tree, a little distance down the hollow. She did not see us-and with one hand pushed partly under her hair, and her blue bonnet on her knees, she was singing to herself. The water from the spring at Uncle Wentworth's made a pleasant sound, as it ran a little way from her, and blue and white violets were thick all along the bank; but she had not gathered any of them, and did not seem to see them. A strip of bark was peeled from the top to the very bottom of the tree against which she leaned, and the wood was cracked apart, in some places wide enough for me to have slipped my hand in the body of the tree. It is very tall, and has been struck with lightning, Cliff says, two or three times. We called Mary-and tying on her hood, she presently joined us; and turning into the long green shady lane, which I noticed when I first passed by, we walked up and up; Cliff quite forgetting his hand, and talking and laughing gaily all the time. But no matter what Cliff does, it seems the properest and most becoming thing in the world, and I wish he would keep on; but when he turns to something else, it seems better still. I never saw anybody like him-he could not do anything that he would not make graceful.

"Mary smiled now and then, for no one could help sharing somewhat in the merriment of Cliff; but she did not once laugh outright, and often seemed not to hear what we said. We had gone a mile, perhaps, without passing a house, or seeing anybody; now and then we met some cows feeding along the roadside; but it was quite dark, the working was done, and only we seemed out for pleasure, when we came in view of a large red house standing near the roadside. All was still about it, for the country people go to bed very early; but in one of the chambers next the road a light was burning, and

seated by the open window, with his book before him, was the schoolmaster. Cliff ealled him to come out; and putting down his book as quietly as though our visit were just what he expected, he came out; but when we asked him to walk with us, excused himself by saying his studies would not admit of it. Cliff would not hear of it, and told him, laughingly, that he might never have another opportunity of walking with us all; and after some further pleasant urging, he finally came along; and, don't you think, most provokingly offered his arm to me. I was so vexed I didn't hear what he said; but try all I could. I could not invent any way by which I could amend matters. Coming to a mossy log, Cliff said we would sit down, and came to me to get the bandage tightened on his hand, and when that was done he sat by me; and when we went forward again, he slipped my arm through his, leaving Mr. Hillburn to walk with Mary. I heard him tell her that he had fixed the day of his departure from the neighborhood, and that that walk would probably be the last they should ever take together. I did not hear what Mary said, her tones were so low and tremulous; and presently we fell further apart, and soon lost sight of them altogether.

"When we gained the stone-bridge again we met the schoolmaster returning home with a brisk step. He had taken Mary home, and was thus soon returning to his, so it cannot be he loves her. The moon was coming up when we reached the house, and so bright and beautiful it looked, that we sat on the porch a little while to watch it; but Aunt Margaret came to the door pretty soon, and told me it was ten o'clock, and she feared I would not be up in time for the churning in the morning.

"I was not sleepy, nevertheless I went to bed, though for hours I lay wide awake, thinking of a great many things that would not interest you, if I should write them. The clock struck twelve, and I was listening to hear it strike one, the last I remember.

"It was not quite light when I awoke. I heard Maria singing a hymn at the kitchen door, and hastened to dress and join her. The cream was in the churn, and with right good-will I set to work; and when Aunt Margaret came, I had taken up six pounds of hard yellow butter. After breakfast, which Maria had ready

in a twinkling, Aunt Margaret asked me if I could ride on horse-back, and said inasmuch as Cliff could not work that day, she had fixed in her mind a little visit for us to her brother's house, six miles away. I was pleased with the thought of riding; and Cliff said he knew I could manage a horse without trouble; so it was soon arranged that we should go. Aunt Margaret's side-saddle was brought from the garret, looking as bright and nice as new; and a beautiful little black mare, that uncle said was as gentle as a lamb, was bridled and saddled; and a dark gray, with fine limbs and little sharp ears, was placed beside her for Cliff.

" 'O what shall I wear ?' I said, when I thought of it, for I had no riding-dress nor hat. But Aunt Margaret, who has always some provision, found for me an old black skirt of her's, and Uncle Wentworth said I might have his hat, if I wanted it. I said I would take Cliff's cap-at which they all laughed very much; but when I had tied my green vail on it, they agreed that it became me charmingly; and having taken charge of many messages, we mounted and rode away. I felt strange, and a little afraid at first, but we went slow till I got more courage. I managed my mare admirably Cliff said. and he ought to be a judge, having been used to horses all his life.

"We soon left the turnpike-road, and turned aside into a road much less traveled, narrow and crooked, and running for the most part through the woods. The day was hot, not a leaf stirring nor a bird singing in the trees-we could see no clouds, and the parched and dusty grass made us look for them often. We rode slowly, partly for the sake of talking, and partly because I was not used to riding; so it was not far from noon when we turned the heads of our horses into a lane almost overgrown with grass, and having thistles and briers along the fences. It seemed a lonesome place, and I should have felt homesick but for Cliff, who had never been more merry than on that day. I asked whether the aunt we were going to visit was like his mother; and then it was that I first learned the aunt, whose house we were going to, had been dead many years, and that his uncle was a man over fifty years old, with whom two grandchildren lived, and that the woman who kept house for him was a widow, and

named Mickmick; 'and I think,' said Cliff, 'she would not be averse to becoming my aunt.' As we talked we came to the barn, which stood on the side of the lane opposite the house, and a hundred yards from it, perhaps. The doors were open wide, and looking in, we saw two young girls there spinning wool-they stopped their wheels when they saw us, and stood still bashfully, for it is not often, I suspect, they see visitors. We dismounted by a great block near the gate, and took our way down a narrow path toward the house. Stepping-stones were laid along, but the path was not regularly paved. The dwelling stood on a little eminence sloping either way, and on one side was the garden where we saw bean-vines in abundance, with hollyhocks and sunflowers growing among them. Quite a hedge of herbs grew along the paling fence, and underneath them a great many hens and chickens were wallowing in the dust. I think they knew we were strangers, for they cackled and ran fluttering away like wildfire. The house is built partly of brick and partly of hewn logs, and is quite overgrown with moss and with creepers.

"In the hollow opposite the garden, and beyond the house, stands an old mill, moss-grown too, and the day of our visit it was making a lively click. We rapped again and again, but our summons was not answered: so we went in; the door stood open, and Cliff said I might sit down, and he would see if he could not find Unele John-that he was somewhere about, he knew, inasmuch as the mill was going. Mrs. Mickmick was seated on the porch next the mill, and hearing our voices, came in with no very amiable manner. Thieves might break in and steal the silver spoons, she said, for anything she knew-not a man about the house to tend to things-she didn't know as she need to care if everything was burnt up; and yet she was such a fool, she could not help but care. She told Cliff he could put his horses in the stable, if he had not got too big to wait on himself in consequence of keeping tip-top company, and she glanced at me as though she could not determine what I was. Finally, she said she would ask me to take off my bonnet, if I had one on; but as I had not, I might do as I pleased.

"Having inquired of Cliff if his mother was well, she said she should think she

had enough to do without waiting on townfolks; and on being told that I was come to learn to work, she replied that the room of some folks was as good as their company. I did not like Mrs. Mickmick; she is tall and dark, and I should think had not smiled for many years. Her frock and cap were in the fashion of half a century ago, and she seemed vexed that mine was not so too. She wore no stockings, and her shoes were very coarse, and her bony hands were the color of Maria's, from having been dying wool.

"'Where is Uncle John?' asked Cliff.
'How should I know?' she replied; 'but if he is not deaf and dumb, I'll make him hear;' and taking down a tin horn that hung beside the door, she puffed her withered cheeks quite round in blowing on it.
'There!' she said, after tooting for five minutes; 'if John Gilbraeth don't hear that, it's because of the gabble of old

widow Wakely.'

"Uncle John did hear it, however, and stepping out to the door of the mill, asked what was wanting; but Mrs. Mickmick told him sourly to come and see; upon which he came slowly forward, looking both ashamed and afraid, I thought, and more like a boy about to be whipped, than a man in the midst of his own posses-'There's your nephew in the house,' she said, when he came near, 'and a girl from town-it's them that want to see you, and not me, I'm surelittle do I care how long you stay in the mill talking to old widow Wakely.' Uncle John shied as though fearful she would scratch his eyes out, and coming in shook hands with us very cordially, and sitting down, asked Mrs. Mickmick why she had not called the girls? 'Because,' she said, * the girls had no time to entertain visitors -if we had come to see the girls we could go where the girls were-as long as she had any authority about that house she was not going to have the spinning stop for every town flirt that didn't know how to wash her own hands.'

"Cliff said, very provokingly, that he would go to the mill and find Mrs. Wakely—that she was a good-natured and loveable woman; and without more ado he left us and went to the mill, sure enough. Uncle John and I now went to the barn together, where the young ladies were still at their spinning. Sweet, modest girls they are, and as pretty as I have

seen in a long time. Uncle told them to put by their wheels, and employ the day as they chose, and with radiant faces they hastened to obey, and having reeled up their yarn, we all went to the house together. The grand-daughters were soon clad in holiday dresses, and with slippers which they had probably not worn till then, except to church. Mrs. Mickmick lifted up her hands in horror, and ordered the girls to go straight to the chamber and strip off their Sunday frocks, and go back to their spinning again. At this instant Mrs. Wakely, a tidy, nice-looking little woman, appeared at the door, having come as she said to see me; and Mrs. Mickmick, thinking it a good time, doubtless, to show her authority, repeated her order, and said, 'if John Gilbraeth didn't see fit to make them girls mind her, he might find another housekeeper as soon as he chose, that was all.' The youngest grandchild, whose name is Dolly, with the tears in her blue eyes, went close to Mrs. Wakely, and putting one arm around her neck, said, 'Won't you come and be housekeeper?"

"Why,' said Mrs. Wakely, looking at Uncle John, 'that depends on what your grandfather says.'

"'Well, then,' says he, shying away from Mrs. Mickmick, 'I say, Come.'

"Cliff threw up his hands and shouted. I felt delighted; the girls laughed and cried together; and Mrs. Mickmick, slinging a sun-bonnet on her head, flew across the fields like a mad woman, to tell the scandal to the nearest gossip she could find.

"Just then, Squire Wedman rode past the house toward the mill, and Cliff called him in, and by virtue of his authority Uncle John and the widow Wakely were made one and inseparable. I rejoiced that so speedy a termination was made, for I knew if Mrs. Mickmick once got her bony hands on Uncle John, he would never be free again.

"A happy day we had, though the beginning was inauspicious enough. The widow said she was not dressed just as she would like to have been, but it did not make much difference, and turning back her sleeves, she fell to work as readily as though it had always been her own house. We—girls and Cliff—went to the woods, and brought home green boughs and flowering twigs, with which we filled the fire-

place and ornamented the wall; and when the table was spread with the extra china and plate, the girls said they had never seen the house half so cheerful and pretty in their lives. Mrs. Wakely seems a famous cook, and as fond of the children, as she calls them, as if they were her own. She cut the pattern of my sleeve, and says she will go to town and buy them dresses like mine with her own money, and that they shall not be tied to the spinning-wheel in the barn all the time—it must not be all work nor all play, she said, but a wholesome mixture of the two.

"The ride home seemed very short, so engaged were we in talking of the new turn affairs had taken. The widow Mickmick. Cliff told me, had been his Uncle John's housekeeper for seven years, and that she had appeared to him to be mad all the time because his uncle did not marry her-' and I believe in my heart,' he said, 'uncle would have done so some time or other, but for the accidental combination of circumstances to-day.' Uncle John had seemed to me to grow taller and larger, and more of a man, the moment Mrs. Mickmick was out of the house; and Mrs. Wakely was so sweet and motherly to the girls, that I loved her from the first: it is a happy change for them, I am sure; two or three visits were planned, and one day was set apart to go to town before we came away; so they will not be left to spin barefoot in the barn, all the time, I am sure. They walked to the end of the lane with us to drive the cows home from the meadow; as we rode away and after we were out of sight of them, we could hear them laughing. They are to visit us in a week or two, and their new grandma with them.

"It was after sunset, but not yet dark, when we got home. Aunt Margaret sat on the porch looking for us, and beside her a grave, handsome young man, whom she introduced as her son Joshua. He has the manner and look of a city-bred man, is taller than Cliff—whom he does not much resemble in any way. I suppose most folks would think h m finer-looking, but I do n't. Cliff seemed to lose all his merriment when he saw his handsome and finely-dressed brother, and said to me, aside, that if Joshua had anything to do in town, he might as well stay there and do it.

"Aunt Margaret told us that we were all invited to drink tea at Mrs. Bell's the next afternoon.

"While we were talking, Cliff complained of his hand, which he said had not been so painful all the day past, and asked if he dare trouble me to make another application of the balsam with which it had been dressed.

"I told him it was not any trouble, and I am sure it was not. I would be very hard-hearted if I could refuse to do so small a favor as that. I found it so neatly bandaged that I thought it were best not disturbed till morning; but when I said so Cliff replied pettishly, that he would do it himself, and not any longer keep me away from the very profitable conversation of the great Joshua. I can't think what made him so pouty. I never saw him so before.

"I was tired and went early to my room, with the intention of writing on my journal, but I kept thinking of Cliff, and of what he said to me, and could not write at all.

"This morning I was up and milked a cow before breakfast; to be sure Maria milked three while I was milking one, but I shall keep trying till I learn to work as well as she. Cliff says the most useful and active life is the happiest, and I think so too. Good words, he says, are good as far as they go, but they are less than good works. He could not go to the field to work, and so he and I weeded the garden beds. Joshua came into the garden, and picked and ate some currants, but he did not offer to help us work. Cliff told him the sun was burning his face red as fire, which seemed to alarm him, for he presently returned to the shade of the porch, at which Cliff made himself merry. Aunt Margaret called me directly. upon which Cliff said he expected she wanted me to listen to the edifying conversation of his wonderful brother, and that he could not pretend to outweigh such an attraction; but when I told him I would rather weed the garden all day with him to help me, than do nothing with Joshua to help me, he gathered and gave me a cluster of ripe red currants, and said he was not worth my thinking of him, and that his brother Joshua was a great deal wiser and better than he was. Poor dear Cliff! I don't believe anybody is better than he is. Aunt Margaret wanted me to

find her some fresh eggs, so I must needs ask Cliff to show me the nests; it seems to happen so that we are together a great deal. We had no sooner opened the barn door, than away ran a hen from a pile of fresh straw, cackling so loud that she got one or two roosters to cackling with her, and peeping into the strawheap, there was a nest full of white warm eggs; we took out nine, leaving one, which Cliff called the nest egg, and returned, to the surprise of Aunt Margaret, who had not expected us so soon. She gave me a bowl and told me to break six of the eggs and beat them well; and when I seated myself on the porch with the bowl in my lap, Joshua brought his chair near me and began to talk; and seeing him, Cliff said, a little spitefully, I thought, that he would go to the field, and rake hav-he guessed he could do a little good with one hand.

"I had the eggs soon ready, and Aunt Margaret, measuring some sugar and flour, baked the nicest pound-cake you ever saw -it was not like those we buy at home at all. We had spring chickens and an apple pudding for dinner, the latter eaten with a sauce of cream. I wish you were both here for a week-I think you would feel like new-made butterflies-I do; I have thrown away my corsets, and for two days have not tried to make my hair curl. Uncle Wentworth says, if it is not the nature of it, it will only make it dry and harsh to twist it into curl. At three o'clock Aunt Margaret and I were readythat is the fashionable hour of visiting in the country-and Aunt Margaret wrapped the cake in a napkin and carried it with her: not but that Mrs. Bell would have everything enough and to spare, she said: but that her pound-cakes were a little better than most folks made, if she did say it herself. I forgot to tell you in its proper place, that I carried home from Uncle John's a half a peck of apples, tied in a handkerchief, and hung on the horn of my saddle, and that Cliff carried half-adozen potatoes in his pocket-enough for us to taste, Uncle John said. Aunt Margaret were her new cap and a nicely washed and ironed dress of small brown and white checks, a white silk shawl on her neck, and a close-fitting gray bonnet. I wore the pink gingham with the plain skirt: I did not like to wear ruffles, because I knew Mary Bell would not have

them. I was careful to be tidy; but with a rose in my plain hair I looked quite stylish enough, Aunt Margaret said.

We went through the gate by the stone bridge, and along the path by the run, round the base of the hill, and were there. Mrs. Bell and Mary were at the door looking for us. The house where they live is very small, having only two rooms, and they made of logs-but whitewashed within and without, and looking very comfortable. Green boughs ornamented the wall and filled the fire-place; some pots of pretty flowers were in the windows, and on the bed was a red and white patchwork quilt. Over the door was a porch roofed with green boughs, and a dozen vards or more from the house was a baking oven over which a shed was built, and against which a fire was burning-for it is here that Mrs. Bell does her cooking in the summer.

"We took sewing work with us, and all sat on the shady porch together, and worked till sunset, when our hostess set about preparing the tea-table. Mary was joyous and full of life during the afternoon, but her spirits flagged when it was time for the schoolmaster to come and he came not. I too was disappointed, seeing that Joshua came alone.

"The table was kept waiting till nearly dark, and Mary and I walked out to the bridge, and looked down the lane—in vain—we saw no Mr. Hillburn. We saw Cliff bringing the cattle to the spring; he waved his straw hat to us, but shook his head to indicate that he was not coming: so we went sorrowfully back. I had little appetite for all the excellences spread before us; and Mary could not eat at all, even of Aunt Margaret's cake. Joshua tried to entertain us, but we could not make right answers to what he said.

"Mary walked with us to the gate on our return home; and when she turned back alone, I could not keep the tears from my eyes. She is melancholy, and most of the time muses silently, and I think it is the master she is thinking about. Everywhere the talk is that he is to go away shortly, and whenever Mary hears it I can see that it gives her pain. The grass is withered and the cornblades have lost much of the brightness which they had a few days ago; the blue bells of the morning glories scarcely come out at all; everything is suffering for the want of

rain. It is so close in my room I can scarcely breathe. The dust is settled all over the rose-bushes, and uncle is afraid his good spring will dry pretty soon. I did not see Cliff when we came home. I can't think where he is. It grows late, and I will stop writing for this time. The lightning runs along the sky all the time, yet there are no clouds.

"SEVENTH EVENING.

"WHEN I laid down my pen the fifth evening, I expected to resume it the sixth; but how short-sighted we are at the best. The day following our visit to Mrs. Bell's was still and sultry; one black cloud lay low in the west, and that was all-we sat on the porch with fans nearly all the day, wishing and wishing for rain. I have no recollection of the day except a sense of suffering and a looking for clouds. could see the men in the field wiping their faces often and looking at the sky, and great clouds of dust going after the teams, as one after another went along. About four o'clock a sudden breeze sprung up, turning the leaves of all the trees wrongside up, and filling all the air with dust; then came a distant growl of thunder, then another louder and rattling up the sky, with clouds, black as midnight, behind it. The shutters blew round, striking violently together, troops of swallows came hurrying home to the barn, and shortly after, the cattle, running one after another, some of them bellowing, others pawing the dust, or turning their foreheads up to the fast-blackening sky. I was afraid, as the wind tore down the vines from the porch, and a flash of lightning, that almost struck ns blind, was followed by such a clap of thunder as I never heard. The rain now came plashing down, sending the smoking dust up at first, and in a moment driving furiously against us, and forcing us into the house. We heard the limbs of the trees cracking and falling, and then the men from the field came running in. I hurried to Cliff, and held fast his hand, and would not let him go away, I was so much afraid he would be killed. He told me not to fear-that the greatest danger was past-but that he believed the lightning had struck somewhere near by. He had no more than said this, when Mr. Peters, the neighbor who lives nearest to Uncle Wentworth, came to the door, the water dripping from his hair, his clothes

completely drenched, and his lip trembling: 'Mrs. Wentworth,' he said, 'I want you to get ready as quick as you can and go with me to Mrs. Bell's-poor Mary has been killed with lightning;' and when he had said so, he hid his face in his good honest hands for a minute before he could tell any more. Presently he told us that as he was crossing the stone bridge, on his way home from town, he heard his dog, that always went with him, howl, and turning his head, saw him with his fore paws lifted on the gate, and saw at the same time a woman lying beneath the tall walnut-tree. He hurried to her, and there found it to be Mary. 'I carried her in my arms,' he said, ' to her mother's house, and she lies there on the bed-poor Mary!' And through the driving rain Aunt Margaret and Joshua went together to the house of death. We were stunned speechless, almost; and sat all together-Maria and Peter and all-till late at night. Cliff held close my trembling hand, and I am sure we felt the worthlessness of everything in comparison with love.

"To-day was the funeral. Joshua, who had known Mary from a baby, spoke an hour in such a sweet, comforting way, that even Mary's mother was still to hear him. I felt, as I heard him, that he was a good man, and that his hopes were, indeed, anchored beyond this life. I determined then more than I ever had to live a good life, and to grow in grace as much as I can. Mr. Hillburn sat close by the coffin with Mrs. Bell, and his suffering seems ed greater than he could bear. Over Mary's bosom lay beautiful flowers, and when he had looked at her and kissed her. he took up one of them with one hand, and struck his bosom with the other, as though in some way he blamed himself. All the school-children walked behind their mate, holding each other's hands tightly, and seeming to be afraid.

"When the grave-mound was heaped smooth, Mr. Hillburn, who had all the time been with 'Mary's mother, walked with her to her lonesome home. An hour ago Joshua was sent for, and he has not yet come home. I cannot make it seem that sweet Mary Bell is dead! Where is her home, and what are her thoughts now? Surely she needed but little change to become an angel. Life is a great, a solemn thing, and the idler must render an account of his idleness.

"Cliff has just come to my door, and asked me to come down stairs—he is so lonesome, he says. So for to-night, good-by.

"EIGHTH EVENING.

"I ASKED Cliff what he would do when I was gone, and he replied I must never go away—the house was big enough for us all, and I would never find any one to love me better than he did.

"The sun is not yet set; I came early to write you, that I might have the twilight to walk in the yard with Cliff, who is impatient at a minute's absence—he is the best young man in the world.

"Aunt Margaret told me to-day that Mr. Hillburn told Joshua last night the story of his life, and that it is indeed true he loved Mary Bell, but that he was predetermined to become a missionary, and for the more effectual taking of the cross, to leave behind him all he loved. It appears, she says, he designed it as some atonement for what he considers as sin of early life. He loved books, and was of a serious and thoughtful turn of mind always; but his father, contrary to his wishes, apprenticed him to a blacksmith, from whom he ran away, and by dint of industry and perseverance succeeded in finally educating himself. But when he thought to return home in triumph, he found his bright anticipations turned into the bitterest sorrow-his parents had died in extreme poverty, crushed to the earth by what they esteemed the ingratitude and worthlessness of their son. Penitent, and broken-hearted almost, he resolved to consecrate his life to some good work; and with the view of enabling himself to prosecute his studies for the ministry, undertook the school in the neighborhood of Uncle Wentworth's, where the sweetness and gentleness of Mary Bell quite won his heart; but he guarded his foregone resolve, and never spoke that sentiment which she, nevertheless, silently received and responded to. Aunt Margaret thinks it likely he will remain with Mary's mother, and continue the school for a year at least; but he scarcely seems to have plans or purposes left. She says, I am sure he meant for the best, but how sadly it has all ended!

"When Uncle Wentworth came home from the near village to-day, he brought me a letter from the post-office there, and on opening it I found it was from Albert, telling me that he had run away from home, and engaged to ride the horses of a canal-boat. I therefore hasten to let you know, that you may not be so much alarmed.

"MIDNIGHT.

"HERE I am in my pretty, quiet room again. The moon is smiling out of the sky as gently and lovingly as though she looked not on fallen harvests and broken boughs, where the storm went vesterday. The stars are as thick as the dew in the grass almost, and I never saw them so bright. I have been sitting at the open window, and as I looked out upon the beautiful world, I felt more humbly grateful, more truly and reverently prayerful, than I ever felt till to-night. has been very good to me always; but especially so, I think, in bringing me to this pleasant home, and making me loved and useful here.

"As I promised, I joined Cliff at twilight, and we walked among the flowers, cutting off the broken limbs and picking off the blossoms which the storm had broken to pieces. It was a sweet silent evening, and we were very happy, and yet sad too, thinking and talking of Mary and Mr. Hillburn.

"We sat together on the stone doorstep, and made pictures of the happy home they might have had—a cottage in the woods, where Mary might have milked the cow and tended the flowers, while the schoolmaster might have continued to be a schoolmaster year after year, teaching the children, and then the children's children, and so going on happily and usefully to the end, and lying at last side by side where Mary now lay alone.

"'But,' said Cliff, looking very close in my face, 'if the master had left teaching, which is wearisome, and had become a farmer, having some land of his own, and fine cattle; and if Mary had been a little more like Annie; what a heaven they might have made!' And when I said, 'Yes,' he asked me why we could not make just so sweet a home as we had pictured? For the life of me, I could see nothing in the way: so do not be troubled any more about making something of me; for before you hear from me again, I shall have made a farmer's wife of my-self."

A MODEL CHARACTER.

A STUDY FOR YOUNG MEN.

TN a preceding paper we considered I some of the personal traits of Buxton. We come now to look at the result of these elements of character as they combined and imbodied themselves in the life of the man-to contemplate him in the two most ostensible attitudes of his history-as a philanthropist and as a Christian-the first comprehending chiefly his public activity, the second his more personal life.

As a philanthropist he was not a hobby rider-he was a leader in very various reforms; but the great distinction of his life, before which the deeds of Marlborough and Wellington will pale in the light of that better day in which the moral sense of the world shall judge of heroism and of history, is the fact that he fought down slavery throughout the British Empire. That is a fact, before which we may well pause here a few minutes, and with a sentiment of reverence not unmixed with awe. Considered as a great moral achievement, aside from its incidents whether favorable or unfavorable, and from all predispositions of American opinion, whether for or against it, the fact looms up on the field of English history with overtopping height and grandeur. It is not, perhaps, too much to say, that no one Englishman, whether on the throne, in the senate, or in the field, has ever signalized himself by a greater result-by a result which will be read with more reverence, in British history, under that purer Christian civilization, that "universal reign of justice," to which we have alluded, and which good men hope is yet to appear in the development of the race. It is not alone to the philanthropic fanatic or the "Millenarian" religionist that such a moral revolution is probable: the theistic philosopher, perhaps we may say the materialistic philosopher even-who sees the law of progressive development in all things-must hope for it. What havoc will that revolution make with the fame of great men-so called! How many a laureled conqueror will be required to vacate his niche for a better man, and take his place among the butchers, if not the How many a savages of the race! strutter in royal purple be ousted from his pedestal into infamy or oblivion!

How many an example of "great statesmanship" be exploded as an historical cheatery-an instance only of superior rascality and audacity in the management of parties! How many a resurrection and apotheosis of neglected merit or forgotten heroism be witnessed! God speed that

redeeming day!

In that day Thomas Fowell Buxton will bear an imperial mien in English history. And yet, judging from late intimations in the public prints, we ought to refer to this noble man, in this his noblest attitude, with an averted and hasty glance. A frank appreciation of him here will be offensive to American opinions! We give the lie direct to that intimation. Some of our cotemporaries have been pronounced marvelously heroic for a passing allusion to slavery, given perhaps in a political article. Is it indeed the case that amidst the violence of our party clamors, public opinion among us has sunk to such abject servility as this? We know not a severer insult to the public sentiment of the slave states, than the implication that it does not admit a legitimate allusion to this subject by thoughtful men, in the literary organs of the country. Washington, Jefferson, Madison-nearly all the great statesmen who founded the nation-have left as legitimate opinions on slavery as any good man need wish to utter, and these sentiments pervade yet the mind of the people, however their manifestations may be temporarily confused or distorted by partisan strifes. The newspapers show otherwise - it is replied. To be sure they do. And what do they not show, here and the world over, on any subject? Who looks to the newspapers for opinions now-a-days? look to them for news-but their moral authority has been dead long ago. Some of these papers call for the revival of the Thomas Jefferson, and the slave-trade. founders of the republic, alleged it in the Declaration of Independence, as one of the crimes of the British throne, justifying the bloodshed of the revolution. would be authorities on the question with the public mind, a few rampant newspaper editors or the fathers of American statesmanship? We know not how many readers we have south of Mason & Dixon's line, and we care not, so far as the manly utterance of our honest thoughts is concerned-but is there one such, now reading

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these pages, who would consider it an act of deference, who would not seorn it as an act below his contempt, were we to evade this point in our estimate of the great English statesman, through fear of offending his local sentiments? Does he ask from us a compliment so utterly obsequious and mean? If there is one such, we hope he will imprompt throw these pages into the fire, and allow us to respect ourselves in default of respect for him.

Be this as it may, we have something to say with frankness, and, we think, with sobriety, on the philanthropic labors of Buxton in this respect, and we proceed to say it with reliance on the good sense and gentlemanly courtesy of all readers, whether north or south. After the frankness with which we have been accustomed to address them on other topics, we shall not fear a prejudiced hearing.

Thomas Fowell Buxton, we repeat, as the great achievement of his life, and in some respects the great fact of English history in the nineteenth century, fought down slavery in the British empire. Wilberforce was still extant in the beginning of the conflict, and Clarkson, Lushington, Brougham, Mackintosh, and Macaulay were coadjutors in it; but Buxton headed it, leading the charge through successive sessions of Parliament, and consummating the triumph.

The beginning of his public career as a philanthropist was in 1816, when he was about thirty years of age. He made a speech in behalf of the suffering weavers of Spitalfields, London, before an imposing public meeting at the lord mayor's, over which that magistrate presided. speech produced a remarkable effect; he did not flatter himself much for it, he thought it "flat," a "kind of failure," and omitted some of his topics; but "all others thought otherwise of it." warm heart could not but utter itself eloquently, whatever might be the rhetorical defects of a first effort; and then he had formed the right practical habits for a successful "business" speaker, such as the British mind, from its masterly parliamentary training in oratory, demanded. He dealt in figures and facts, and strong direct words. He showed what was to be done, and how it was to be done, and why it was to be done. Genuine eloquence is not poetry-it is more contrasted with than kindred to

poetry. Directness of thought and that energy of passion which cannot delay to dally with poetic imagery, are its best characteristics. Buxton's first speech was of this character, and it produced a It was successful for the sensation. design in hand, and it bespoke parliamen-Nearly a hundred and tary success. thirty thousand dollars were raised by "this one meeting at the Mansion House," says the report of the society. speech was printed in the government and the anti-government papers, as showing the state of the country, in demonstration, as each supposed, of its respective views. It thus spread its impression over the Lord Sidmouth sent for Buxkingdom. ton two days after its appearance, and informed him that "the prince" had responded with no less than twenty-five thousand dollars to the appeal-an almost unexampled benefaction from even royalty itself. But the greater result of this debut was, that it led to the anti-slavery career of Buxton. The veteran Wilberforce, worn out with years and infirmities, read it, we doubt not, from his correspondence, with delight-it showed not only the talents but the morale which was requisite in the man whom he longed to find, that he might commit to him the antislavery banner which now trembled in his own aged hand. Wilberforce immediately -within a day or two after the meeting -sent him a letter hailing him as a coworker for humanity, and pointing him to a parliamentary career.

Hitherto the anti-slavery movement in England had been confined to the slavetrade, and Wilberforce had been its hero -its parliamentary here at least. Our own government had the honor of taking the lead of Christendom in the movement. in one sense at least. It was the first to declare the traffic piracy, and to condemn its perpetrators to the gallows. Let us not forget that honor; for we need it. Slavery within the British dominions remained intact. The battle now to be fought was against this actual British slavery. Buxton entered parliament and became an active member. He did not mount impromptu the hobby of anti-slavery, but measured his strength with opponents on other questions of reform, relating to the criminal law, abuses in the East Indies, &c. At last the time came for the antislavery onset, and he had showed his good

sense and competence as a reformer in waiting for the right time. When Wilberforce wrote him about "commencing the war,"-" certainly not to be commenced this session," he added; "Discretion is the better part of valor," because its chief guarantee of success. St. Paul used language about "expediency," which if not found in the Bible, would be hooted by some really good-hearted reformers of our age-men of more heart than headas the utterance of dough-mouthed cowardice. The true reformer is not he who when he gets an abstraction into his pate must, "neck or nothing," plunge headlong to its consummation, from a "conviction" or "conscience" which heeds not opportunities or consequences. Consequences are among the best criterions of duty. Scattering shot may do execution sometimes, but it is better usually to take time to take aim. No great general fights without a plan of battle. Washington saved the republic not so much by onslaughts as by retreats.

I do not like these hints, say you, honest reader? We cannot care for that; you have read us heretofore enough to know that we must speak our convictions in our own way, while we accord you yours. But these are common-places, and very likely to be abused: ves, they are, but we cannot help that. They are common-places, but they have common sense in them also, and nothing we think is more needed in our conflicts, on this and other questions, than a little more of this common sense. Our great wantthat for which good men of all sections and all parties should look and pray-is the appearance, among our statesmen and Churchmen, of leading minds, who, with an unshakable integrity of conscience and commanding talents, shall also have that wisdom which can cautiously discriminate the right opportunities to act-the "wisdom which is profitable to direct." Our great and influential men in Church and state, who see this fact and who are providentially designated to this responsibility by their positions, almost universally shirk it. They find apologies in the "confusion and fanaticism" of the times for evading the very duties which these alleged evils impose upon them. No class is more criminal for the dangers which at present beset the Church and the state among us than the leading minds of the religion, the literature, and the politics of the country. Our statesmanship, especially, has sunk to the lowest degradation of demagogism, and if the destiny of states depended now-a-days, as a few centuries ago, on statesmen rather than the people, the signs of the decay and speedy downfall of the republic would be undeniable.

Wilberforce, after studying Buxton some time on other subjects in parliament, designated him to the leadership of the new movement. He did so in a letter which is characteristic. It shows the moral animus-the religious spirit, we may say, in which such contests were conducted by the English emancipationists; an example for ourselves-for the religious sentiment of the movement, more than all the arguments of commerce, party, and politics put together, effectuated the measure. After stating that "for more than thirty years" he had held up the standard, placing it in the hand of Pitt when too ill to bear it himself, Wilberforce proceeds to say, that he now longed to bring forward the claims of the colonial negroes-" a course recommended to me, or rather enforced on me by every consideration of religion. justice, and humanity." "I can no longer forbear," he adds, " resorting to you as I formerly did to Pitt," and he proposes a complete alliance in the movement. We must insert the remainder of the letter :-

"Your assurance to this effect would give me the greatest pleasure—pleasure is a bad term—let me rather say peace and consolation; for alas, my friend, I feel but too deeply how little I have been duly assiduous and faithful in employing the talents committed to my stewardship; and in forming a partnership of this sort with you, I cannot doubt that I should be doing an act highly pleasing to God, and beneficial to my fellow-creatures. Both my head and heart are quite full to overflowing, but I must conclude. My dear friend, may it please God to bless you, both in your public and private course. If it be his will, may he render you an instrument of extensive usefulness; but above all, may he give you the disposition to say at all times, 'Lord, what wouldst thou have me to do,' or to suffer? looking to him, through Christ, for wisdom and strength. And while active in business and fervent in spirit upon earth, may you have your conversation in heaven, and your affections set on things above. There may we at last meet, together with all we most love, and spend an eternity of holiness and happiness complete and unassailable. I must stop.

Odd language that certainly, as between two politicians consulting about a legislative scheme. Most of our Brobdignagian politicians would smile over it. Yes, but there were others who smiled over it too, those mighty beings,

"Cherubs and seraphs, potentates and thrones, And virtues, winged spirits,"

which have tutelary charge of the fate of nations, and who, wheeling forth in their chariots of destiny, crush down thrones, and senates, and armies, and proclaim the They approved resurrection of peoples. it, and the religious sentiment of this letter was, we repeat, the potent element that made these good and great men triumphant, among the people, over king and parliament, over party and cupidity, and crowned at last, with its divine halo, the liberty of England. Let us learn the lesson here.

The alliance was made and the contest begun. Many other reforms were prosecuted by Buxton meanwhile; but now that we are on this subject, let us see him through it, briefly. His journals and letters show that he began it with the very spirit of religious consecration. Never did a missionary give himself to the labors of foreign evangelization with more self-purification and prayer. Wilberforce, Lushington, and Lord Suffield rallied around him; the first wrote an appeal to the public; a popular organization was formed; petitions began to flow into parliament; and Buxton appeared in the house with his scheme of emancipation.

And what was that scheme? It was marked by the practical good sense for which we have pleaded. There is not a thoughtful reader, north or south, now tracing these lines, who would not say that in its main aspects it was both wise and beneficent. There is not a Christian man, as we believe, in the slave states of this nation, from whom it would not command a respectful consideration, if it were presented with suitable adaptations to our own country, and dissociated from the partisan opinions of the land. It comprised the following propositions:-

" I. That the slaves should be attached to the island, and, under modifications, to the soil. 2. That they cease to be chattels in the eye of the law. 3. That their testimony be received 'quantum valeat.' 4. That when any one lays his claim to the services of a negro, the onus probandi should rest on the claimant. 5. That obstructions to manumission should be removed. 6. That the provisions of the Spanish law (fixing by competent authority the value of the slave, and allowing him to purchase a day at a time) should be introduced. 7. That no governor, judge, or attorney-general should

be a slave-owner. 8. That an effectual provision should be made for the religious instruction of the slaves. 9. That marriage should be sanctioned and enforced. 10. That the Sunday should be devoted by the slave to repose and religious instruction; and that other time should be allotted for the cultivation of his provision grounds. 11. That some (but what I cannot say) measures should be taken to restrain the authority of the master in punishing his slaves; and that some substitute be found for the driving system.

"These are the proposed qualifications of the existing slavery; but I am far more anxiously bent upon the extinction of slavery altogether, by rendering all the negro children, born after a certain day, free; for them it will be

necessary to provide education.'

But is this "immediate emancipation?" Yes; just such was the "immediatism" of Clarkson, Wilberforce, Buxton, and the noble men associated with them at this period, though not so boldly affirmed as at a later stage of the movement. Nothing has been more abused, or at least more misun derstood, than the phrase "immediate eman cipation," as used by these good men: it did not imply the instantaneous overthrow of the slave's relation to his master without regard to time, place, or circumstances The man who proposes that is fit for Bedlam. The immediate emancipation of the slave, according to these Christian statesmen, consisted with any prudential legal restraint to his former locality, or to his former labors-consisted, in fine, with any restrictive regulations which might be required by his incapacities and the security of public order. The second pro position in Buxton's programme is the essential element of "immediate emancipation." The principle of the right of property in man is the essence of slavery; and where this is abandoned by a state or an individual, the essential iniquity of slavery ceases, whatever may be the remaining prudential restrictions on the vir-Your white tually emancipated slave. apprentices are under peculiar legal restraints and disabilities; your sailors and soldiers are likewise; the inmates of your prisons are still more so; but they are not slaves, because you have no right of property in them.

Here is the grand stand-point from which all wise men should contemplate this dreadfully perplexed question of slavery. Could we all meet in council here, how much more might we hope to harmonize! how would our party violences give way to deliberate language, and our theories

to practical measures! The greatest blunders of the discussion have arisen from our deviations from this main point. Both sides have thus blundered: the one, forgetting the cardinal principle, has dwelt too much upon the mere incidents of slavery-the whip, the poor fare, the hard toil; the other has vindicated itself on the same secondary points. On one side we weep over fictions, describing the sufferings of the slave; and on the other, we say that the slave is better off than the peasantry of Europe, or the free colored people of the north. But what are these considerations in presence of the great ethical question, which is at the basis of all the controversy, and at the basis of all the rights and destiny of humanity? The horse is better taken care of than poor laborers in Europe, or, sometimes, in our free states; there are no pauper or beggar horses; but does this imply that it would be right for such suffering men to be converted into brutes-to be politically unhumanized? Your prisoners are better provided for than many poor laborers; but would this justify you in making the latter prisoners? So likewise, in reasoning about the slave-trade, we hear it sometimes affirmed, that the African is better off here than he would have been if left in Africa-the slave-trade has afforded him the means of his very salvation. never hear it said, however, that Judas Iscariot deserves to be excused because his crime led to the crucifixion of Christ, and thereby to our redemption.

We believe that these merely incidental arguments of the question, exaggerated on both sides, have produced one-half the exasperation and other mischiefs of the discussion. The radical principle of slavery, we repeat, is the chattelship of the slave, the assumption of a right of property in humanity itself-an assumption which is as inadmissible in respect to a negro, as in respect to an archangel-an assumption which contravenes hypothetically, if it does not practically, in every instance, all the fundamental conditions of man's moral responsibility-of his probation and his destiny-and would, if admitted, overturn the moral economy of the world. This is its inestimable vice-and the grave consequence of it consists not so much in the incidental evils mentioned, as in the fact that it suspends, in respect to the colored race, the great laws of development and progress that God has appointed to humanity; so that the slave among us is now about where he was two centuries ago, and will be there, if the essential evil remains, a hundred centuries to come. Let no good man consent to share in such a crime against the moral universe!*

We have indulged the more freely in remarks on the subject, because we think the occasion a good one for reproducing the example of Buxton and the great philanthropists associated with him.

He would not be driven into extravagances on so momentous a subject by short-sighted and hot-feeling men. His personal responsibility for it made him wise against their nonsense. They reproached him at times, and attacked him publicly by resolutions, but he would not vield. He favored the "Apprenticeship System," not because he believed it best, but because he believed it the best he could get; and when the abuses of the system led the people of England to rise up against it, he still clung to his old prudential views of the subject. Zealous English abolitionists treated him with contempt for not keeping pace with them; but he kept pace with his duty and his honest, manly convictions—the only way in which any man can ever ultimately triumph.

When the question of compensation came under discussion in Parliament, Buxton was strongly urged to oppose it, as the apprenticeship clauses had not been given up. The difficulties that beset him are thus described by his daughter, who was with him, and acted as his secretary:

"Mr. Stanley declares that if any point is carried against him regarding the grant, he will throw up the bill; whether or not to run this risk, is now the very point of the matter, and numerous are the dilemmas the question involves. We had quite a levee this morning; Mcssrs. Pringle, Cropper, Sturge, Moorsom, and George Stephen, all came in at breakfast time, and my father made them a speech, telling them that on such a difficult and critical point he would never enter the House with his hands tied. They wanted him to promise to fight the money battle, and to defeat Mr. Stanley, if pos-

Our anti-slavery literature dabbles mostly in the mere incidents of slavery, and fails thus of a right effect on the southern mind. The best book we have yet on the subject is Channing's: we commend it to any southern reader as a calm, philosophical, and most instructive treatise—no southern gentleman will read it without thanking us for our recommendation, however he may dissent from its reasonings.

sible. He will not premise to do any such thing, and says he must be at full liberty to act according to the discretion of the moment. They went away to deliberate upon it, and it is now time to go down to the House again. He told me he trusted but in one thing—'The Lord shall guide thy steps.'"

In the division which followed, Mr. Buxton voted for the grant of £20,000,000 (\$100,000,000) to the planters, "as giving the best chance and the fairest prospect of a peaceful termination of slavery." The following afternoon his sister said to him, "Surely you acted hastily last night in voting for compensation?" "No," replied he, slowly rising off the sofia, and speaking with great deliberation, "No! I would do the same again. I did it to save bloodshed; that was my motive, and I am glad I did it."

In the work we are reviewing, Binney says:—

"Two or three times Sir Fowell Buxton was blamed in respect to his public life. He was blamed for acceding to the compensation and apprenticeship clauses of the Slavery Emancipation Act. I can only say, without going into reasons, that I conceive he did what not only admitted of defense but of justification. I think he was right. He was greatly censured for being, as it was thought, behind a more advanced section of abolitionists, in not sympathizing with them, and trying to put an end to the apprenticeship before it would legally expire. To this it may be replied, -he was open to evidence, though he stood firm, at first, to the bargain the nation had made with the colonies; that he listened and read-admitted the force of the representations made-and aided his accusers to achieve success."

While he would not yield in favor of fanaticism on the one hand, neither would he be swayed by cowardly conservatism on the other. Binney says:—

"In the progress of his public measures he was sometimes put to severe trials, in having to follow his personal judgment and to adhere to his own purposes, in spite of the opposition, or, what was far worse, the earnest entreaty of his colleagues and friends. One of the finest moral pictures-the resistance of the individual against united numbers,-the victory of personal conviction, self-trust, adherence to the sense of obligation and right, over every sort of influence that could be brought to bear on inferior affections-may be seen in Sir Fowell Buxton's behavior in the House of Commons on a night when, in spite of all that his friends could urge, he was determined to push his point to a division. His unalterable purpose looked like dead, downright obstinacy-as the most rational firmness always does, when it seems a reproach, or is an inconvenience, to others. Some of Buxton's friends blamed the 'obstinacy;' but the minister said, 'It had settled the question.' It is a happy thing when events justify what is adhered to under a painful sense of personal responsibility; though even disappointment would not destroy the complacency of a rationally decided man."

It would be interesting to detail the progress of this great contest in England, Buxton's tireless and manifold labors through ten years, during which he led the movement, followed by such men as Wilberforce, Brougham, Macaulay, and Mackintosh-but we have not space. On the first day of August, 1834, the victory was consummated. He signalized the day by giving in marriage his daughter, who had acted as his assiduous co-worker and secretary during the struggle, to one of his parliamentary friends. At four o'clock of that day, he wrote to a friend : - "The bride is just gone ;everything has passed off to admiration, AND-there is not a slave in the British Colonies."

Had ever a king on his throne, or a victor on the battle-field, a higher jubilee than passed that day over the head of Thomas Fowell Buxton!*

His agency in the cause of emancipation is sufficient to settle his claims as a philanthropist; but his public labors, aside from that cause, would have secured him the title. He was devoted to almost all the religious philanthropies of his daymaking speeches for them, and laboring on their committees as well as giving them his money. He was active in the parliamentary reforms of the Criminal Law, the administration in the East Indies and at the Cape of Good Hope, the Mauritius slave-trade, and, in fine, every really progressive measure of the British legislature found in him a laborious advocate. He served in Parliament nineteen years; and when at last he lost his election, twenty-seven other places made overtures to him for his return to the House.

We shall have occasion, when, in our next number, we contemplate him as a *Christian*, to return to some of the most interesting scenes of the conflict which we have now rapidly reviewed.

^o The relation between Buxton and his daughter was of an unusually tender character. She had shared his anti-slavery labors, and witnessed his most private anxieties and manful public struggles. She therefore knew how to sympathize with him. "I surrendered," he wrote, "my vocation, and next to Macaulay, my best human helper in it, on the same day."

[For the National Magazine.]

A TALK ABOUT SHRUBBERY AND VINES.

IN a previous number we spoke of trees in general, as ornamental and useful; and in particular of several species, as beautiful for lawn and roadside decorations. The truth is, and we cannot too soon embrace and love it, trees are indispensable to every home. No man or woman able to own or even to hire, for three successive years, a house away from the city's pavements, should allow himself to think of occupying it, until he has provided for the planting of suitable shade trees and ornamental shrubbery, if such are not already growing on the premises. This leads us to say, that a house should never be built on a line with the street, even if your right and your left hand neighbors have committed that folly. Let there be between you and the dust of the street not less than twenty to fifty feet. You will live quieter, with less annoyance from vagabonds, and you can always have a beautiful foreground of green lawn, and lovely plants to every landscape you look abroad upon. It costs no more to build a house at this distance from the highway-in fact less-than in the street. For thus removed, it will be equally comfortable and more picturesque. if its jets, brackets, and cornices are broader and less highly ornamented. Then the green lawn, with its shade trees and graceful shrubs, give to it a beautiful and manorial appearance, and render it at once an object of delight and respect. And even if it be left entirely destitute of architectural decorations, vines and climbing roses can be so trained over its doorways, around its windows, along its eaves, and upon its corners and naked spaces, as to hide its barrenness, and make it appear as if arrayed in beauty.

How homelike does such a house look, so coyly retired from the noise, and dust, and beggars of the street; so sweetly separated from the cares and anxieties of business by such a tidy, tree-shaded, leaf-adorned grass-plat, and so bewitchingly embowered in a tasteful drapery of honey-suckles and roses, blushing on every angle like festoons of sunset clouds! How calmly and beautifully do the shadows on the lawn sleep before it; telling of contentment tranquil as the sheitered grass on which they lie—constant as the un-

wearied sun that flings them down! Who is not willing to labor and endure for such a home? Who will not economize, and even stint, that he may dwell long in such a spot of loveliness? O! by our foolish American practice of building in the street, or making a desert around our houses, we lose, in love of beauty, in attachment to home life, in desire for permanence, in moral goodness, in refinement, in rural taste, and even in dollars and cents, no one can tell how much! And the community loses vastly more than any or than all its individual members: for a community, its habits and follies, outlive a hundred generations of individuals. This loss is moral and immaterial; and till we have some table to compute the worth of increased stability in opinion, of purer virtue, and of improving taste; until we have some balance to weigh the pleasures that spring from heightened domestic joy, from refinement of manners and morals; until we have a scale to measure the extent of that depravity which taints the soul of him who never loved one spot of beautiful earth; we can never tell the amount of our loss when we neglect to render our homes lovely, and to stimulate our neighbors to the same good work.

Let there always be a lawn in front of a house, and let the hardy climbers find, all over it, appropriate places on which to rest, and fasten their wonderful burdens of grace and loveliness; let honeysuckles and jessamines, clematis and bignonias. wistarias and roses, cluster over it, and weave for it a vail of beauty; which the sun shall every moment diversify with bewitching light and shade, and in which the zephyrs shall always nestle and rock themselves to sleep; where the bees shall come light-hearted, and sing their monotonous lyrics of industry, as they gather sweetest nectar; and where the little birds shall build their annual nests, and rear families not more loving than the one that dwells beneath those imbowering vines. Cultivating such natural ornaments upon and around a house will refine the taste of a family, will improve the manners, will elevate the morals, and strengthen all the domestic and social affections in their hearts. It will assist also in forming habits of industry and frugality, as well as habits of observation and intelligent piety. Let a family plan how best to adorn a yard and decorate a house

with foliage, and they will finding springing up in their hearts a unity of feeling and a strength of sympathy to which others are strangers. Each one labors to promote the pleasures of others-hence domestic affection; all are planning for the future-hence hopeful patience; all seek to turn every spare hour to the common profit-hence orderly arrangement of time, frugality, and industry. A family that will consent to dwell, for a half a dozen years, in a house and keep it naked of vines and still surrounded by a barren vard, ought to be abated as a nuisance: for its children will be either heartless or slovenly.

If a house is worth more than a rude hut, it is an advantage to improve it to the utmost of its capability. See how the maize improves beneath the care of man; how the rose multiplies her beauteous petals under the hand of culture; how the oak adds to his leafy crown; how the bloom of the peach deepens, and how it fills its cells with a richer nectar; how the grape supplies a more luscious juice, the pear, the apple, the orange, the melon, each affords a more cooling treasure of comfort, when cultivation watches them! And shall not the home where man's best affections find joy, grow daily in beauty and in grace, while human hearts dwell in it, and plan for its improvement? Shall not every lover of nature, of the race of kindred of God, do at least a little to deck his own abode and the landscape near it with sweetness in spring, to cover it with glory in summer and autumn, and to rob it of desolateness in winter? Let us then encourage in all possible ways the planting of trees about our houses, the cultivation of lawns with fine green and flowering shrubs upon them, and the adorning of our houses with the graceful drapery of vines, jessamines, and roses.

A few words as to the kinds of shrubbery suitable for lawns. The first point to be insisted on is pleasing leaves, abundance of flowers in spring, and berries in autumn or late summer. We think leaves are of more consequence than blossoms, because these latter continue only a few days, while all the summer time we want the leaves. These should not come out too late; they should be very abundant, so as to form a thick head; and they should not wither in drouth nor fall too early in autumn. They should have different

shapes on different shrubs, and so of their colors and habits. The second point of beauty in a shrub is its shape. Its head, whatever be its form, should be thickwhether round like the box, or trim and spindle-shaped like the young althea, hemispherical like the tartarian honeysuckle, fan-formed like the strawberry shrub, urn-shaped like fly honeysuckies, or always varying in form like roses, or lilacs, or suringos; and the mass of leaves should be so full and luxuriant, as to mark distinctly its shape, and distinguish it from all else near it. The twigs too should, as a last requisite, grow up gracefully, variously colored, branching off differently, so as, in the absence of leaves and flowers. still to be beautiful to the eye, and suggestive of a profusion of loveliness when summer suns once more shall shine. But however soft and various the colors, however elegant the forms of the heads, and however graceful the curves of the twigs, they will not be perfect nor very attractive unless they shall afford an abundance of blossoms. Flowers-beautiful flowersonce in the year they should produce in a perfect profusion, and if these are highly perfumed and are succeeded by a bevy of bright glossy berries, they will be admired. It is a great recommendation, at the same time, if these are free from insects, and are hardy and luxuriant growers.

A few plants and shrubs ought to be named before we close. The lilac, not-withstanding its commonness, and its propensity to sprout from its roots, is still with us a favorite. Its thick head—its fine heart-shaped glossy leaves, green from spring's sunshine to autumn's frost—its beautiful cones of graceful flowers, so redolent of aromatic perfume—and its hardy habits of growing well in any soil or in any exposure, conspire to give it a claim in the eyes of all.

Still more can be said in favor of the bush honeysuckles. These are both very hardy, graceful in shape—are beautiful in spring, when crowned with pink and white, or buff and white blossoms—and in later summer when covered with bright dark-crimson berries. They ought by no means to be neglected by any family, as they can be so easily raised from seeds or from layers, and are so ornamental. The tartarian blossoms in early May, and with its rounded head, its fine leaves, its gay colors, is an indispensable appendage to

every lawn. The fly honeysuckle has a downy leaf and long slender drooping twigs of a fine lively drab color. The berries of both these shrubs are beautiful, growing in pairs, and having a bright glossy luster, dark-crimson, or orange.

The strawberry shrub is likewise noted for the beauty of its leaves and fruit. It will become quite a tree unless annually headed back. It must however be allowed to grow to a height of from ten to fifteen feet when it becomes old. Its leaves come out late, and its berries, a crimson and then a bright strawberry color, do not reveal their brilliancy till after the frosts of November. For these reasons it should be planted where it will be relieved upon a ground of evergreens. The laburnum or yellow flowering locust, as it is sometimes erroneously called, also becomes a tree of some size, and has a good share of Its soft sweet green foliage, drooping like ringlets from its graceful twigs, its fine vellow flowers, like clusters of golden curls, render it a desirable lawn ornament. The rose acacia has a very awkward sprawling habit, and can scarcely be trimmed into any decency. Yet its branches - covered with red fur - its downy green leaves, long and pendantand its sweet pink blossoms, make it worthy of a place in a corner of a yard, or in its border among a mass of other plants. The indigo shrub, though not of a handsome shape, has such pretty delicate leaves, and such trim taper spires of purple and blue flowers, adorned with a golden dust of pollen, as will always render it beautiful, as it sends up these spikes from among the hedgerow.

The old snow-ball bush, or viburnum, is not a great favorite with us; but with many its abundant white blossoms will make it desirable. It may be trained to grow upon a ladder by the side of a house to the height of twenty feet or more; and among jessamines and honeysuckles its large round loose flowers will be pretty. The family of spireas-embracing several varieties, white, pink, and purple in color -will deserve some attention. Nothing can exceed the beauty of these blossoms when closely examined. There are two kinds common in most pasture lands-one a very light pink or rose color, the other a light purple-both of which well deserve cultivation. They blossom abundantly, have very beautiful finely-serrated leaves,

are hardy, and improve under the hand of care. Another shrub, a native of our meadows, has trim tapering spikes of lovely white, delicately perfumed flowers, and as well as our common azalias, ought by no means to be overlooked. We must also mention the kalmias-our wild mountain and deer-eared laurels-which in their original homes are so beautiful for leaves and blossoms. They are evergreens and good flowering shrubs, and therefore should be reckoned of double value. They will need to be planted, however, where the soil is not too rich, nor the exposure too sunny. The last-named four plants are still uncivilized, and will require great care in transplanting and naturalizing them to gardens.

For early flowering shrubs you will need the very common and very beautiful double flowering almond, with its slender twigs, so thickly wreathed with pink blossoms; and the Japan pear, with its bright cherry red flowers. These both multiply rapidly. and might with a trifling care be made to take the places of worse appearing briers by the way-side. The Chinese magnolia is a magnificent shrub-with its thick glossy leaves and its fragrant and delicate flowers-and well deserves a place where it can have an open space. The double flowered hawthorn is a great beauty, with its thick round head, so densely covered with pink flowers in May, and in autumn bearing such fine searlet berries; and, if not so liable to be injuried by the borers, would be in constant request. It would, were it not for this exception, be the best hedge plant. The Chinese fringe tree is a beautiful shrub to stand singly on a lawn; it will make a good head and will be completely covered with a light purple cloud of blossoms, fading at last into a golden brown. It has lovely leaves, which, on being struck with a sharp blow, emit a delightful odor. The evergreen box-both the dwarf and the tree-is too well known to require mention. It makes a pretty appearance when grown, but comes forward very slowly. The same remark may be made of the American holly-which will thrive poorly north of New-York. Its finely serrated, smooth shining leaves, and its bright scarlet berries, so sweetly mingled with them, and retaining their color till spring, should make it a great favorite, wherever it can be cultivated.

Then you can have the common waxberry, with its white clusters of fruit, the sirvngo, or mock orange, with its abundant white blossoms and far smelling odors, and the Missouri currant, with its yellow flowers and delicate perfume. There are some twenty varieties-enough for the largest yard, and yet most of them can find an appropriate place within a very small space. Some may stand singly, some in clusters, some in hedgerows, and some will form screens to hide an unsightly object; and they will at all times afford beautiful flowers, cool and grateful leaves or fruits, and pleasing and admirable forms to gratify the eyes.

We should by no means omit the roses -so lovely, so various, so queenly, so easily cultivated, and so fragrant. white, the red, the yellow, in all shades of colors, in all shapes, they dazzle the eyes of our fancy, and so bewitch our fingers, that we cannot write about them. does not love them, and who dares to keep possession of a single square rod of ground for a year, and neglect to cultivate these queens of beauty? If there lives such a one on this earth, we cannot really hope to meet him in heaven, for assuredly he will never enter that world of beauty, unless his nature becomes completely changed " in the hour and article of death." At all events, we would by no means take his chance for both this world and the next, for all the gold California ever held.

The beauty of shrubbery is much enhanced by the manner in which it is Let it be planted in a wide border with indentations, where the grass shall ereep in among it, and form nooks of emerald verdure-and let the several varieties be so arranged and mingled, that the short shall stand nearer the walks, and that the leaves and blossoms of each plant shall be relieved and set off by the diverse shades of color near them, while they themselves also serve to increase the beauty of the others. A great amount of taste may be displayed in the selection and arrangement of these plants and others we might name; but study on this point, as well as thinking and conversation, will profit our readers more than any reading, especially such reading as our desultory article.

The collecting, planting, and caring for liant masses of sun-light; and evening a dozen varieties of these shrubs, will should find around it odorous cells, from

bring to a family an untold amount of pleasure, and the cost need be nothing, or next to nothing. Any family will give you a root of lilac or flowering almond, a slip of rose, or Japan pear; a few seeds of the bush honeysuckles, or strawberry shrub; the viburnum, or the althea; or a sprig of box, or a shoot of the spirea; and summer will not more surely come, than these will grow with care, and blossom forth a most refreshing beauty. them a winter-dressing of good manure; see that the grass does not grow directly among their roots, and kill off whatever insects attempt to plunder their foliage; and all the rest of your business with them will be an ample enjoyment of their glories and perfections.

But a home needs the adornment of vines and creepers, as well as a foreground of shrubs. It should be imbowered with roses and jessamines, and every spring and summer should find, all over it, places on which to hang beauty and glory. These are to a home what graceful ringlets and glossy curls are to the comely features of woman. And these, whatever grave theological doctors may say in condemnation of them, are as necessary to beauty, as clouds are to a perfect summer sky. For our part, we cannot imagine a levely cottage home, around which vines do not bloom and riot in luxuriant glory. A city mansion, or a royal palace, must be seen and admired for the beauty it shows in its lines and angles; in its pillars, its capitals, its architraves, balustrades, and cornices. It must be naked, in order to show each and all of these in their perfection. But a home-like cottage must be like the sky under which it stands, changing every day and every season. Spring should imbower it with the freshest of bursting buds and sprouting foliage; early summer should crown it with the sweetest of party-colored blossoms, and later heat should show upon it the golden leaf and the ripening fruit: while autumn and winter should clothe it with rainbow dyes, and strip it, as they strip the oak, like a wrestler to contend with the northern blasts. Morning should find places upon it to deposit her diamond dew-drops, to drink the sun's fire, and transmute themselves into a thousand gems; noontide should find spots on which to hang cooling shadows and brilliant masses of sun-light; and evening

which her zephyrs may gather Sabean perfumes, to scatter in every apartment, and send abroad over all the landscape.

Let us anticipate one or two objections made to vines by our very utilitarian countrymen, or these will impede us at every step of our further progress. It is said that these, by collecting and retaining the moisture of dew and rain, will rot the covering and cause it to decay. This objection forgets that the shade of their foliage operates, quite as much, to protect the wood from cracking and shrinking in the heat of the sun. Besides, they serve to ward off the beating of the sleet and rain, and save much of its wear. Another says, that they attract insects: not if well cared for. But they do afford a refuge for many a bird's nest, and the parents in these will more than destroy all the insects the vines will attract, and will carry off whole armies of bugs and worms from the kitchen garden to pay for their shelter. Again one says that vines will obstruct the light and hinder the ventilation. This depends altogether on the manner of training them. They may be so carried around a house, over its windows and doorways, and along its eaves, as to attract breezes and impart coolness, and be no sort of obstacles to the passage of light from any direction.

But vines are not only beneficial and beautiful, they have a noble significance, as shadowing forth a type of excellence, and a coming glory seen only in the highest conceptions of the imagination. They may be made to conceal every unsightly angle and corner, or every broad and naked space; so as to relieve the roof of its stiffness and the gables of their awkwardness; so as to add a grace to every window or door, and a loveliness to every pillar or porch; so as to impart a freshness to a house made hoary by years, and a dignity to the cottage, whose newness would be displeasing. The best mode of training vines and creepers is upon ladders, or brackets fastened to the sides of the house. To cover a window beautifully with jessamine, twining honeysuckle, rose, wistaria, clematis, woodbine, or trumpet creeper, let a light open-work hood be thrown over it, resting upon brackets extending two or three feet from the house; then bring up from the ground a fancifully-wrought trellis for the vines to follow, and they will twine and wreathe themselves into the lattice-work of the hood, so as to form a

rich clustering mass of verdure and flowers. graceful, and breathing fragrance, dazzling beholders with beauty, and entrancing the world with delight. A door is covered and shaded in the same manner. Ladders of simple workmanship may be raised to the eaves near the corners, and on them the vines will rise to the roof, and hang there in richest festoons of blossom and foliage. like fairy curtains suspended to shield the tender ones within from the fierceness of the dog-star's rage. should always be an object of care not to spread these vines all over the surface, but to accumulate them in masses, so that they may fling upon the house rich shadows, which always render it homelike and pic-If a residence is plain, and turesque. originally destitute of the shadows of window-caps and projecting eaves, this lack can be well supplied by masses of vines trained on ladders and bracketed windowhoods. By accumulating these thus, they give a much better appearance, and they will better protect themselves from winds and storms.

A word now as to their culture. Do not plant them too near the underpinning of the house, nor too near each other-not less than four feet from the house and six apart. In winter, cover their roots with a good dressing of manure, and keep them well watered in summer. The house, with its eaves and eave-troughs, will take off much water, which would otherwise belong to them-hence their needs. After so much done by way of planting, manuring, watering, and providing for them places on which to climb and rest, they will require only a trifle of care to rid them of insects, and to see that they do not break away from their fastenings. Then you may at all times have a home covered with a "garment of beauty," filled with the perfumes of Eden, redolent with memories of purity, and suggesting anticipations of all excellence.

Vines are so easily cultivated, so love to thrive under the hand of the careful housewife, make a house so bewitchingly homelike, require so little space, and afford so much of beauty, that whoever does not love, or neglects to cultivate them, deserves to be confined in the damp walls of a stone prison, on the barren sides of which not even the cold moss dare plant its parasite feet. Nature employs vines on every convenient opportunity. Go into

the forests, and see the beautiful trees so full of symmetry and glory, all covered with climbers. Nature is not content to let them stand in unadorned beauty, and adds to their charms by hanging the lovely tufts of scarf-like moss from their hoary branches, by clothing their trunks with a party-colored garment of lichens, and planting at their roots the grape, the woodbine, the ivy, the celastrus, and the wild clematis, to creep into their tops and mingle their different hued leaves in gayer wreaths of glory. How these, with their glossy foliage and blue and orange berries, twine their tender shoots around the stiff boughs, and touch the forest's stern magnificence with all the grace of innocent and helpless beauty! And if nature finds a heap of stones, or decaying rubbish, or even a withered stump, how will she rejoice to bring these her recumbent children to laugh and gambol about it! to send out their airy twigs upon the wind, hiding all that is unseemly, and protecting all that is feeble! If nature thus takes pride in adorning and beautifying what is distant as well as near, how should culture love to adorn what art has perfected, and made to be the home of affection; and how should affection delight to clothe, in more than paradisaical loveliness, the spot where live the joys of life, and the comforts of domestic bliss!

Some of the vines most suitable for adorning houses deserve mention, as a fitting close to this rambling article, which resembles, in its wandering irregularities, the creepers it attempts to describe. Our own native climbers are very lovely, and grow well on the north side of a house. The woodbine, Virginia creeper, or fiveleaved ivy, is very hardy, grows in any soil, or in any exposure, and bears the rude assaults of wind with little injury. It has a great abundance of rich green glossy foliage, looking refreshingly cool in summer, and in autumn is gorgeously crowned with crimson. The wild elematis is desirable for its lovely sharply-cut leaves, and it addition bears a profusion of white blossoms, which change into broad cottonlike gray tassels. But for the more sunny sides of a cottage, the cultivated climbers are most appropriate. The honeysuckles-searlet, golden, fragrant, and evergreen-are beauties! How sweet the appearance of their trumpet-shaped flowers, coming out abundantly from among the

thick leaves during the whole season, hanging in lovely coral-like clusters, attracting such bevies of fairy hummingbirds, and producing such quantities of cornelian berries! These will grow so luxuriantly and twine together so roguishly, they will hang in such fine masses, and east such deep shadows, that we hesitate not to recommend them most enthusiastically. The wistaria has more beautiful leaves, and more delicate-hued blossoms of pearly blue, but it flowers more seldom, and does not so well combine into masses, though it will spread over more surface, which is sometimes a great recommendation. The trumpet-creeper is another vine which will cover a great space, and in July and August puts forth a splendid array of brilliant trumpet-like flowers, of bright crimson and orange.

Roses, however, are the great passion of the day; though we confess that, as climbers, they have some drawbacks. They lack foliage, especially when the summer droughts come on, and their blossoms are soon faded. But still we shall cultivate them and admire them. they will, if allowed to climb ladders and twine themselves in latticed hoods over doors and windows, beneath the eaves of a cottage, or along the cornice of a piazza, contribute such a wilderness of loveliness, as makes the house seem really to be hidden beneath the ruins of a rainbow's maiestic arch. The double prairie rosesespecially the prairie queen and Baltimore belle-are strong, healthy growers, are hardy, and produce a profusion of pink or white flowers, too full of petals ever to open fully. South of Philadelphia, the multifloras and the vellow monthly roses together make a great addition to the variety of cottage drapery.

But with these, if one has a correct taste, he can cover his habitation with glory from early spring to winter's first snow, making it a delight to the traveler's eye, an ornament to the landscape, and a place of the most purifying and ennobling associations. Remember that utility and true beauty can never be dissociated; and that he alone has a well-adapted and desirable home who has it glowing with loveliness, and surrounded with nature's own attractiveness. By thus adorning your home, shall you become a worker with God, who clothes the hills with verdure, and the valleys with beauty.

LIFE SCENES IN MEXICO.

Queen of the Valley, thou art beautiful!
Thy walls, like silver, sparkle to the sun!
Melodious wave thy groves, thy garden sweets
Eurich the pleasant air! Upon the lake
Lie the long shadows of thy towers, and high
In heaven thy temple pyramids aris!—SOUTHEY.

W HOEVER has viewed this splendid city from one of the towers of its cathedral, will fully agree in the praises bestowed upon it by travelers and poets. I was never weary of contemplating this grand panorama, and turned from it unwillingly to continue my studies of the people, who, various in feature, costume, and customs, as in race, compose the population of Mexico. Among these the lépero especially excited my curiosity, and through a Franciscan monk of my acquaintance, I was enabled to gratify it. But I must describe the class itself, before I recount my personal experiences.

The lépero is the Mexican lazzarone. At once brave and cowardly, calm and violent, superstitious and incredulous, believing in God only enough to fear the devil, an inveterate gambler, a thief by instinct, and quarrelsome by profession; as sober as he is at times intemperate, the lépero can accommodate himself to all circumstances. By turns a street-porter, a mason, a pavier, a courier, a trader, the lépero is to be seen everywhere; and everywhere exercising his favorite profession-at church, in processions, at the theater, to the great detriment of the spectators: thus his life is one long struggle with justice, which itself is not sheltered from his villany. Lavish when rich, the lépero is no less courageous when poor: when he has acquired enough in the morning to subsist upon during the day, he leaves his work; and when all resources fail, he wraps himself in his ragged cloak, and lies down in the corner of a street, or on the step of a door. There, scraping his jarana, (a small mandoline;) contemplating stoically the pulqueria, (publichouse,) where credit is unknown to him, he listens carelessly to the hissing of the frying-pan near, draws his belt more tightly round him, and makes his breakfast upon a sun-ray, his supper upon a cigarette, and sleeps without anxiety for the morrow. But there is a darker shade to this: for, after the evening promenade on the Plaza Mayor has ceased, and the gay and busy world is hushed by the sound of the Ave Maria bell, the nightly scenes

begin, and for some hours the léperos are masters of the city.

Such are the worthless offspring of civilization, whom I wished to compare with the wild adventurers I had met with in the woods and savannahs of savage life; and, as I have said, my curiosity was gratified by an acquaintance with a lépero of the first water, named Perico the Zaragate—or villain. But before I had gained a full insight into the condition of the class, Perico had robbed me to such an extent that I thought fit to break the connexion; and I had resolved to be satisfied with my expensive lesson, when one morning Fray Serapio, the monk who had introduced Perico to me, entered my room.

"I come to conduct you to the circus in the square of Necatillan," said the Franciscan; "there is a Jamaïca and a Mount of Parnassus which will amuse us."

To my question of what the things were which he named, he replied that I should know presently; and that we had not a minute to lose to secure a good place. I wished to see a bull-race, and the monk's company would insure my safety in traversing the suburbs of the city; in which, and above all in that which joins the aforesaid square, it is always dangerous to be seen in a European dress: now the monkish cowl would serve as an ægis to the Frankish coat. We set off, and I saw, for the first time without uneasiness, the dirty unpaved streets, the black ruinous houses, which were the refuge of those bandits by whom the roads were infested, and even the dwellings in the city occasionally robbed. A number of léperos, lame, scarred, or maimed, were drinking, whistling, and shouting in the taverns, clothed in dirty cotton garments, or in ragged frazadas of coarse wool. Women, half naked or in tatters, were lounging about the doors, surrounded by naked children, who were rolling in the mud, and squalling in shrill tones. When obliged to pass through these streets. which are the terror of the police, the criminal judge repeats a prayer, the alcade crosses himself, the constable walks gently, and an honest man trembles; but the monk goes boldly along with a smile on his countenance; for the light sound of his sandal is more respected there than the rod of a school-master, and the robbers often come from their hiding-places to kiss his hand.

The square of Necatillan presented a sight quite strange to me; for the center space of the circus was transformed into a kind of grove by trees and flowering shrubs; beneath which were little stalls, some furnished with hotly-spiced ragouts of fat pork, others with enormous glasses filled with red, green, yellow, and blue liquids, interspersed with flowers. On one side were the covered seats for the military and higher classes; on the other side, exposed to the burning rays of the sun. the populace were enjoying the scent of hot viands; while some, more happy, were seated under the trees feasting upon ragouts or wild duck.

"See!" said the monk, pointing to the arena; "that is what is called a Jamaïca."

"And what do you call that?" I asked, pointing to a tall tree in the center, to the branches of which a great number of colored handkerchies were attached.

"That is Mount Parnassus," replied the Franciscan.

"Are we to witness an ascent of poets then?"

"No: but one of *léperos*, and less learned folks, which will be much more diverting."

As the monk said this, cries of "The bull! the bull!" resounded from the open gallery; the cooking and drinking stalls were deserted in the twinkling of an eve : and the arena was strewed with brokendown boughs by the assault of a band of léperos, who, with shouts, furiously attacked and destroyed the frail edifices. Among these mad fellows, I was not surprised to see my old acquaintance Perico. Mount Parnassus, with its cotton handkerchiefs, now stood alone in the midst of the wreck of all kinds which covered the arena, and became the point of attack by the mob, who endeavored to climb its branches and seize the handkerchiefs: but in vain; for they succeeded only in hindering each other. At this moment a trumpet was heard, the door of the inclosure opened, and there entered the most splendid bull that could be procured, but having knobs at the end of his horns. The aspirants of Mount Parnassus looked toward the door with fear; and the animal himself hesitated a moment, but presently galloped toward the tree. Some of the léperos ran away; others elimbed into the tree-at which the bull began to butt furiously with his horns. Mount Par-

nassus vielded a little to the blows, and a catastrophe was certain, when Perico, leaning too far in securing a rich booty of handkerchiefs, fell, dragging with him to the ground the tree and all those clinging to it-a frightful group. A mad roar of laughter and enthusiastic cheers burst from the twelve thousand spectators who filled the circus, while the unhappy objects, wounded and mangled, endeavored to disengage themselves from each other, and from the branches in which they were entangled. The bull increased the confusion, by butting at the dark mass; and I had the grief of seeing the unfortunate Perico thrown ten feet high in the air, and fall insensible to the ground, depriving me of all hopes of continuing my study of Mexican life under his able tuition.

While they were carrying Perico, with great difficulty, out of the inclosure, the mob called loudly for a priest, at which Fray Serapio crouched down in a corner; but he could not escape, and rising at the call of the mob, with an air of dignity well calculated to hide his vexation he whispered to me—

"Follow me—you shall pass for a doctor."

"You are jesting," I said.

"Not at all; if the fellow be not quite dead, he will have a doctor and a confessor of equal capability."

I accompanied the monk; and as we descended the steps of the circus, heard bursts of laughter and shouts which showed that the spectators of the shaded side, as well as those who were uncovered, had already forgotten an occurrence so com-We were introduced into a dark place among the water-courses of the building, in a corner of which the unfortunate man had been placed, after having been disencumbered of his handkerchiefs: then, partly through respect to the two professions we so worthily represented, partly from anxiety not to lose any of the sight, the assistants left us alone. The lépero, with his head leaning against the partition, and apparently lifeless, was seated rather than lying; his pendent arms and death-like color told that, if not already dead, the spark of life which remained was very feeble. The Franciscan and I gazed upon him in equal embarrassment.

"I think you might venture to give him absolution," I said.

"Absolvo, &c.," said Serapio, with his

foot roughly touching the lépero, who at length appeared conscious, and, half opening his eyes, murmured-

"I believe- Ah! the villains have stolen my handkerchiefs. Señor padre!

I am a dead man!"

"Not yet, my son; but, probably, you have but a short time for confession, and you would do well to profit by it at once, that I may open the gates of heaven to you; for I can tell you I am in haste to be gone."

"The fight is not finished then," said poor Perico. "But, altogether." he added, rubbing himself, "I believe I am not so bad as you imagine." Then, catching sight of me, he shut his eyes, as if about to faint, and said, in a weak voice-

"Indeed I feel very ill-very ill; and if you will listen to my confession, it shall

be soon made."

- "Begin then, my son;" and the monk bent down to the sick man, who however gave no outward appearance of being hurt. Taking off his large gray hat, Perico leaned toward the monk and began thus, while I moved away that I might not interrupt him :-
- " First, I accuse myself, father, of the deepest ingratitude toward this gentleman, in having robbed him as often as possible, and-much less, however, than I wished: but I beseech him to bear me no malice: for, at heart, I was very much attached to him."

I bowed my head in assent to this.

- "I also accuse myself, father, of having robbed the criminal judge, Sayosa, of his gold watch, the last time I was taken before him."
 - " How was that, my son?"
- "The Signor Sayosa was so imprudent as to wish to look at his watch in my presence, and to express his surprise at having left watch and chain at home; at which I said to myself that, if I was not hanged, there was a lucky job before me; and being uncertain of my own fate, I gave the hint to an associate who was just then set free. I should tell you that it is well known the judge loves turkey."

"I do not understand you, my son."

"You will presently. My accomplice bought a turkey, which he presented to the judge's wife, telling her it came from her husband, and desiring her to send him the watch and chain which he had forgotten to take with him. So the watch-'

"This is serious, my son."

" I did still worse, father : the next day I stole from the woman, while her husband was in court-"

"What, my son?"

"The turkey, father. You see one does not like to lose," murmured Perico in a whining tone, while the monk with difficulty restrained a hearty fit of laugh-

"And for what, my son," he asked in rather an unsteady voice, "were you taken

before the criminal judge?"

"A mere trifle. For some crowns I had engaged to serve an inhabitant of this city, (his name is of no consequence to us.) I was shown the man I was to strike; he was young and handsome, and might be recognized by a long narrow scar above his right eyebrow. I concealed myself at the door of a certain house, to which this man came every evening after vespers, and saw him enter. Night came on, and I was still watching; two hours passed thus."

Whether from weakness or some other cause, Perico seemed now to yield reluctantly to the command of Fray Serapio to continue his confession; and by a look I asked the monk whether I should go quite away; but he made a gesture for me

to remain.

- "I saw," continued Perico, "an old woman closely enveloped in her mantle and fast asleep; and I recognized the young man seated on a couch; while before him, her head resting on his knees, a beautiful young girl was reclining, and gazing on him with intense affection. The young man was playing with a pink rose, fastened to the comb which confined the tresses of the head thus inclined toward him. I understood why time passed so quickly with him. Perhaps, the compassion I felt may be placed to my credit somewhere else, for I was very sorry to be obliged to cut the thread of so sweet a romance."
- "Did you kill him, wretch?" cried the monk.
- "I sat down in the shade on the pavement before the house. I was discouraged; so much so that I fell asleep at my post, till the sound of an opening door roused me; a man came out. I said to myself then, that a promise ought to be sacred; that this was not the time for giving way to my natural sensibility, and I arose. In

a moment, I was at the heels of the stranger; and almost at the same time I heard the sound of a piano within the window; the fingers which touched it seemed inspired by happiness! 'Poor woman!' I said to myself, 'your lover's last moment is come while you are singing!' I struck—the man fell!"

The tender Perico was silent and sighed. "Had sorrow dimmed my sight?" he resumed, after a short silence. "At this moment the moon shone upon the face of him I had killed; it was not my man. I was, in truth, glad. I had been bribed to stab; I had stabbed; and my conscience being thus at ease. I cut off a lock of the stranger's hair to earry to my employer in token that I had accomplished my work. 'All hair is alike,' I said to myself; but I was wrong-the man I had killed was an Englishman, with hair as red as pimento; and the handsome cavalier was still alive. Then, in my disappointment, I blasphemed the holy name, and it is of this that I accuse myself, father."

Perico continued striking his breast, while the Franciscan represented to him the blackness of this last crime, passing lightly over the former one; for the life of man—above all, of a heretic Englishman—is of little value in the eyes of the ignorant part of the Mexican nation, of which the monk and the lépero offered me two distinct types. Fray Serapio ended his exhortation by giving Perico a hasty absolution in Latin, worthy of Molière's comedies; and then continued in good Spanish,—

"Now you have only to ask this gentleman to forgive your having too often placed him under contribution, which he will readily pardon, seeing the impossibility of your doing so again."

The *lépero* turned toward me, and, with the most languishing air he could assume, said.—

"I am a great sinner, and I shall not think myself wholly absolved till you condescend to pardon the shabby tricks I have played you. I am dying, sir, and I have not the means of burial; my wife must know this directly, and it would comfort her much to find a few piastres in my pocket to pay for my shroud. God will repay you, sir."

"Indeed," said the monk, "you cannot refuse the poor wretch this favor: they are the last piastres he will cost you." "God-grant it," said I, not recollecting that it was a homicidal wish; and I emptied my purse into the hand of Perico, who shut his eyes, let his head fall on his shoulder, and spoke no more.

"Requiescat in pace!" said Fray Serapio; "the fight must be nearly finished, and I have nothing more to do here."

We went out. "After all," I said to myself, as I left the place, "such a confession as this amply recompenses me for the cost of my former acquaintance with the Zaragate. Besides, it is the last lesson he will give me;" and I could not help pitying him a little at this thought. However, as we shall see, I was wrong in fancying all my accounts settled with Master Perico.

THE ALAMEDA.

It is needless to describe the Alameda of Mexico; its beauty is acknowledged; trees, fountains, flowers, all combine to render this promenade worthy the resort of beauty, wealth, and fashion. Nearly adjoining it is the Paseo de Bucareli, a piece of ground shaded by trees and adorned with fountains, to which, after a certain number of turns in the Alameda, carriages and walkers resort.

To gain the Paseo, the crowd passes carelessly by a grated window which looks out upon the foot-pavement, and it would scarcely be guessed what a frightful exhibition these rusty gates every day inclose, within a few steps of the most brilliant promenade in Mexico:—this window is that of the house where the dead are exposed to be viewed and owned. Justice only now exerts herself; and the bodies of men and women are thrown here, half-naked, still bloody: this morgue receives fresh guests every day!

On the evening of the day on which I had been present at the bull-fight, I was among the idle crowd which generally fills the space between the Paseo and the Alameda. The lamps were being lighted, and the Ave-Maria bell was heard from all the churches and convents, calling upon the giddy crowd to prostrate themselves. The declining day cast a dim light through the grating of the morgue upon the victims, who lay pêle-mêle upon a bed of masonry, stained with large spots of blood; while some women, whom the soldiers vainly endeavored to send away, were loudly lamenting in front of the bars,

pitied by some of the passengers, looked at with curiosity by others. On his knees, before the grating, with uncovered head, and holding a richly-caparisoned horse by the rein, a man was devoutly reciting his prayers. His costume, which bespoke him as belonging to the highest class of country residents, harmonized well with his handsome and noble features. Above his right eyebrow was a long, narrow, white scar, which identified him with the portrait Perico had drawn in the morning. Was he thanking God for having saved him from peril, or did he bless God for loving and being beloved? My conjectures and his devotions were suddenly interrupted; for, frightened at the noise of carriages, an unmanageable horse kicked the ladder upon which a man was mounted, lighting the lamp over the barrack of La Accordada, and he fell motionless on the pavement from a height of fifteen feet. I might describe the consternation of the unfortunate cavalier, at seeing the lamplighter senseless before him, perhaps mortally hurt; but I was that cavalier, and I pass on to what followed.

We know the general feelings of a mob in such a case; and in Mexico they are still stronger, every stranger being regarded as a natural enemy. Hemmed in, notwithstanding his spirit, by a crowd of léperos, who were disputing what kind of punishment they should inflict on the miserable delinquent, my horse was no help to me; and for a moment I envied the condition of the senseless lamplighter, upon whom the crowd were carelessly trampling. Fortunately, chance sent to my relief two persons, one of whom at least I could not expect to see. The first was an alcade, who, escorted by four soldiers, made his way to me, and said that, in his opinion, I was convicted of having caused the death of a Mexican citizen. I bowed my head in silence. By the magistrate's order, the lamplighter's body was placed upon a litter, from the adjoining barracks; then, politely desiring me to alight, the alcade desired me to follow the litter to the court-house, where I should find myself, of course, within two steps of the prison. It may be imagined, I was not very ready to yield to this intimation; and I endeavored to show the alcade that a case so uncommon did not authorize such a judicial proceeding. But the alcade was obstinate, and replied only

by insisting on the custom; so I looked around me for some one who would be my bail. The kneeling cavalier, who had so much interested me, had disappeared; but chance, at this moment, sent a second person to my assistance. This person was wrapped in an olive-colored mantle, a lappet of which nearly concealed his face, and through the numerous rents might be seen a dark vest. Making his way through the crowd, he stood before the alcade, and putting his arm through . one of the holes in his cloak, without deranging his costume, he courteously removed the fragment of a hat which he wore, and showed a black shaggy head of hair, ornamented with several cigarettes, a lottery-ticket, and an image of the Virgin of Guadaloupe. I was considerably astonished at recognizing, in this respectable Mexican citizen, my friend Perico, whom I believed dead and about to be buried.

"Signor Alcade," said he, "this gentleman is right; he committed this murder accidentally, and ought not to be confounded with common malefactors; and, moreover, I am here to bail him, for I have the honor of his intimate acquaint-

"And who will be your surety?" asked the alcade.

"This gentleman," replied the zaragate, pointing to me.

"But if you are his surety?"

"Well! I bail the gentleman-the gentleman bails me: there are two sureties for one, and your lordship cannot find better."

I acknowledge that for a moment I hesitated between the justice of the alcade and the protection of Perico; and the magistrate, on his side, did not seem quite convinced by Perico's impudent logic; so I ended the debate by whispering to him my name and address.

"Very well!" said he, drawing away. "I accept your friend in the olive cape as your bail, and shall expect to find you at

your house presently."

The alcade and his soldiers were gone, but the crowd remained still threatening. when a shrill whistle brought Perico's friends to the spot, and they presently surrounded us. The lépero led my horse, and I thus escaped the angry groups, very uneasy as to the sequel of the adventure, and grieved at the sad cause of it.

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"How is it that I see you so well?" I asked my guide, when I had a little recovered my composure. "I thought your business in this world was ended forever."

"A miracle has been wrought in my behalf," replied Perico, raising his eyes to heaven; "but it seems, sir, that my resurrection vexes you. You think that, in spite of my wish to be agreeable to you-"

" Not at all. Perico-not at all. I am delighted to see you alive: but how did

this miracle happen?"

"I know nothing except that it was accomplished in time for me to take my place again among the spectators of the fight, and even to try another ascent. I had just confessed and received absolution. It was a singular opportunity for venturing my life without risking my soul; I took advantage of it, and was lucky; for this time I fell upon my legs when the bull tossed me, to the great delight of the public, who showered reals and demi-reals upon me. Then, finding myself-thanks to you, above all-with a well-filled purse. I gratified my taste for dress by purchasing this suit at a broker's, and it gives me a very respectable appearance. You saw with what consideration the alcade treated me! There is nothing like being welldressed, sir!"

I saw well enough that the fellow had cheated me once more; and that his pretended suffering, like his confession, had been merely to obtain some piastres from me; but I must say, that my anger melted away before the comic dignity with which the lepero strutted about in his ragged cloak during this strange tale. My aim now was to get rid of a troublesome companion; and I said to him, with a

smile-

"If I reckon rightly, the illness of your children, your wife's confinement, and your own shroud, have cost me nearly a hundred piastres; by excusing you all this, I think I amply repay the service you have just done me. I am now near my home, and I again return you my thanks."

"Your home, sir! Are you thinking of that?" eried Perico. "At this moment your house is being searched by soldiers; they are seeking for you in your friends' houses; you do not know what alcade you have to do with."

"Do you know him, then?"

"I know all the alcades, sir; and what shows that I little merit the surname which I bear is, that all the alcades do not know me; but, among them all, he who is now seeking you is the most cunning, rapacious, and diabolical."

Although I had reasons for thinking this portrait exaggerated, I was somewhat shaken in my resolution. Perico then represented to me, in really touching language, the pleasure his wife and children would feel in giving their benefactor an asylum for the night; and, being obliged to decide between two protectors, equally interested, I chose him whose greediness had the least gloomy appearance, and resolved to follow the lépero.

It was night; we traversed suspiciouslooking alleys, deserted squares, dark streets, quite strange to me; lamps were more and more searce; I was decoyed into the depths of those suburbs where justice dares not penetrate; and I was unarmed, at the mercy of a man whom I had just heard make a terrible confession: to leave him abruptly in these regions was dangerous; to follow him not less so.

"But where do you live?" I asked Perico.

He scratched his head and made no answer, upon which I repeated my question. "To say the truth," he replied at last,

"having no regular dwelling, I live a little everywhere."

"And your wife, your children, and the concealment you offered me?"

"I had forgotten," replied the zaragate, unmoved, "that I sent my wife and children yesterday to --- to Queretaro; but, as to a hiding-place-

"Do you offer me that also at Queretaro?" I asked, recollecting, too late, that the wife and children of this honest man were as imaginary as his dwelling.

" As to a hiding-place," answered Perico, still unmoved, "vou shall partake of such as I know how to find, when I have not the means of hiring a home; for bullfights and large windfalls like this do not come every day. There," he added, pointing to a reflected light which flickered at a distance, "perhaps that will assist us."

Advancing toward the light, I found it proceeded from a lamp; and near it the watchman, in a yellowish cloak, not much better than that of Perico, was crouched upon the pavement, gloomily watching

the clouds; he did not move at our approach.

"Halloo, friend," asked the zaragate, do you know any velorio hereabouts?"

"Yes, to be sure! not far from hence, near the bridge of Ejizamo, you will find one; and, if I were not afraid of the régidor taking his round, or could find some brave boy to take care of my cloak and lantern, I would go myself to the fête."

"Much obliged," said Perico, civilly. "We will take your hint;" while the watchman, looking surprised at my dress, which agreed ill with Perico's, said—

"Gentlemen like this are not much in the habit of frequenting those meetings."

"It is a case of necessity; this gentleman has made a debt which prevents his returning to his own house to-night."

"That is a different thing; there are debts which one puts off paying as long as possible," replied the watchman; and, turning away from us, he cried in a doleful voice—

"Nine o'clock, and a stormy night!" then resumed his former attitude, while many distant watchmen repeated the words.

I followed Perico dejectedly, leading my horse by his bridle, it being against the police rules of Mexico to ride on horseback in the city after vespers; and I was not inclined for further trouble with the alcades. My guide's words had excited my curiosity; and I wished to know what a velorio could be. In about ten minutes we reached a bridge, over a narrow canal, bordered by dilapidated houses, while a lamp, dimly burning before a picture of souls in purgatory, was gloomily reflected in the muddy and stagnant water, and watchdogs were loudly baying the moon, alternately hidden and revealed by a curtain of driving clouds, for it was the rainy season. All else was silent; and in these two lines of melancholy-looking houses the sole light was from the windows of the first floor opposite to the sacred picture, which showed a room well lighted up. Perico knocked at the door of this house, and after some time half of it was opened, the other half being fastened as usual by an iron chain; and a man's voice cried. "Who is there?"

"Some friends, who are come to pray for the dead and rejoice with the living," replied Perico, without hesitation.

We entered, and, lighted by the porter,

crossed the hall to an interior court; there, having tied my horse to a ring in the wall, which the man pointed out, we ascended about twenty steps, and I followed Perico into a well-lighted room. I was now to learn what a velorio was.

(To be continued.)

BEAUTIFUL PARABLES.

"Hold every mortal joy With a loose hand!"

WE clutch our joys as children clutch their flowers;

We know them sweet, yet scarce believe them ours

Till our hot palms have smirch'd their colours rare,

And press'd their dewy blood out, unaware.

But the wise Gardener, whose they were, comes by,

And, while we are not looking, with mild eye, Mournful, yet sweet, and pitiful, though stern, Takes them.

Then in a moment we discern
By loss, what was possession, and half wild,
Lift up rash empty hands like wronged child,
Crying, "Why didst thou snatch my posies
fine?"

But he says tenderly, "Not thine, but mine;"
And points to those stain'd fingers which do
prove

Our fatal cherishing, our cruel love: At which we, chidden, a pale silence keep, Yet evermore must weep, and weep, and weep.

So on through devious ways and thorny brakes, Quiet and slow, our shrinking feet he takes, Led by the purpled hand, which, laved with tears.

More and more clean beneath his sight appears: At length the heavy eyelids trembling shine— "I am content. Thou took'st but what was thine."

And then he us his beauteous garden shows, Where, bountiful, the Rose of Sharon grows. Where in the breezes opening spice-buds swell, And the pomegranates yield a pleasant smell; While to and fro peace-sandal'd angels move In the calm air that they—not we—call love; An air so fine and rare, our grosser breath Cannot inhale till purified by death. And thus, we, struck with longing, evermore Do sit and wait outside the Eden-door, Until the gracious Gardener maketh sign—"Enter in peace. All this is mine—and thine."

TRUE JOY.—That is the true and chief joy which is not conceived from the creature, but received from the Creator; which none can take from thee; whereto all pleasure, being compared, is torment, all joy is grief, sweet things are bitter, all glory is baseness, and all delectable things are despicable.—Quarles.

METAPHYSICAL SPECTACLES.

E who walks in a city, pursuing his H route through defiles of dingy bricks, has a fascinating study in the figures that pass him on his way. There is often a history in a face. One thing he will not fail to note-the strange coincidence which gives a character, independent of neighborhood or weather, to each city ramble. There are days when every one he meets seems comely or interesting: patriarchal old men lead beautiful little girls; romantic foreigners, with their black hair artistically arranged, seem actually clean; nurse-maids, seized with sudden affection for their quiet little charges, kiss them with arder; laughing children run after one another, shouting at the top of their voices. He sees young girls, all gracesome looking at him not without interest; some glancing their eyes downward, conscious of interesting him-all pretty.

There are other days when every one he comes upon is hideous: unhealthy children, born of shocking courts and back sluns; importunate beggars, hideous and impudent; miserable faces, suggestive of vice and starvation: features, full of ugliness and woe. Wherever he goes, these haunt him. Funerals, with a wretched show of penurious upholstery, beadledom, and badly paid, badly executed sorrow, cross his path. He lights upon accidents, and runs the risk of being entangled in a row, in which a besotted, red-nosed thing, rag-covered and dirthidden, plays a conspicuous part.

On some days there is an extraordinary demonstration in our favor: people make room as we pass; every one is strangely polite; we are evidently popular; strangers point the way, as if our inquiries were a personal compliment; and if our toes are trodden on, or we ourselves thrown on the toes of others, the offending parties seem full of contrition, and respectfully beg our pardon. And there are other days when there seems a general conspiracy against us: we are insulted, snubbed, and snapped at; dogs run between our legs, or velp as we go by: no one moves out of our way; people run against us, and then growl, or swear at us for being so hard. We are looked down upon contemptuously. Fat old women run bump upon us in the midst of crossings, at the moment when angry cabmen are shouting us out of the way. And all this, too on sunny days and foggy days alke.

Now, I am much inclined to think, that in spite of the law of coincidences and the state of our digestion, much of this is due to our wearing spectacles. I refer to metaphysical spectacles, which magnify, diminish, color, or decolorize the objects that float before the mind's eye. Incredible as it may seem, none of us are entirely guiltless of spectacles of one kind or other, for these psychological instruments fall into two classes-the permanent or constitutional, and the dependent or subjective varieties. The permament are tinted with the shade of the character of the wearer, and are apt to magnify and discolor the acts of men of opposite dispositions, parties, or opinions. They invest things with attributes one-sided, strange, or false. The man of science, who views all things through the medium of his ology or ography; the man of art, by the light of his favorite authorities; the man of argumentative temperament, with a searching glance of his critic eye; the poet, with his dreamy, aërial gaze; the practical man with his cui bono-all these have permanent glasses, more or less optically wrong, and yet all the subject of implicit, unhesitating faith.

The dependent vary with the state of mind of the owner: if he is happy, they make everything seem light and cheerful; if sad, they invest creation with a gray neutral tint; if exceedingly enraged, they seem, like Iceland spar, to have a double refraction, and to distort everything. And so arise misjudgments, false calculations, and inaccuracies of all kinds.

The permanent glass is notoriously common; indeed, it may be said to be universal. It tends to establish that exquisite diversity of character and opinion so conducive to our wellbeing. It becomes a bore, however, at times. Dingo is apt to chip the stones of buildings with his geological hammer. Talk rapturously of the sea to a friend great in chemistry, and he gives a look worthy of Fadladeen, as he says: "Chloride of sodium; chloride of magnesium; yes, sir, and chloride of ammonium: a vast repository of all the soluble matters of our globe. It is beautiful to think how the great ocean lixiviates our earth. I have myself detected recently sulphate of copper -blue vitriol, you know." Here our

friend raises his eyes with the look dog-

There now comes up a mechanical genius, full of hydraulics, pneumatics, and dynamics. He is talking something about the specific gravity of the vessel yonder; but his conversation will certainly not rank among the imponderables.

The argumentative gentleman interposes: "Blue, sir; it is not blue; do you call that blue?—it is green. Rough, sir; excuse me, but it is n't—calm as a lake: what you took for breakers was very likely a flock of wild geese. Ships, my good sir; surely you are joking: they are only fishing-boats and barges."

And now the poet is appealed to. "See, ah, beautiful thing!—

O, how sweet it is to wander
By the sea-shore, when the night
Has wooed the stars, those eyes of angels;
Gens unutterably bright,
Painting with their golden light
Another heaven on the waters;
Flashing on our startled sight
Eyes brighter than earth's fairest daughters."

And now comes the practical man. "Wonderfully cheap and convenient this carriage by water. All very well your poetry, but give me the useful. See how cheap salt is; we get it for a mere nothing out of the sea. Look at our fisheriesour potash and soda manufactories-our iodine. I like to see the sea turned to account. Poetry is all very well for weak minds and sentimental young ladies. I like the practical, the useful - that's all I care about." The poet, it may be, ponders to himself on the line of demarcation between the useful and the useless. He also wonders whether that which elevates the soul and feelings of the people, is not as important as that which only raises their material condition. He is perplexed, for he, too, has his spectacles, and entertains an indefinite idea of sacrilege when he hears of the transmutation of nature's beautiful works into pounds, shillings, and pence. He views practical men as a set of hedge-clipping, valleyfilling, mountain-leveling, forest-clearing factory-mongers, and forgets that these art-Goths and nature-Vandals fabricate his comfortable clothes, produce his pleasant dinners, and waft him at his command hundreds of leagues away to spots of loveliness and romance.

To turn from the shadow to the sub-

stance, from the symbol to the verity, the mention of the spectacles critical will at once bring before our mental vision the optical instrument itself, with a pair of cynical orbs peering behind it; eyes never intended, it would seem, for the purpose of seeing, but preëminently adapted for quizzing. Men have long known that a white cravat gives an aspect of benevolence, and, of course, a popular reception among masses, fanatical in their admiration of wealthy liberality-they have long been aware that the optic instrument which gives its name to this paper, imparts an air of professional dignity to him who wears it-encircles his brow with an intellectual halo. Their use is not confined to the reviewer, nor indeed to the satirist Long ago, Diogenes, the first of cynics, walked this earth, with a lantern to guide him, in the search for an honest man. It was an endless task to such a soul, for his critical spectacles were so awfully powerful, that the world seemed like a demonland, and its inhabitants monsters. It is not strange that he became in fact what he saw others in imagination; that while he quizzed mankind with spectacles critical, himself became the butt of eternal sarcasm, the classic specimen of the wildest extreme of folly.

There are spectacles of another kind common to every age of life. The babe that smiles in its dear mechanical way when it is pleased, has huge glasses before its pretty laughing blue eyes. sees them not; we see them not; but could we paint the images that lie upon its budding mind, that float before its tiny imagination, they would be strange unrealities to us beings of stern, veritable life. The old forgotten times, that have a dreamy record in the musty chronicles of history, when giants warred with goblins, or piled mountains to the skies; when every marshy valley was the home of some human reptile or zoophytish monsterthose old forgotten times are the pen-andink sketches of the world as painted in an infant's eye. Every green leaf is strange and wonderful; every sunny bank, a fairy's home. Undoubted Jacks kill real giants; historic Cinderellas sport slippers of genuine gold-not gilded, nor electroplated, but massy, gleaming gold; stars are angels' eyes; the moon, a playthingonly far away.

Pupilage succeeds to infancy. The

school-boy sports another kind of eyeglass. The world is a huge playground; study, a species of torture; happiness and half-holidays are synonyms. The great optical property of these spectacles is their near-sightedness. I believe a wearer was never known to look beyond the vacation. He is seldom able to see the consequences of neglecting a lesson. Should he be so acute, so far-sighted, as to foresee punishment, he strives to exhibit counterfeit proficiency, or, it may be, endeavors to administer an excuse with sufficient adroitness. But as to anything beyond-ignorance and its inconveniences -he has not the slightest idea in the

A don at cricket; a proficient in marble-playing; a graduate in horse-management and dogdom-these are his heroes. He has thoughts of going to sea, and pines for the life of a Crusoe. He is rarely fond of books. His literary acquirements consist principally in the copying of holiday letters, and the perusal of storybooks, reflections and moral passages carefully omitted. Above all, he has not the slightest sympathy with the optic incongruities of his next stage; I refer to the romantic era of human life. Now, the romantic spectacles are really, in some respects, very enviable. The bright tinting they cast over nature, unreal though it be, is full of poetry and beauty. I speak of the milder forms, for the imperfections of vision at such a time frequently amount to absolute blind-The technical term for such cases is, being in love; and really the assumption of romantic spectacles often produces nothing more or less than acute monomania. The wearer is constantly haunted by some form which he denominates "thee." Poetry of the very acme of sentimentality is quoted, or often, it may be, misquoted spontaneously. If constant allusions to the moon, and fondness for moonlight under various circumstances, be criteria, these spectacles impart somewhat of lunacy. The figure I mentioned as haunting the wearer, often bears a strong but flattering likeness to some lady of his acquaintance, whose personal charms, however, are strangely distorted, if his descriptions are to be relied upon. Her teeth become pearls, and her eyes are gems; light hair is transmuted into gold; while red hair is said to be auburn. No wonder the poor youth becomes dejected: so strange a allowed them to flow.

metamorphosis of a friend, and that friend a lady, must be very distressing. Fortunately, however, the glasses which cause the mischief are very fragile—the slightest shock will break them; and this is a merciful provision, for their long continuance is said to end in the breaking of a much more important organ-I refer to the heart, which is reported to have become fractured under such circumstances.

To these succeed, often more suddenly, the spectacles of prose-life. The world, which before was one chaos of alpine peaks and alpine chasms, now takes the form of a vast flat, bounded by bills-tailors' bills. butchers' bills, doctors' bills. The most singular effect of these prose-life spectacles, is their power of instantly squaring certain numbers: a family of four, for example, will seem to be one of sixteen; a delay of five minutes in the serving of dinner will appear at least five-and-twenty: while the extravagant accounts incurred at the milliner's and silversmith's by the lady referred to-who, by the by, has now regained her wonted looks, and turned out no angel whatever-seem not only to square, but to cube spontaneously. He looks upon his romantic era as a very silly delusion, and seems heartily ashamed of it. He revels in his morning paper, and has been known to read through the supplementary advertisements with evident He is in a sea of business: to relish. his eyes, it seems hemming him in on all sides. Respectability is his motto, and that species of employment which the young call pleasure, his exceeding bane.

Last of all come senile spectacles—the spectacles of old men. As the romantic peer with telescopic gaze into the future, so the aged look back into the past; things were very different when they were young; the world has strangely altered-it is a great deal worse than it used to be; their school-boy lessons, their early labors, their rectitude of conduct, were colossal. They live in a world of to-day, but it seems like a fresh picture in dissolving views, which mars and is marred by the world of yesterday.

Avoid Strife. - Easily and from the smallest chink the bitter waters of strife are let forth, but their course cannot be foreseen; and he seldom fails of suffering most from their poisonous effect who first

ECCLESIASTICAL LIFE IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

ST. BERNARD.

T the close of the eleventh century. when the people of Normandy were suffering from the quarrels of William Rufus and Prince Louis, and France was resounding with the preparations for the first Crusade, a lady, called Aletta, the wife of the Count Tecelin, lived quietly at home in her husband's castle, near Dijon, and devoted herself to the care of her children and of the poor who dwelt around her. She had a gentle, pious heart, and did not find it necessary to travel to Jerusalem in search of heaven and duty. Her favorite pilgrimages were to the cottages of her indigent neighbors; and thither she might often be seen carrying food and medicine, and there she would sit by the bedside of the sick supplying their wants and soothing their pains with words of divine consolation.

Aletta reverenced the clergy as the ambassadors of God; and her first care for her children was to dedicate them to the service of God in the way she deemed most acceptable, and in those days the most acceptable service was believed to be the life of the cloister. As she grew older the strictness of her devotion increased; she divided the day between household duties, almsgiving, prayer, the festivals of the Church, entirely secluding herself from the social amusements of her time, which must, indeed, in their drunken revelry and often bloody encounters, have contained enough to repel any Christian heart. How her husband liked all this does not appear, nor what place he held in the household; he was, probably, frequently absent on some of those petty campaigns which characterized that age of feuds and feudalism.

Such was the atmosphere which surrounded the childhood of Bernard. The cloistral quiet of the house seems to have imparted a thoughtful tone to the whole family; doubtless, however, six brothers and a sister living together in their father's castle among the sunny corn-fields of Burgundy, did not pass a gloomy or a dreamy childhood, though their seclusion knit them with peculiarly strong bonds to each other and to their mother.

On Bernard the hopes of his mother were most fondly fixed. She had dreamed

a dream about him at his birth, which, with the interpretation of a certain soothsaying monk, she treasured up as a token of her child's future greatness. He was accordingly sent to the cathedral-school of Chatillon-sur-Seine, to receive the rudiments of a learned education.

For logic Bernard had no great taste. The kingdom of heaven was not, for him, to be unlocked by subtle dialectics. On the other hand, he threw himself with all the enthusiasm of his nature into the study of ancient literature. Still, though he mastered Latin so far as to preach extempore in it with ease, he was never a learned man, or, rather, his learning was of that kind which may be gleaned by an observant eve and a watchful heart. The present had for him abundant wealth. He saw nature for himself, conversed with God for himself, was learned in the "open secret" of the universe, and the mysteries of his own soul; and he had made for himself that discovery which wise men in Germany have recently proclaimed, that for the comprehension of the highest truth man has another faculty than the understanding, and other words than syllogisms, -that for the spiritual world there is a spiritual sensorium,-that logic may weigh the evidences of religion, but that it is not logic which draws near the living God.

Six months after his return from Chatillon his mother's health began to fail. On the festival of St. Ambrose she had been wont to make a feast for the neighboring clergy, and, weak as she was, she made the usual preparations. But as the day approached, she grew worse; and when the day arrived, she was confined to her bed. Still she would not have the feast put off, and when the repast was ended, she requested that "the ministers of the Lord" would visit her in her room. They found her dying, and, at her entreaty, recited in chorus the solemn litany of the dying. She followed them faintly to the words, "By thy cross and passion, good Lord deliver us;" and then laying the cross on her breast, she sank back and died.

For us the life of Aletta is a stray leaf from the chronicles of the middle ages very touching and very precious. It is pleasant to think how many such hallowed homes and Christian mothers there may have been in those days when the biographies of good women were only "printed for private circulation" in the hearts of

those their love had blessed;—how many there are in all ages who, like the poor Scotchwoman, although they "could not speak for Him," would "die for Him."

From Bernard the impression of his mother's early teaching never faded away. Her image hovered before him constantly; her blessing was on his head; her words were in his heart, upholding him in the midst of temptation. At last, one day the beloved form imbodied itself so vividly to his sense, as he traveled to join his brothers in the camp at Tenchebrai, that he entered a church which stood open by the roadside, and prostrating himself before the altar, with tears of gratitude he promised to devote himself to the service of his Redeemer, and to fulfill the vow of his mother by embracing the religious or monastic life.

Bernard used frequently to speak of the circumstances of his conversion to his young friends. "I am not ashamed to confess," he would say, "that often, and particularly at the beginning of my conversion, I experienced great hardness of heart and an extreme coldness. I sought after Him whom my soul would fain love; Him in whom my frozen spirit might repose and reanimate itself. But none came to succor me, and dissolve this strong ice which bound up my spiritual senses, and to revive the sweetness and serenity of the spiritual spring. Thus my soul continued feeble and listless, a prey to griefalmost to despair; and murmuring internally, 'Who is able to abide His frost?' Then, on a sudden, and perhaps at the first word, or at the first sight of a spiritually-minded person,-sometimes at the bare remembrance of one dead or absent, -the Holy Spirit would begin to breathe, and the waters to flow; then would tears be my meat day and night."

With Bernard piety was an expansive principle. From the moment of that solitary consecration in the way-side oratory, he incessantly labored to win others over to the side of God.

Nor was it wonderful that in those days he regarded the monastic vow as the conclusive test of religious decision. The first-fruits of his missionary labors was his uncle, a man of property, rank, and military fame. All his brothers who had reached manhood, one by one, abandoned the world to join him, save Gerard, the one he seems to have loved the best. Ber-

nard, one day, it is said, laid his hand on this brother's side, and said, reproachfully, "A spear shall pierce thy side." Gerard did actually, not long afterward, receive a lance-wound in his side, and in his suffering recalled his brother's words and followed his example. The father, Count Tecelin, abandoned, at length, of all his children, rejoined them beneath the roof of the convent.

The fraternity of Citeaux, to which Bernard had attached himself on account of its superlative austerity, was guided by the reformed rules of St. Benedict.

There is nothing more striking in the history of the monastic orders than the frequent recurrence of this word "reformed." A spirit of zealous devotion is awakened, and imbodies itself in some fraternity of recluses, bound by strictest rules of self-mortification. For the course of a century or two all goes on quietly, when, again, in the midst of this religious company, some earnest man begins to look about him for the means of genuine self-denial, and to his disgust finds the rules relaxed, the offerings of charity converted into means of luxurious indulgence, and a life of piety quite as much of a singularity in the order as the order itself originally was in the world. He becomes a nucleus for minds similarly aroused; and a new order is presently instituted. Thus the very monastic societies, against whose lazy self-indulgence Luther so justly protested, had, in their day, been the work of some reformer as sincere and selfdevoted, though not so enlightened, as Luther himself. Unhappily the same process may be traced in the Reformation of Luther itself. Nor can any reformation be final. Man can only work for the present. Our contribution toward the wants of our age should be given in subscriptions while we live, not bequeathed in legacies. The institution which imbodies the piety of to-day may cramp and persecute the piety of to-morrow.

The Cistercian order, however, was still in its perfection of discipline in Bernard's time. The day was divided between manual and spiritual labors; and the crucifixion of the flesh, by means of fastings, bleedings, &c., was sufficient to satisfy the veriest epicure in austerities.

In spite of this, or as its consequence, volunteers continued to throng the gates of Citeaux. New cloisters were built,

filled, and overfilled; and, at length, it was resolved to occupy a piece of land in the diocese of Langres, given to the order some years previously by a knight of Champagne. Bernard, not then twentyfive, but already distinguished for his austerity to himself, his gentleness to others, and his fervent love of God, was chosen abbot of the new monastery. number of emigrants was, as usual, twelve, to typify the College of the Apostles and the Saviour. After a farewell service, the twelve exiles, with Bernard at their head, walked quietly out of the church. The silence was only broken by irrepressible sobs and the sound of faltering hymns. The site of the new settlement was called the Valley of Wormwood. It had been a refuge of banditti, and was a dreary and desolate spot. Never, however, were there more industrious and patient colonists. They had much to do and much to endure. The neighboring gentry soon grew tired of giving alms. They had to wait several months before they could till the ground, and then several months more before the crops appeared. Meantime, they lived on a scanty allowance of the coarsest bread; and sometimes, not being able to get even that, on beech-leaves steeped in salt; and while they were building the cloisters, they had no shelter amidst the damp marshes of the valley but some rough mud-huts hastily run up. The fragile frame of Bernard suffered so severely as to disable him from preaching. His faith, however, retained its exalted confidence. One day their salt failed. Bernard commanded one of the monks to saddle an ass and go to the next town to buy more. The monk remonstrated that he had no money. "Take faith," was the abbot's reply. By his vow of obedience the poor monk had no resource but to obey. In a few hours he returned laden with provisions. A priest had met him on the way, and hearing of their distress, had filled the panniers with food. "Hold fast faith, my son," was Bernard's comment; "and it shall be well with thee all the days of thy life."

At length, after sufferings of eighteen months, the trial passed. Gifts poured in from every side; the crops were reaped, and from the completed convent arose the voice of grateful psalmody.

Then followed days of peace. Bounded by two wooded hills, which sloped gently

toward the east, the valley ran into a narrow gorge at the west. The sun shone on it all day, and at evening sank to rest behind the forest. The clang of diligent labor, mingled with choral chants and the sound of church-bells, only broke the calm to consecrate it. One, who visited the place during Bernard's life, declared, "the solemn stillness so awed us, that we forebore to speak on any but sacred subjects as long as we were within the precincts of the valley."

Nothing can be more striking than the contrast between the effect of monastic ideas on Hildebrand and on Bernard. Gregory's world is peopled with ideas, and their incarnations in laymen and monks; Bernard's with men and his brethren. His monasticism is paradoxically social. Monasteries are for him, not so much islands of sanctity in the sea of corruption, as companies of Christian men, uniting in affectionate relationship to serve God;not so much segregations as congregations. His first impulse, on receiving the assurance of the love of God, is to communicate it; and it is characteristic that his first converts are among his own family. He commences his life of seclusion with a society of thirty personal friends. His family circle is reunited in the clois-His father dies in his arms. brother Gerard is his dearest friend. The abbot of a rival monastery declares that he "would rather pass his life with Bernard than enjoy all the kingdoms of the world;" and an archbishop of Treves journeys to Rome to entreat the Pope to relieve him from his charge, that he might spend the rest of his days at Clairvaux. Constantly do we hear of his "angelic countenance," and of the "benevolent smile" which habitually lit up his attenuated features. His monks loved him as their father; and years of separation, and the dignity of the Papal crown which one of them (Eugenius) attained, could not dissolve the tie. Surely, to have been so much loved, he must have loved much.

It has been said that men of genius have always something feminine in their nature, and this seems to have been the case with Bernard. Gregory VII. might have sprung from Jove's forehead;—in every line of Bernard's history we read that he was "born of woman." His love for his brother Gerard was almost motherly. Gerard became ill. During his illness the

abbot wept, and watched, and supplicated his restoration. But Gerard died. Bernard folded up his grief in resolute resignation, and saw his brother buried without a tear. His monks wondered at his firmness, for hitherto, at the death of any of the brotherhood, his heart had overflowed in sorrow. He ascended the pulpit, and repeating the text, endeavored calmly to continue his exposition of the Canticles, but recollections rushed thick on his mind and overpowered him. His voice was lost in sobs, and for some minutes he was unable to proceed. Then, recovering a little, and feeling the hopelessness of further restraint, he poured out his grief "before his children," and in the most touching words entreated their sympathy.

"Who," he said, "could ever have loved me as he did? He was a brother by blood, but far more by religion. . . . Thou art in the everlasting presence of the Lord Jesus, and hast angels for thy companions; but what have I to fill up the void thou hast left? Fain would I know thy feelings toward me, my brother, my beloved, if, indeed, it is permitted to one bathing in the floods of divine radiance to call to mind our misery, to be occupied with our grief. Yet God is love; and the more closely a soul is united to God the more does it abound in love. . . . His nature is to have mercy and to forgive. Thou must needs then be merciful, since thou art joined to Him who showeth mercy; and thy affection, though transformed, is nowise diminished. Thou hast laid aside thine infirmities but not thy love, for 'love abideth;' and throughout eternity 'thou wilt not forget me.' God grant, Gerard, that I may have not lost thee; but that thou hast preceded me, and I may be with thee where thou art. For of a surety thou hast rejoined those whom in thy last night below thou didst invite to praise God, when suddenly, to the great surprise of all, thou, with a serene countenance and a cheerful voice, didst commence chanting, 'Praise ye the Lord, from the heavens.' 'Praise him, all his angels.' At that moment, O my brother, the day had dawned on thee; though it was night to us, the night to thee was all brightness. Just as I reached his side, I heard him utter aloud those words of Christ, 'Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit.' Then, repeating the verse over again, and resting on the word

'Father,' 'Father,' he turned to me, and smiling, said, 'O, how gracious of God to be the Father of men; and what an honor for men to be his children;' and then. very distinctly, 'if children, then heirs.' And so he died, and so dying he well-nigh changed my grief into rejoicing, so completely did the sight of his happiness overpower the recollection of my own misery."

Was there ever a funeral sermon which came so fresh from the very fountains of tenderness, or which goes so direct to the heart? To the man who uttered it Christianity could never become stoicism, or monasticism itself other than a bond of brotherhood, giving new ties of kindred, while the old ones continued undissolved.

EXPRESSION OF HAIR.

OF the modern beard and whisker we desire to write respectfully. A mutton chop seems to have suggested the form of the substantial British whisker. Out of this simple design countless varieties of forms have arisen. How have they arisen? Can any one give an account of his own whiskers from their birth upward? To our mind there is nothing more mysterious than the growth of this manly appendage. Did any far-seeing youth deliberately design his own whisker? Was there ever known a hobbledehoy who saw "a great future" in his silken down, and determined to train it in the way it should go? We think not. whiskers, in truth, have grown up like all the great institutions of the country, noiselessly and persistently-an outward expression, as the Germans would say, of the inner life of the people; the general idea allowing of infinite variety according to the individuality of the wearer. Let us take the next half-dozen men passing by the window as we write. The first has his whiskers tucked into the corners of his mouth, as though he were holding them up with his teeth. The second whisker that we descry has wandered into the middle of the cheek, and there stopped as though it did not know where to go to, like a youth who has ventured out into the middle of a ball-room with all eyes upon him. Yonder bunch of bristles (No. 3) twists the contrary way under the owner's ear: he could not for the life of him tell why it retrograded so. That fourth citizen, with the vast Pacific of a face, has

little whiskers which seem to have stopped short after two inches of voyage, as though aghast at the prospect of having to double such a Cape Horn of a chin. We perceive coming a tremendous pair, running over the shirt-collar in luxuriant profusion. Yet we see, as the colonel or general take off his hat to that lady, that he is quite bald—those whiskers are, in fact, nothing but a landslip from the veteran's head!

Even in Europe, some skins seem to have no power of producing hair at all. Dark, thick-complexioned people are frequently quite destitute of either beard or whisker, and Nature now and then, as if to restore the balance, produces a hairy woman. A charming example was exhibiting some time since in London. The description she gives of herself we will not back, but here it is from the printed bill:—

"The public is most respectfully informed that Mad. FORTUNNE, one of the most curious phenomenous which ever appeared in Europe, has arrived in London, in the person of a young woman, 21 years of age, whose face, which is of an extraordinary whiteness, is surrounded by a beard as black as jet, about four inches in length. The beard is as thick and bushy as that of any man. The young lady is a native of Geneva, in Switzerland, and has received a most brilliant education. She speaks French fluently, and will answer all the questions that may be addressed to her. Her beard, which reaches from one eye to the other, perfectly encircles the face, forming the most surprising contrast, but without impairing its beauty. Her bust is most finely formed, and leaves not the least doubt as to her sex. She will approach all the persons who may honor her with their presence, and give an account of her origin and birth, and explain the motives which induced her to quit her country. Everybody will also be allowed to touch her beard, so as to be con-vinced that it is perfectly natural."

The beard was a glorious specimen, and shamed any man's that we have ever seen. Of the expression of hair-could we press for the nonce a quill from Esthonia -much might be well and edifyingly said. The Greeks, with their usual subtilty in reading Nature, and interpreting her in their works of art, have distinguished their gods by the variations of this excrescence. Thus the hair of the Phidian Jove in the Vatican, which rises in spouts as it were from the forehead, and then falls in wavy curls, is like the mane of the lion, most majestic and imperial in appearance. The crisp curls of Hercules again remind us of the short locks between the horns of the indomitable bull; while the hair of Neptune falls down wet and dank like his own seaweed. The beautiful flowing locks of Apollo, full and free, represent perpetual youth; and the gentle, vagrant, bewitching tresses of Venus denote most clearly her peculiar characteristics and claims as a divinity of Olympus. What gives the loose and wanton air to the portraits in Charles II.'s bedchamber at Hampton Court? Duchess and Countess sweep along the canvas with all the dignity that Lely could flatter them with; but on the disordered curls and the forehead fringed with love-locks Cyprian is plainly written. Even Nell Gwyn, retired into the deep shade of the alcove, beckons us with her soft redundance of ringlets. But too well woman knows the power Venus has endowed her with in this silken lasso:

"Fair tresses man's imperial race insnare, And beauty draws us with a single hair."

In the rougher sex the temper and disposition are more apparent from the set of the hair than in woman, because, as already observed, they allow it to follow more the arrangement of nature. Curly hair bespeaks the sanguine temperament, lank hair the phlegmatic. Poets for the most part, we believe, have had curly hair—though our own age has exhibited some notable exceptions to the rule. Physiology has not yet decided upon what the curl is dependent, but we feel satisfied that it arises from a flattening of one side of the hair more than the other.

So well do people understand the character as expressed by the hair and its management, that it is used as a kind of index. Commercial ideas are very exact respecting it. What chance would a gentleman with a moustache have of getting a situation in a bank? Even too much whisker is looked upon with suspicion. A clean shave is usually, as the world goes, expected in persons aspiring to any post of serious trust. We confess that few montrosities in this line affect us more dismally than the combination of dandy favoris with the however reduced peruke of Brother Briefless or Brother Hardup. It is needless to add that anything like hirsute luxuriance about a sacerdotal physiognomy is offensive to every orthodox admirer of the via media-to all the Anglican community, it is probable, excepting some inveterate embroideresses of red and blue altar-cloths and tall curates' slippers.

VOLTAIRE AND HIS TIMES.

N able work entitled "Voltaire and his A Times," from the pen of a distinguished French writer, has recently appeared. If the world presents us anywhere with an instance of brilliant but misdirected talents, it is to be found in the memoirs of this once celebrated individual. We open the work, not for the sake of criticism, which we leave in other hands, though we can honestly recommend its perusal to all who wish to see the eighteenth century, especially as it was in France, stripped of the meretricious garb in which it had been the fashion to clothe it, and exhibited in its true colors. Our object is to draw a moral lesson from its contents. If history has any power to teach by example, we shall surely derive some advantage from pausing for a moment before the grave of Voltaire, and asking, in a spirit of severe and righteous charity, what he was and what he did. Indeed, we are scarcely at liberty to decline this task in the present day, when infidelity is raising its old pretensions, and attempting to renovate the world without the aid of divine truth. We shall gain some knowledge of the moral power of skepticism, by surveying the character of him who was recognized for half a century as its chief apostle.

Voltaire began his literary career in evil times. The ambitious and dissolute reign of Louis XV. had poured a flood of immorality through France. Political oppression had forced the mass of the people to think for themselves. In doing this they did not separate the chaff from the wheat, but condemned everything, whether good or bad, which seemed to have any connection with existing institutions. The fearful excesses which marked the close of the century were then beginning to germinate in the bosom of the nation. Here was a noble task for a man of popular talents, combined with integrity and patriotism-to instruct the people in sound principles, to rebuke the levity and licentiousness of the age, to enforce the sacred claims of truth, and, while exposing the superstitious practices of the Romish Church. to assert the reality and necessity of that pure religion which is founded upon the word of God. If Voltaire, and those writers who made him their model, had done this, how differently might we have had to

write the history of France! But, instead of playing this noble part, Voltaire pandered to the irreligious principles and tastes of his countrymen. "He led his age," says M. Bungener, "by following it: he served it as it desired to be served -gave it wit and fine verses, but nothing more." An upright man, if he had not been courageous enough to denounce the vices which flourished beneath the throne. and threw from that elevation a poisonous shadow over the land, would at least have been silent. But Voltaire saw nothing in the immorality which disgraced the court of Louis XV. to draw forth his censure. He even dedicated one of his poems to Madame de Pompadour, thus giving the lustre of his talents to the cause of de-

If we wished for a mirror of the eighteenth century we should find it in Voltaire; or, to choose a more appropriate figure, his life is a camera obscura in which we behold, surrounded with darkness, the forms and principles of the men who swayed in his time the intellectual scepter of France. With perfect candor we can say that the more we see of these men, the better insight we obtain into their real character, the more heartily do we Condorcet, D'Alembert, despise them. Grimm, Diderot, Helvetius, Voltaire, and their colleagues of the Encyclopédie, were the chiefs of a conspiracy against everything which bore the name of religion, or could even remind men of the existence of God. In this unholy war their tactics were as good as their principles, but no To strengthen their influence, they had to make themselves out great men. This was easily accomplished, since they were all agreed. There was a tacit understanding that each should burn incense to all the rest, on condition that all the rest burnt incense to him. Their vanity was astounding. One is almost tempted to think that their impious hatred of the very name of God arose in part from a desire to secure all the worship of mankind for themselves. It is difficult to read without a blush the fulsome language in which they addressed each other. A specimen or two will suffice. "'I was asked the other day,' writes Voltaire, what I thought of the Eloges of M. de Condorcet. I replied, by writing on the title-page, 'Justice, accuracy, learning, clearness, precision, taste, elegance, and

nobleness.' Has he occasion to speak of Marmontel? 'Our age must have lain sweltering in the mud had not the fifteenth chapter of Belisarius been written.' Has he to speak of La Harpe, on the announcement of a new piece from his pen: 'Europe is waiting for Melanie,' says he. In his correspondence with D'Alembert, we find perpetually, 'My dear great man -my universal genius-adieu, thou man who art above thine age and countryadieu, great man-adieu, eagle,' and the like; the whole, to give higher relief to these magnificent expressions, amid familiarities and obscenities of all sorts." Only think of "the age" being rescued from ruin by a chapter of Marmontel, and all Europe standing in breathless expectation of a work by La Harpe! After this it was a poor compliment to D'Alembert, to say that he was above his age and country. Poor men! their dust has long since mingled with its parent earth, and their very names are vanishing from the memory of mankind, while the inspired productions of the fishermen of Galilee are daily winning new converts to the cause of truth and righteousness. But, were they honest in thus flattering each other? According to our author, far from it. They did it, partly to create a factitious reputation, which might be of service to the cause of infidelity, and partly to get themselves flattered. The compact was as hollow as it was profane.

Voltaire, and the men with whom he acted, were perpetually vaunting the superiority of philosophy over religion. would be worth asking whether their philosophy deserved the name, if there were any room for putting such a question. the fact is too obvious to be doubted for a moment. Their philosophy was falsely so called; it was a mixture of vanity and verbiage; bold assumption and fine talking, nothing more. But what sort of influence did their philosophy, such as it was, exert? Did it make them upright, honest, and philanthropic? Did it tend to purify their hearts and inspire them with generous and disinterested sentiments? Christianity has done this for millions who were destitute of the intellectual advantages which they enjoyed. We are justified in demanding what their boasted philosophy did for them. Let us see. Voltaire had certain notions respecting war. When it suited him he could rave about its in-

humanity, but at other times he could treat both its principles and the horrors which flowed from it with the coolest indifference. His model hero, Frederic, King of Prussia, surnamed the Great, had conquered Silesia. Our readers will remember how he suddenly broke into the Austrian dominions with a powerful army. the bloody struggle that ensued, what battles were fought, and how many thousands fell. At the close of the war, Frederic wrote its history, and therein confessed that he was induced to enter upon the war merely by ambition, interest, and the desire to be spoken of, combined with his having plenty of troops and money, and being of a rather vivacious character. There was some nobleness in making the confession; but why does it not appear in his printed book? Because Voltaire persuaded him to expunge it. Frederic was an infidel, and such a confession might have damaged the cause of infidelity. While the Seven Years' War was yet raging, we find Voltaire writing thus: "'I must tell you that I have been crying, Vive le roi, on hearing that the French have killed four thousand English with the bayonet. This was not humane, but it was necessary.' Necessary! another of those words which depict the man and his epoch." Again he writes: "' People talk still of two or three massacres. What then are we to do? Why, present Tancred in December, print it in January, and laugh!" This is the book which we have already mentioned as the one he dedicated to Madame de Pompadour.

A few years after the termination of the Seven Years' War, Prussia and Austria joined in the first partition of Poland. It is well known how that act of injustice imbittered the last hours of Maria Theresa. She had been only a subordinate actor in the tragedy; the chief part was played by Frederic. But who suggested to him so foul a crime as the wanton overthrow of a neighboring state? Alas for the philanthropy and liberalism of our philosopher! The suggestion came from Voltaire, and it was not his fault if France did not do for Geneva what Frederic did for Poland. Such sympathy did he feel for the work of carnage, that he invented a machine, a sort of chariot armed with scythes, by which he expected that six hundred men and as many horses would be able to destroy an army of ten thousand men.

Writing to Catherine, Empress of Russia, who, though she had acquiesced in the murder of her husband, was a saint with the Encyclopædists, he says of the Turks, with whom she was then at war: "'Will these barbarians always attack as hussars? Will they never present themselves in close array, so as to be run through by some of my Babylonian cars? I should wish at least to have contributed to your killing some Turks; people say that, for a Christian, it is a work agreeable to God." But there are still finer specimens of his philanthropy. He had a special enmity against the Jews, because they seemed to furnish a standing proof of the truth of Christianity. Adverting to the fearful cruelties exercised upon them in Spain in the fifteenth century, he says, "'No one could pity them.' Alluding to the exaggerated accounts of the crimes they perpetrated in the isle of Cyprus, during the reign of the emperor Trajan, he says, 'They were punished, but not so severely as they deserved, since they still subsist."" "'It is said,' he writes in another letter, 'that the Rev. Father Malagrida has been broken on the wheel. God be praised!"" "'I have a letter saying that three Jesuits have at length been burned at Lisbon. This is very consolatory news." So much for the tender mercies of infidelity. Who does not see here the germ of those miseries which his unhappy country has since endured?

There was naturally little enthusiasm in Voltaire; but we must make an exception to this statement when Christianity is the subject of his pen. He is never cold when attacking the foundation of our faith. Here he applies himself in good earnest, like a man whose heart is in his work. Still, even in this exceptional case, the single passion which gave life and warmth to his enthusiasm is vanity. "'I am tired of hearing them say,' he writes in 1761, 'that but twelve men were required to found their religion. I will clearly show them that no more than one is required for its destruction." But deep as was his hatred to Christianity, he had not always the honesty to avow it. He would sometimes fall into a passion if a person accused him of infidelity. This, however, was only in keeping with his usual conduct. To disown some production of his pen, when it happened to be unpopular, was a common expedient.

For example, he labored for twenty years at a poem of a very improper nature, and at last he published it. The character of the work was such that government took alarm, and threatened to prosecute its author. How did Voltaire contrive to escape the storm? In the easiest way imaginable. He declared the work was not his, and denounced all who asserted the contrary as base libelers. He speaks of the very idea that the work was written by him as the crowning point of the infamous manœuvers of his enemies. An unfortunate literary broker, believing the work to be the production of Voltaire, went and offered him fifty louis for the manuscript. Voltaire succeeded in getting the poor fellow put in prison for his supposed calumny. "In 1764, when his Philosophical Dictionary first began to be circulated in Paris, he wrote thus to D'Alembert: 'The moment there is any danger, I beseech of you to let me know, in order that I may disavow the work in all the public papers, with my ordinary candor and innocence."

So much for the candor and integrity of those who wished to be regarded as the regenerators of their age. It was quite in harmony with such conduct for Voltaire to profess himself at times very religious. We should certainly not have expected beforehand to find this most enlightened sage among relic-hunters. When we are told that Voltaire had the pretended piety to solicit at the hands of the pope the hair shirt of St. Francis, and to obtain a dispensation for eating meat on Fridays, it is difficult to repress a smile of credulity. Yet so it was. We are justified by such facts in pronouncing his character to have been a tissue of falsehood. Truthfulness never gave him a moment's concern. When his assertions squared with facts, the agreement was, in a moral sense, accidental. He spoke the truth sometimes, undoubtedly, but then it was because it happened to suit him-not because he felt himself laid under any obligation to do so.

Every principle and doctrine of Christian faith is, and ought to be, founded upon the Scripture; and whatsoever principles and doctrines are, not only not contrary, but even not according thereto, ought to be denied as anti-christian.—Robert Barclay.

THE BASTILE.

THE French people having in 1789 L taken possession of the Bastile, that ancient state prison, where so many political crimes had been committed, where such fearful vengeance had been summarily and secretly executed, the whole edifice was ransacked, and totally destroyed. On that occasion, a great iron cage was found, which proved to be that in which the Cardinal de Balue, minister of Louis XI., had expiated for eleven years the atrocious guilt of being the inventor, but for other victims, of the instrument which thus served for his own punishment. In another dungeon was discovered a second iron cage, smaller, in the shape of a bowl, wide at top, and terminating at the bottom in a point so narrow, that any one shut up in it could neither sit, nor lie, nor stand upright. The last-mentioned cage was the only one now remaining, of two, which had served, three centuries before, as the prison of two young princes, Henri and François de Nemours, sons of Jacques d'Armagnac, who in the reign of Louis XI. was constable of France. It is well known to any who have read French history, that d'Armagnac had leagued with the Dukes of Burgundy and Brittany (Bretagne) to deliver up France to the English. This plot, which would have snatched the sceptre from the hands of the French monarch, was discovered to Louis when just ripe for execution, and Jacques d'Armagnac was instantly arrested, and sentenced to be beheaded. He had two sons so young at the time of his treason and its punishment, that when these poor children were asked if they had not been the accomplices of their father, they might have answered with the lamb in the fable: "How could I, when I was not born?" Nevertheless, by a refinement of cruelty, which even the barbarism of the age cannot palliate, much less justify, Louis XI. ordered white robes to be put on the two boys, and thus attired, they were placed under the scaffold on which their father was standing, and when he received the fatal blow, the executioner sprinkled the white robes and their innocent heads with the blood of the criminal. Nor was the vengeance of Louis satiated by the punishment of the constable. The two orphans, dyed in a father's blood, were taken to the Bastile, dragged to the subterranean

dungeons, and there put into the two iron cages described before. Henri de Nemours was then eight years old, and his brother François very nearly seven.

The unhappy children, thus condemned to continued torture, had no other consolation but putting their hands through the bars of the cages to grasp each that of the other. And all day long, and all night long the young brothers were hand in hand.

François, the younger of the two, was the most desponding. "I am so much hurt here," said he, "surely we cannot live long this way." And he wept.

"Come, come," replied Henri, "a pretty fellow to cry at your age; besides you know papa never liked that we should cry. You see they are treating us like men of whom they are afraid, so we must not behave like children. Instead of crying, let us talk of poor dear mamma."

And then the poor victims of the cruel policy of Louis XI. talked of days gone by, and of the beautiful domain of Loctour, where they had passed the first years of infancy. Once again did they climb their own hills of .rmagnac, once more wander in its thick woods, once more run races in the broad walks of the baronial park. But alas! it was only in imagination—yet the young prisoners found a momentary oblivion of their sufferings in that blessed magic of memory which makes the present cease to exist for us, by bringing us back into the past.

One other slight alleviation to their wretchedness was afforded to these infant martyrs by a very little mouse, which, having crept out of its hole one day, was at first so terrified by the sight of the young princes, that it ran back as fast as possible to its hiding-place. In vain did the children try to coax it; it was not till the next day that, pressed by hunger, she ventured out to pick up some of the crumbs which they had purposely let fall from the cages. By degrees, however, she became accustomed to the voices of the children, and a few days after her first appearance, she grew so tame, that she climbed up to the cages of her patrons, and at length used to go from one to the other, and eat out of their hands.

But it was a small thing to the vindictive Louis that the blood of d'Armagnac had stained the fair hair and white robe of his children. He heard that the two little prisoners of the Bastile were enduring their sufferings with fortitude—that, through custom's wondrous power, they had learned to sleep soundly in their iron cage, nay, even to awake with an almost cheerful "good morrow" on their lips. He heard it—can any heart that responds to one human feeling believe that it but impelled him to devise fresh torture for them? He issued orders that a tooth should be extracted every week from each of the children.

When the person appointed to this office, a man too long accustomed, as the minister of the king's savage cruelty, to the sight of suffering, to shrink from inflicting it, was introduced into the dungeon, he could not suppress an exclamation of pity at the spectacle of the two unhappy, yet patient little creatures. He was, however, obliged to tell the object of his visit, and when the brutal order of the king was announced, the little François uttered piercing cries, and Henri endeavored to plead with the executioner. "Mamma," said he, "would die of grief if she heard of my little brother suffering so much. O! pray, sir, spare him-I entreat of you not to put him to such pain; you see how weak and ill he is already."

The executioner of the king's cruel purpose could no longer restrain his tears. "There is no alternative," he said—but he sobbed as he spoke—"I must obey; I risk my life even by delay. My orders are to hand the two teeth to the governor of the Bastile, in order that he may lay them pefore the king."

"In that case," said Henri, "you must only take two from me. I am strong and can bear it, but the least additional suffering would kill my brother."

And now a long and touching contest arose between the children as to which should suffer for the other. and affected, the man hesitated for a few moments, and might, perhaps, have finally vielded to the dictates of pity, and have shrunk from executing his revolting office, had not a messenger come from the governor to inquire the cause of his dilatoriness. The messenger knew that longer delay would be regarded as a crime-he approached Henri and extracted a tooth: the child repressed every expression of pain, and seeing the man moving toward his brother's cage, he cried, "Stay, you are to take another from me-you know I

am to pay for us both." And the heroic child obtained his wish, and his self sacrifice gave to the governor of the Bastile the two teeth he was required to lay before the king.

The cruel order was executed in its utmost rigor; every week the minister of his barbarous will repaired to the dungeon, and every week Henri paid his own tax and that of his brother. But the strength of the noble boy was at length exhausted; a violent fever raged in his young veins; he gradually grew weaker, and his legs being unable to support him he was obliged to kneel in the cage. At length a day came when he felt that he had only a few minutes to live, and making a feeble effort to extend his hand once more to his brother, he said, "All is over, François, I shall never see mamma again, but, perhaps, you may yet be taken out of this horrible place. Tell my darling mother that I often spoke of her, and that I never loved her so much as now that I am dving. Farewell, François," gasped he, as his breath failed him, "you will give our poor little white mouse her crumbs every day. I depend upon you to take care of her; will you not, dear François ?"

He heard not the answer of his brother; death snatched him from his sufferings, and he passed into that place "where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest." It may be presumed that Louis was softened in favor of the last of the Nemours, for, after the death of Henri, François was released from his iron cage and transferred to one of the ordinary dungeons.

At length the soul of the cruel monarch was required of him, and the reign of Charles VIII. began. His first act was to set at liberty all the victims of the suspicious and hateful policy of Louis XI. Among the rest, François de Nemours was released, permitted once more to behold the sun, once more to lay his drooping head on the bosom of his mother; but the tortures he had undergone in the horrible cage left him all his life lame and deformed.

Unreasonable and absurd ways of life, whether in labor or diversion, whether they consume our time or our money, are like unreasonable and absurd prayers, and are as truly an offense to God.—Bishop Law.

FEMALE HEROISM.

JANE DE MONTFORT.

If it be true that great events call forth correspondent abilities, it is no less a reality, that to certain characters decided adversity presents the congenial, in fact the vital atmosphere, denied by ordinary circumstances. Opposition is like a magnet to human nature—it attracts all the iron and force of our will; but it is only in occasional instances that a temperament is encountered which prefers the storms of fate to a serene sky, and can behold one hope after another shattered and abandoned, yet rise superior to the wreck, resolutely looking onward, to plot and scheme again.

Jane of Flanders (to quote the words of Froissart) possessed "the courage of a man, and the heart of a lion." One of the most beautiful women of her time, the indomitable energy and courage of her physical endowment were second only to the rare qualifications of her mind. A skillful diplomatist, no covert policy could take her by surprise; eloquent, the inherent womanly gift of enthusiasm added additional weight to her words,-results of solid and discriminating thought. "She was above her sex," says Père Morice, (a Benedictine monk and celebrated Breton chronicler,) "and yielded to no one in courage or military virtues: no adversity could crush her."

Comparatively unknown previously, but scanty information subsists respecting Jane's life up to the time of her husband's (the Count de Montfort's) imprisonment and threatened execution. This prince, who had, upon the demise of John, Duke of Bretagne, taken possession of the duchy, by prompt and skillful strategy, fell into the hands of his opponent, Charles de Blois, through treachery. He was conducted a prisoner to Paris, and shut up in the tower of the Louvre. Thus incarcerated, no obstacle remained to the claims of his rival, who had engaged the sympathies of Philip, King of France, while those of Edward of England had been given, on terms of mutual accommodation, to the Count de Montfort.

But at the moment when all was given up for lost, to the surprise of her own party and the consternation of the adverse one, the countess, recently become a mother, roused herself from the grief into which the captivity of her lord had thrown her, and eagerly undertook the task of supplying to the troops the general they had lost.

Bearing her babe in her arms, she presented herself before the assembled inhabitants of Rennes, and in an address, the terms of which history has but scantily left, permitting us to judge of it only by the electric effect it produced, she set forth the claims of the illustrious child, whose father at that moment might have ceased to breathe, and enlisted the hearts of her hearers in the struggle to support his pretensions. With the arguments natural to such a position,-with appeals which, in that chivalric age, it would have been worse than dishonor to hear unmoved. -Jane mingled crafty insinuations respecting the freedom of Brittany, which she represented as likely to be sacrificed by the rival claimant, if successful, to his protector the King of France. fortress to fortress did this heroic woman journey, -- encouraging the wavering,concerting with the powerful, arranging and scheming for all,-and everywhere with the same success. Finally, having spared no exertion to put her adherents in fair order of defense, she shut herself within the town of Hennebon, and awaited the approach of the hostile troops.

Edward the Third of England had at this time more than one daughter, and although the young heir of Bretagne was their junior, proposals to betroth him to one of them were, in pursuance of the usage of the times, made by the countess, and well received at the English court. The condition upon which this alliance was sought and accepted, was immediate aid on King Edward's part in the civil war now agitating the entire province of Bretagne. One of the De Clissons arrived in England upon this errand, and a large number of soldiers, including several thousand skillful bowmen, embarked as soon as practicable upon their errand of assistance to the Breton heroine.

Meantime, Charles De Blois arrived with an immense train of adherents at the town of Rennes, to which he laid siege, and in a short time the countess had the mortification of hearing that it had surrendered to its vigorous assailants. Scarcely had these tidings reached her, when they were followed up by the rapid advance of the French army, and Jane found herself

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speedily blockaded within the walls of her fortress, before which the enemy quietly encamped, evidently bent upon remaining there till herself and her infant boy should fall into their hands.

This result, however, formed no portion of her prospects. So well organized were her plans, so well disciplined her soldiers, that no advantage, however small, could be gained from without. Riding up and down the streets, the female general, clothed in complete armor, urged bravery and constancy upon her hearers, incited all who could hold a sword to the combat, and summoned even those who could take no martial part, women and children, to the fray, employing them in hurling stones and missiles upon the besiegers.

It would be difficult to overrate the effect which this dauntless and personal alacrity produced. "Few men sat a horse better than this princess; in combat she handled the sword with as much address and effect as the most vigorous warriors." Nature, which had endowed her with an elegant form and beautiful features, spoke all the louder in her cause, when it was seen she knew how to forego the privileges and adventitious pleas of her sex, to share the hardships of the meanest trooper, while she assumed the entire responsibility of the camp. Frequent sallies, headed by herself in person, were made; every one followed, where such a captain led the way, and were rewarded with invariable success. On one occasion, having observed that the assailants, entirely occupied elsewhere, had forgotten to guard a distant post, she hurried forth, accompanied by only two hundred horsemen, threw them into disorder, and, after doing great damage to their ranks, set fire to their tents, powder, and baggage. In the enthusiasm of the sortie, she had, however, forgotten that she might be unable to return in safety; a considerable force now lay between her little band and the gates of the town; the inhabitants saw her position with unspeakable dread: but a few moments sufficed to arrange her plans; she gave the word for her men to disband, and to make the best of their way to Brest. Here she met them at an appointed rendezvous, bringing with her a collected force of five hundred more cavalry soldiers, and, returning at sunrise on the sixth day toward Hennebon, broke through the enemy's ranks, and accom-

plished her reunion with her disheartened friends (who had mourned her for lost) unhurt, and in great triumph. She was received with every token of rejoicing; trumpets pealed, and acclamations rent the air, disturbing the troops without, who hastily armed themselves, while those inside the town mounted the walls to defend it. The contest lasted until past noon: vast numbers of the besiegers were killed, and their leader at length decided upon retiring to invest the castle of Auray, leaving Sir Hervé de Léon to annoy and vex the garrison, for which purpose he sent twelve large machines to cast stones, by which to destroy the castle.

Contrary winds unfortunately detained the English reinforcements, and, after some time, fears were entertained that the besieged town would be forced to surren-The countess harbored an enemy in the person of the Bishop of Léon, who now threw off the mask, and opposed his arguments to hers with the lords, her adherents. Little argument was necessary at this protracted period of fatigue and suspense, to over-persuade these nobles. Allured by the promise of personal safety, which the bishop was empowered to concede from the leader of the French force. his nephew, and possessing, after all, but a secondary interest in the question, the sad moment had arrived when the countess must behold her whole intentions abandoned, and perhaps be dragged to a prison with the child for whom she was so heroically struggling. The French troops were actually marching to take possession, when the countess, whose eyes had been riveted upon the sea, and who had with despairing energy proclaimed the change of the wind to a quarter favorable to her hopes, rushed from the turret where she had taken her position, with the joyful exclamation,-"I see the succor! I see the English vessels! No capitulation!" Joyously the incarcerated and worn towns-people ran to the ramparts-the good tidings were confirmed-glory again shone upon the invigorated gaze of the lately complaining garrison. The English forces, headed by Sir Walter Manny, entered the town, and were enthusiastically received by the lady and her soldiers, the treacherous bishop having taken himself off. But a large machine arrived shortly afterward, the result of the information of the ecclesiastic. which, we read, never ceased, night nor

day, from easting stones into the city; and this was, perhaps, a more alarming neighbor than even his lordship himself.

Some months after this, and when a truce had been concluded until the following summer, the Countess de Montfort, accompanied by her son, paid a visit to the English court, where she desired to present him to his future father-in-law, and hoped to arrange some plan for the delivery of her husband from captivity.

Not long, however, did she absent herself from the scene of action. Obtaining further assistance from King Edward, she embarked on her return homeward. On the seas an encounter took place with some hostile ships, which was only put a stop to by a storm separating the two fleets: the countess chose to take her usual conspicuous part in the action, and with "a trusty sharp sword in her hand" combated bravely. Vannes was the first town taken by the friends of the imprisoned duke, and here his intrepid wife entered with great rejoicings; it was, however, shortly after recovered, and the Lord Robert d'Artois, who had been sent to command the English, having been badly wounded, was conveyed home.

Enraged at the death of this valiant soldier, which occurred almost immediately upon his arrival in England, King Edward determined to go in person to the assistance of his fair ally. But his presence was productive of no actually favorable results, and his enterprise concluded by a somewhat compromising treaty.

Certain epochs are productive of particular virtues, and it is more frequent to witness a constellation of rare merit than a solitary star. The Countess de Montfort's example raised, or at least immediately preceded two similar characters—the wife of Charles de Blois, who, almost under the same circumstances, and with equal valor, as well as success, took her husband's place later in the war, and the English Queen Philippa. During this absence the Queen of England, mounted upon her white charger, formed a brilliant and spirited picture of womanly energy.

We can scarcely imagine, during the tedious interval of suspense and anxiety, the sufferings of the unfortunate De Montfort, immured in a hopeless captivity, and possibly in perfect ignorance of the struggles and exploits of his heroic wife. Her active prowess afforded her something like

distraction to the grief of separation from her husband; but the poor prisoner in the Louvre could but brood painfully over his present position, and anticipate the worst event. His release had been the first condition stipulated for by the King of England at the time of truce, but the French monarch chose to violate the terms, and keep him a close prisoner.

To the great joy of the countess, and totally without any expectation of such happiness. De Montfort contrived and executed his escape. Disguised as a peddler, he eluded the vigilance of his enemies. and made the best of his way to the English court. Here, receiving fresh offers of cordiality from King Edward, he tarried only long enough to muster a small force, and hastened to recross the sea, and join the woman who had proved so admirable a mate for his high and noble spirit. But what must have been the agony which this devoted wife endured, after the first raptures of receiving back the object of her constant and unwearied efforts to success! Captivity and grief had done their work :the fine lineaments of the count were irrevocably tarnished by disease-the tenderness of Jane, formerly omnipotent, failed to bring a smile to his wan lip, or a flash to his heavy and languid eye,-the sword had rusted out-and the days of "le bon Jehan," as his faithful people delighted to term him, were numbered. A few months he lingered-they passed-and the Countess de Montfort stood a widow upon the soil for the possession of which she had so long warred. If we may judge of her feelings at that sad moment of her loss, it must have appeared a poor and valueless conquest; yet motive for action still remained in the young son of this spirited pair. Jane de Montfort's was not a temperament to resign itself to supine and heedless grief. The castle of Tickhill, in Yorkshire, received the bereaved mother and her child, and here she continued to scheme and plot, varying her residence by visits to the English court, and to the shores of France, as seemed most advisable for the interest of the young heir of Bretagne. The Princess Mary of England, betrothed to this prince, was the companion of his childish years, and it is possible that warmer feelings than were usual, in state marriages of the period, grew up between them. The countess (or the Duchess de Bretagne, as she was



JANE DE MONTFORT.

styled in England) had therefore more than common satisfaction in seeing her son united to his long-affianced bride at Woodstock; but not long were the brilliant auguries and actual happiness of this marriage suffered to engage the widow's jaded spirit. In the bright summer-time, when everything was preparing for the majority of the young duke in the following year, (which was to herald his departure with his duchess for Brittany, to take possession of his long-contested domain,) Mary of England was seized with a disorder which sapped the springs of life, and consigned her, within a few weeks, to an early grave.

Little further remains to be told of the subject of our memoir. The Countess de Montfort's checkered and turbulent career had nothing in store to force her into

that prominent position that she had occupied in her earlier days. It is probable that, having once held so distinguished a rôle in the long contest between France and England, she continued until her death to take interest, if not an actual share, in the agitating events of the period; but she retired to the Château of Lucinio, near Vannes, where the remainder of her life was spent in comparative quiet. Her son inherited her brave and dauntless spirit, and, as John the "Valiant," is familiar to every reader. He was twice married after the unhappy termination of his first nuptials, and left a numerous progeny to dispute the heritage of their forefathers, and share that fated imprisonment and struggle apparently inseparable from scions of the royal line of Bretagne.

THE FRIENDSHIP OF DAVID AND JONATHAN.

THE beautiful history of Jonathan and David has been an oft-told tale, and yet, if closely studied, there may be found delicate workings and bright gleams of excellence shining through the narrative, not always observed.

At the first meeting of these two young men, their positions were widely different. Jonathan was the son of a king; David, the keeper of his father's sheep. We can have no hesitation in affirming that Jonathan was a pious prince, and he must have been struck by the simplicity as well as the strength of David's faith and devotion when he saw him approach the giant with no other we pon than the missive of a rustic.

David, it appears, possessed external attractions; and in the opening of the account given of this friendship, we learn that "the soul of Jonathan was knit with the soul of David, and he loved him as his own soul." The next thing which follows is the description of how Jonathan delighted to prove his affection by be-

stowing upon David the most pleasing gifts, such as bespoke the intimate regard of a brother. "And Jonathan stripped himself of the robe that was upon him, and gave it to David, and his garments even to his sword, and his bow, and his girdle."

Now it is frequently the case that two people begin a friendship in the same manner as this, but do we often find that such disinterested faithfulness as Jonathan's lasts to the end? The sudden emotions which might fill the heart, and call forth deep affection from any person toward a certain object of attraction, would naturally produce the desire of pleasing and benefitting that object in every possible rather as an insult than a kindness.



DAVID AND JONATHAN.

way; and so far it would be well, if such a fresh spring of delight eventually supsided into a settled attachment of a more sober kind. But suppose a man, unconsciously winning the regard of another, be pursued by personal attentions, and loaded with unsought favors, then, after a while, (the fever of feeling having passed away, and the charm of novelty fled,) find himself slighted, and exposed to the coolness of his once warm friend-what can he think? Why, only, that the voluntary advance of such a one sprung from mere selfish caprice, and that his profession of friendship must be regarded

In the first book of Samuel and nineteenth chapter, we find Saul, worked up by the spirit of envy and jealousy, commanding Jonathan and his servants to slay David. Here, as on similar occasions, Jonathan exhibits the wisdom of a true friend, as well as the respect due to a father from his son. He first apprizes David of his danger, and then presents himself in the admirable character of a peace-maker. At such a moment as this. when one so unoffending, and so dear to him, was unjustly threatened and persecuted, it would have been natural to expect that the language of reproof, or at least of indignant remonstrance, would have burst from the lips of the generous prince. But no,-he knew "a more excellent way," and to that way he betook himself: "And Jonathan spake good of David unto Saul his father, and said unto him. Let not the king sin against his servant, against David: because he hath not sinned against thee, and because his words have been to thee-ward very good. For he did put his life in his hand, and slew the Philistine, and the Lord wrought a great salvation for all Israel: thou sawest it and didst rejoice: wherefore then wilt thou sin against innocent blood, to slay David without a cause ?"

Even the hard heart of Saul was not proof against this touching appeal. In a few words he had been shown, at a glance, David's uprightness, valour, and renown, and at the same time was reminded of the iniquity of conspiring against one who was so evidently favored of God. pleader proved successful, and for a season Saul was reconciled to David. In this transaction it seems that Jonathan subdued all personal feeling or fear of unpleasant results; he was simply governed by a desire to honor God, deliver his friend, and save his father from the commission of sin. O happy attainment, when a man can accomplish a hazardous undertaking, and manage to forget himself throughout the whole of it!

History tells us that the restless spirit of Saul was soon again active in an attempt to destroy his intended victim. David, however, eluded his pursuers by a stratagem of Michal's; and after having fled to Samuel for succour, contrived to see Jonathan. This interview is one of the most pathetic ever recorded. The tender manner in which Jonathan endeav-

ored to comfort and assure the heart of his friend in so distressing a situation; his recognition of David's future elevation above himself and his father's family; his perfect submission to the will of God in setting aside his own claims to the throne; the ingenious plan suggested by love to ascertain and inform David of the extent of his danger; and the solemn covenant made between them, of which God was the only witness—all these invaluable evidences of mind and heart combined, display a refinement of feeling which defies description.

The last meeting of these two friends which Scripture mentions, once more bears testimony to the enduring affection and unfailing constancy of Jonathan. "And David saw that Saul was come out to seek his life; and David was in the wilderness of Ziph in a wood. And Jonathan, Saul's son, arose and went to David into the wood, and strengthened his hand in God. And he said unto him, Fear not, for the hand of Saul my father shall not find thee; and thou shalt be king over Israel, and I shall be next unto thee; and that also Saul my father knoweth. And they two made a covenant before the Lord: and David abode in the wood, and Jonathan went to his house." 1 Sam. xxiii, 15-18.

In the experience men have of human friendships, it is not usual to find that a continuance of what is called misfortune. on the one side, contributes to the increase of regard and esteem, or desire to show unwearied kindness, on the other. noble instances of disinterested friendship are rare-but, when found, most worthy of imitation. The duty, as well as privilege, of helping and sustaining a falling friend, becomes doubly imperative when that friend is suffering for righteousness' sake: and where the case is thus, even natural affection should not stand in the way to oppose the exercise of so laudable a virtue. We can perceive from all that is written concerning Jonathan in Scripture, that he was a good son; but this in no way interfered with his faithful dealings toward his friend. We find him, disgusted as he must have been with the envy, jealousy, ingratitude, injustice, and eruelty of Saul's conduct, in his place; as a subject fighting the king's battles; as a son taking part against the enemies of his father, although he well knew that the

kingdom would be taken from him and given to David. And finally we see, that he perished in the path of duty, at his father's side. He neglected not to perform those services for his king and country which his station demanded of him, yet persevered to the last in succoring, comforting, advising, and encouraging David, whom he loved, be it remembered, in the spirit as well as in the flesh.

Had he been spared, days followed which would have given "the man after God's own heart" ample opportunity of conferring upon his friend and former benefactor every blessing in his power; but there was something better in store for that magnanimous prince. "How are the mighty fallen in the midst of the battle! O Jonathan, thou wast slain in thy high places. I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan: very pleasant hast thou been unto me: thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women. How are the mighty fallen, and the weapons of war perished!"

So sung and lamented the sweet Psalmist of Israel: and surely we may say, Was "there not a cause?"

MISERERE, DOMINE.

MISERERE, Domine! Chant which mortal and immortal Murnur ever at the portal, Where doth dwell the Lord of light In wide halls of chrysolite,

In wide halls of chrysolite, By the shore of heaven's blue sea. Golden August, sun-embrown'd, Blushing purple, berry-crown'd, Singeth now her songs of glee;

Of a truth her lips are red— Vintage-crownals bind her head, Hazel-tress'd; and children cling Unto mossy boughs, and fling Fruit upon the ground; Yet I hear, o'er land and sea,

Miserere, Domine!

Even so—we are not free From the ancient blot and staining On our hearts; though thou art raining Plenty on the joyous earth, Lord of mercy! Midst our mirth Miserer, Domine!

Foam-wreaths on the white sea-shore— Bees amid the sycamore—

Peaches ripening on the tree—Beauty of autumnal time—
Merry wild birds' matin-chime—
Harvest-calm and cooling showers:
These delights of earth are ours—
They were given by thee.

Father, all thy gifts are free! Miserere, Domine!

I DREAM MY DREAM.

I DREAM my dream: the sullen tide
Is flowing slowly past;
The bark lies on the river side,
Rent sail and drooping mast;
The flowers are fading sad and pale,
That bloom'd upon the shore,
And so I furl my idle sail,
And rest upon the oar.
And sometimes sudden tempests fall
Upon the varying stream,
And sometimes sunshine gladdens all,
And I—I dream my dream.

I dream my dream, my lovely dream,
Throng'd with its shapes immortal;
How bright the golden halos gleam
About the mystic portal!
I speak the poet spell I know,
I sign the mystic sign;
Across the holy bar I go,
And all its bliss is mine.
For me the angel voices sound,
For me the soft rays beam;
For me the music swells around,—
And so I dream my dream.

And all that's fair, and pure, and bright,
Around my vision throng;
The people of the realms of light—
"The holy land of song."
I shut the world's fierce clamor out,
I drop the mystic vail,—
The din, the riot, and the shout,
To pierce its folding fail.
No tempests threat, no clouds obscure
The soft seraphic gleam;
No shadows cross the radiance pure,—
And so I dream my dream.

And all is warm and truthful there—
As cold and hollow here;
No stains that load our common air
Sully that atmosphere.
The mourners smile, the dead awake,
Upon the dream-land's shore;
The foes the late atonement make,
The loving part no more;
And silenced voices speak for us,
And hidden glances beam,
And love and duty blend—and thus
I dream my golden dream.

FIGHT ON, BRAVE HEART, FIGHT ON.

Fight onward to the breach, brave heart,
Where victory o'er life is won!
To mourn is but the coward's part—
Thou hast the warrior's now begun:
Pour out thy last, best, ruddiest drop;
But till thy wild pulsation stop,
Fight on, brave heart, fight on!

The knight of old sought Christ's dear grave,
When joy from earthly home had gone;
For this he dared the wintry wave,
And roam'd o'er burning waste alone:
Make thou a wiser pilgrimage
To thine own grave, in youth or age;
Fight on, brave heart, fight on!

THE FRIENDSHIP OF RUTH AND NAOMI.

THE simple and impres-I sive story of the courageous yet modest Ruth never fails to interest us by its moral phase as well as by its oriental incidents. The disinterestedness of her friendship for Naomi is its most touching trait. The prospects which lay before her in accompanying Naomi were anything but promising according to human perception. More natural would it have been, and perhaps more prudent in a worldly sense, to remain in her own land, and mix with those who most probably would soon have found her a new protector and another asylum. But the mind of Ruth appears to have been well-regulated: and there is a tenderness depicted in the deeds reported of her, which inspires the reader no less with respect than affection for her character. The value of her substantial friendship for Naomi consisted in this-it was based on divine principle. She had learned to love the God Naomi loved: and seemed to understand and feel the spirit of the

Scriptural command - "Thine own and | thy father's friend forsake not." Here, as it must invariably be when another is to be served, self was forgotten. Consideration of future prospects was not the point in hand. The present question was this: Ought Naomi, a disconsolate, childless widow, to wander to the land of Judah almost an alien, and alone? No. Then, the duty being plain, the decision was prompt, and therefore we read that the fair Ruth was "steadfastly minded to go," which she feelingly asserted in her exquisite reply to Naomi's repeated dissuasions-" Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee: for whither thou goest, I will go; and



RUTH AND NAOMI.

where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God: where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried: the Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me."

Ruth was young and robust, as her labors in the fields of Boaz testify, and grudged not the generous toil which earned the golden grain she wanted for Naomi's nourishment. "The Lord looketh on the heart." She voluntarily devoted her youth and strength to the service of the friendless Naomi; and (to speak after the manner of men) it was a great sacrifice; but He "who seeth not as man seeth" had prepared for her a rich recom-

pense in the love and liberality of Boaz. Had she withheld her compassionate aid from Naomi, we might picture the solitary widow bereft of every earthly tie, mournfully returning to a scene where she would arrive unknown and uncared for, and at a season of life when there is little left to excite interest in the bosoms of strangers. But the industry, purity, and youthful innocence of Ruth were instrumental in opening the way to a bright and happy future both for Naomi and her gentle self. The power of influence, how great it is! and when well employed, how good it is! The penniless Ruth held a rich dowry in the virtues and graces which adorned her lowly mind. "He that humbleth himself shall be exalted."

[For the National Magazine.]

COMMON SENSE AND SCHOLARSHIP.

WHATEVER else man was made for, it is evident he was designed to work. Labor is the inevitable condition of his earthly existence. It is true that in a great majority of cases toil produces pain; but a proper exercise of its functions always results in pleasure to the worker. Without inquiring further into the philosophy of labor, we only remark that it is the obvious policy as well as the duty of every man, inasmuch as he must work, to ask, first, what he must do, and, secondly, how he shall do it?

It is pretty well understood, theoretically at least, that all effectual labor must be directed by intelligence. It is from neglect of this truth that we so often spend our strength in beating the air—a very tiresome process, by the way, and one that wears out the heart-life of a man far more rapidly than the most intense drudgery which accomplishes the thing undertaken.

The scholar has chosen for himself an inheritance of toil; but he has only to enter upon it with discretion to make it a source of pleasure as exquisite as the labor is severe. In speaking of the scholar, we mean the practical scholar—we believe in no other—for though there are many scholars "in the abstract," they are chiefly valuable only as specimens of the extent to which intellectual efforts can be carried without effecting anything real; like hydrogen soap-bubbles, interesting, because

they carry high up into the air the liquid film in which they are inclosed!

The work which the real scholar proposes to himself is to acquire the greatest possible amount of intellectual power for every possible emergency. The way in which he is to do this is by arranging, harmonizing and disciplining the various elements of his mind in their proper relations to each other. Now as common sense embraces all these original intellectual elements, it necessarily holds an important relation to any system of education. This, to be sure, is a very tame truth, and always by all men acknowledged, though the fact is not so often made use of as it ought to be. By common sense we understand the ability which all men have, to some extent, of making decisions without any formal process of deduction. Propose a question to some men, and they will at once give a correct answer, though they may not be able to give the reasons for their convictions. They feel that they are right, and no force of logic can shake their faith. There is a sort of instinct-a short method of reasoning-by which the mind goes at once to the conclusion, unconscious of the numerous steps by which it arrives there. Ask any blunt farmer, in these our northern latitudes, on which side of a particular hill corn will grow most rapidly? and though he may have never seen the spot before, and, of course, knows nothing about it by experience, he will, without hesitation, tell you the south side. His reason for the answer, if he gives any, may be that it lies toward the sun, and it is the warmest there. In most cases he cannot assign any reason for this latter notion, though he feels sure of what he states; and, if you press him further, he may tell you that "common sense would teach anybody this fact"-and this would be the whole truth. Now we do not say that there is a complete absence of reason, or that instinct and feeling at once grasp the truth, but that mere formal reason, such as a scientific mind would use in explication of the fact, would never have revealed it to such a mind.

The fact that men feel some truths which they cannot prove, but which are nevertheless demonstrable, shows that a power of reasoning may be going on in the mind, and we all the time be unconscious of it. What is more singular still, the

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results of such a process are often more reliable than those of more formal deduction.

Hazlitt, in one of his essays, tells us of a man stopping at a hotel in the north of England: he had ordered a dinner of ham and eggs, and was luxuriating in a happy mood by anticipation. While he waited, he saw a man pass the window; soon after, when he sat down to the table, he found himself without appetite, and much depressed in mind, although five minutes before he had been keenly hungry and in a most cheerful frame. As he was reflecting on this mysterious revulsion of feeling, the same man passed the window again, and he now recognized in him an officer of the government, who held a warrant for his arrest, which if executed might consign him to the prison or the gallows. He had felt the danger, at first, though totally unable to trace the connection of his feeling with its course, till the second appearance of the man and the recognition of the officer. Similar instances, no doubt, suggest themselves from the experience of every individual.

According to the laws of optics, when a man with two good eyes looks upon a distant object, he sees it in two different directions-thus apparently making two instead of one. By experience he learns to correct the error, and to regard the object as single. The rational demonstration of this fact requires the trigonometrical solution of a triangle whose base and adjacent angles are given-a process to which, we are thinking, few small children are accustomed-to say nothing of those of larger growth. Innumerable examples might be adduced, all going to show that we are not to make pure reason our sole guide in practical life or in mental cultivation. If we attempt this, our whole existence must be at the dictation of certain definite and unvarying formulæ. If we are to enter into a theoretical deliberation on every occasion before we act, it is evident our practical progress will be very slow. We do not mean that we are to abandon reason, by any means, but that we are to use it in connection with instinct, feeling, intuition. If in any case reason disagrees with these, we may be sure that something is wrong. When the latter make their decisions and the former reiterate them, they mutually confirm each other, and assurance becomes doubly sure. This is common sense.

One of our sweetest poets has sung in didactic strain-

"Things are not what they seem;"

still we are inclined to adopt the opinion of one whose lessons of practical wisdom we have long since learned to venerate, and disclose on the contrary that "things are just what they seem." At all events, had men been more willing to take things for what they seemed to be, we should have been saved many a bewildering tramp through vague theories, numerous speculations, and dark inanition which are ever occurring in the "march of mind." Common sense implies an intuitive perception of the relation of things, and a correct judgment; and enables us to discern what is right, useful, and expedient in any case that may come under its cognizance. The man who cultivates this faculty, reflects upon the facts with which experience makes him acquainted, and forms a series of conclusions of ready and practical application to human life. He is a judge of things that fall under common observation-that come home to the business and bosoms of men. An embodiment of this common-sense principle is almost a marvel among men. No doubt, it was this which Diogenes sought when with his lighted candle at noonday he looked diligently among the thronging multitudes for "a man." But the old Cynic might have looked till this time and still not have found one! not so much from their scarcity as that he did not look in the right place. Such men are not educated in a crowd-they do not form their opinions while carried hither and thither by the excited but fickle throng of the floating populace. To be sure, they are not always in seclusion-for they learn the great lessons of wisdom from all things natural, human, and divine, which approach them through the senses or appeal directly to the internal man. And thus, whether alone with God and nature, or observing the workings of the human mind in crowds or in individuals, they are ever feeding the soul with majestic truths arising from reflection and the exercise of calm judg-

The elements of this faculty, we suppose, nature has conferred on all men in nearly equal proportions. The great diversity arises not so much in the amount originally bestowed as in the manner of

its cultivation. The most trivial circumstances often occasion the widest disparity. The man of genius is only a modification of the man of extraordinary common sense. The same qualities inhering in the one exist in the other-but in a higher degree, and with this difference, that genius is usually directed to a particular class of objects, while common sense is more nearly universal in its application. Coleridge has called genius "the power of carrying the feelings of childhood into the power of manhood,"-a definition rather unhappily worded, but in a certain sense true. The child possesses very many truths at which he would never have arrived by the dry and difficult process of formal reason. The truth is brought directly to his mind, and he only obeys the impulse of feeling in receiving it as truth. If we would all carry this spirit of childhood with us into the strength of maturer years, we should be all geniuses. This spirit in the man of genius causes him to overleap the tardy and sometimes painfully intricate processes of deduction, and the truth flashes on his soul a bright ideal: but which he no more doubts than he doubts his own existence. We need only refer to the poet and the painter; who place before us nature with unmistakable exactness, though they have never taken her dimensions or calculated her proportions. This is true of the real artist of every vocation: he leaps over the ordinary steps to what seems to be the desired result, and he finds that he is right. The same thing may be affirmed of common sense, which, as its name implies, is of more general application to the ordinary affairs of life. There is a voice within us answering to that of nature without us, and if we attend to the correspondence of these two voices, our mental cultivation will be much easier and more successful.

This brings us to a prevalent defect in the formation of the scholar. Instead of planting the tree of knowledge on the good, nourishing, and substantial soil furnished by nature, we too often try to rear it on the summit of some conspicuous sandcliff, where the elements will dance around it in derision of its owner's folly. Moreover, when men, who have set out to make scholars, have resulted in fools, then nature is soundly berated, because she has withheld the gift of genius. Now we

undertake to say for nature, that she has a way of performing her own functions, and will, no doubt, completely execute her own designs. It is true, she has committed some curious freaks in her various manipulations-she has now and then produced a fool, a genuine idiot-but she never created a human donkey. ludicrous monstrosity is a man's own work performed on himself! He executes this bungling piece of folly by separating science from nature, and words from things. He becomes an encyclopedia of rules and technicalities - an inflation of pompous terms - whom the world can never appreciate, because he fails to appreciate himself.

Education does not imply the addition of any new faculty; nor yet is it the mere accumulation of facts. It is rather the training, strengthening, systematizing, and harmonizing the susceptibilities, which we have originally. We have already said that common sense embraces all the intellectual elements of a man; and moreover, that it has to do with the practical truths of life. If we are right in these views, the whole process of education should consist in expanding this faculty and bringing it to bear on principles and facts of a wider range. Perhaps it will better express our notion to say, that the mind must assimilate to itself whatever truth it has to deal with. Such a cultivation of scholarship takes philosophy down from the heavens, makes it walk on the earth, renders it conversant with men and things, and shows its connection and correspondence with the other members of the great family of truth. There is no more egregious error committed by men than when they abandon the obvious and direct method of solving questions as in the ordinary affairs of life, and seek for some more abstract way, valuable only as it is mysterious.

"Thus men go wrong with an ingenious skill, Bend the strict rule to their own crooked will, And, with a clear and shining lamp supplied, First put it out, then take it for a guide!"

This general fault we find throughout the whole course of education—beginning with its first rudiments in the child, and adhering tenaciously, in too many instances, till the final hours of his Alma Mater—whether that be a log school-house or a richly-endowed university. The passage

from practical to theoretical life is abrupt and absurd; and no wonder the poor subject gets bewildered as to his whereabouts. He is taught that he must ascend into some higher region to find truth; and he struggles to ascend without any steps to aid him, when in reality all he needs to do is to pluck the fruit of the tree of knowledge, whose branches, heavy laden, bend down close to him. Let him diligently compare things as they are and things as they seem; he will be surprised at their similarity, and the instruction received will be greatly valuable.

The great truths of Nature were all designed for use, and she never requires us to approach them with such awful reverence as to obscure them by unmeaning terms. When we have computed the number of fingers on both hands, we have "solved a problem." Two particles of matter being mutually inclined to each other, enter into matrimony according to the authorities vested in chemical attraction. Philosophers tell us the reason why monkeys don't talk is, because they are destitute of such powers of reflection as are necessary to furnish them with ideas: in plain English, "they have nothing to say." But this is a species of scientific blasphemy very shocking to some minds, and scarcely excelled by that which affects the nerves of sentimental young ladies after their second term at a boarding school, when they hear of "eating supper" instead of "taking tea," of "putting out a light" instead of "extinguishing a lamp," or applying the name of "cow" to an animal with powder-horns growing out of its head!

It is this neglecting to lead up the common sense to grasp the great principles which are the objects of the scholar's pursuit—this straining after the intangible -their excision of the man from the man's mind-that more effectually bar up the student's progress than any other obstruction. To suppose it more difficult to learn the names, classes, and relations of words, than the names, families, and - circumstances of our townsmen-that the intricacies of a theory are more bewildering and inexplicable than the roads by which we quickly learn to travel about the adjacent country-or that the solution of a problem requires greater ingenuity than many agricultural and mechanical operations, is simply an absurdity of the grossest kind: the same powers of mind are called into exercise in one case as in the other.

There are in all these cases an assimilation and familiarization of the subjects on which the mind is called to act; and there is implied, too, equally in all, a close, consecutive, and continued thought fulness.

Why is it that so often a boy is sent to school and found to be dull and worthy the name of blockhead, who, when put to a trade, or on the farm, becomes a proficient in his vocation? Is not education required just as much in one case as in the other? Obviously the methods are different, and the same kind of mental training which made the farmer or the artisan would have made the scholar.

We by no means mean to intimate that the tendency of our times and our communities is not practical enough. contrary complaint is, no doubt, well founded in some sense. But why is this? Men intending a life of business rarely procure a thorough course of education, because it neglects to cultivate the same faculties of mind, and in the same manner for scholars as is required for business. This is wrong. We do not advocate an increase of utilitarianism, but that education become more practical-not in its results and application - but in itself. Let scholars become more practical—as scholars - then will the practical men become more scholarly. Verily we need a new instauration-a new Socrates-a new dispensation of common sense!

THERE are two glorious sights in the world: the one is a young man walking in his uprightness; and the other is an old man walking in the ways of righteousness. It was Abraham's honor that he went to the grave in a good old age, or rather, as the Hebrew hath it, with a good gray head. Many there be that go to their graves with a gray head, but this was Abraham's crown -that he went to the grave with a good gray head. Had Abraham's head been never so gray, if it had not been good, it would have been no honor to him; a hoary head, when coupled with an unsanctified heart, is rather a curse than a blessing. When the head is white as snow, and the soul black as hell, God usually gives up such to the greatest scorn and contempt. -Brooks.

The Antional Magazine.

MARCH, 1855.

EDITORIAL NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

RICH WOMEN, REMEMBER YOUR SISTERS .- A lady comments, in one of our daily papers, with some severity and as much pertinency, on the frequent legacies left by wealthy women to institutions for the education of young men, while so little is done for their own sex. Whatever may be our individual opinions about the question of Woman's Rights, there certainly can be no generous man among us who does not perceive the special disabilities of women, particularly in the arts which secure a comfortable There is an unreasonable and a subsistence. most cruel disproportion between the wages of male and female labor. In the department of teaching, there is particularly a shameless depreciation of women's services, as witness the salaries of our female teachers. They have the hardest drudgery and the lowest salaries of our public schools. And besides this heartless and ungallant fact, there are scores of remunerative places, entirely suitable to their more delicate organization, which are now usurped by the other sex-places that hardy and highminded men should blush to appropriate to themselves. We need reform in these respects; who that knows the heart-breaking sufferings of poor but virtuous women, in New-York city, the past winter, can question it? We who laugh at the outcries of the advocates of "Woman's Rights," should do something else besides laughing; our sarcasm will be vain-as ridiculous as their ultraism, and unspeakably more heartless-till we take from them the provocations which our treatment of the sex affords them.

But these legacies-what have we to say about them? The year before last, at least one hundred and fifty thousand dollars were provided (to our personal knowledge) in the wills of wealthy ladies, for the education of young men, in the United States; this sum, we doubt not, was not a tithe of the aggregate of such appropriations. During the past year Miss Caroline Plumer, of Salem, Mass., died, leaving in her will fifteen thousand dollars to Harvard College, thirty thousand to the Salem Athenæum, and thirty thousand to found a Farm School at Salem. This was a noble liberality— and an infinitely better indication of the good sense of the lady than the usual bequests of property to already independent family connections. But why did she not think of her own sex? The munificent sum would have laid the foundations, in Massachusetts, of a provision for some special form of female education, which might, in time, be worth more than all the alms of the state for the poor of her own sex. The lady correspondent to whom we have referred, says :-

"There are in the United States about one hundred and twenty literary colleges, forty-two theological seminaries, forty-seven law schools, and forty medical colleges. Of these two hundred and fifty institutions of learning, not half a dozen admit women to their privileges!"

Education, not merely in its usual limited form, but in special forms, must be the chief

hope of self-support and competence to dependant women in our age, and especially in our country. Let the beneficent then be reminded of the fact. We advise ladies of wealth to sympathize more with their less fortunate sisters in this respect. We would respectfully intimate to them, too, that they should not fear to be somewhat exclusive in this sort of beneficence. There is not much danger that our numerous institutions for male education will suffer by a better direction of female liberality. They multiply so fast as to be almost in each other's way. There is a large waste of property on male colleges in the United States through mere local rivalries, while only here and there a female college is seen, struggling through the discouragements of want and public indifference. Wealthy and large-hearted women of the United States, the time has come in which you should rectify this public wrong done to your sex.

LOVE IN THE BUONAPARTE FAMILY.-It seems that there was at least one example of "true love" in the history of the Buonaparte family. A newspaper correspondent, writing from Italy, gives some agreeable local reminiscences of their residence in the neighborhood of Florence. He describes the daughter of Joseph as a most interesting and beautiful person. During her residence with her father in the United States, she loved and was beloved by her cousin Achille Murat; but the course of true love never runs smooth. Intended by her family for the eldest son of Louis, ex-king of Holland, she married him against her will, and soon became his His name also was Napoleon; and had he lived, he, instead of his brother, might have been Napoleon III. When Charlotte was a widow, her former lover met her in London, where his disappointed passion poured out to her its bitterness in some French verses, the tenor of which may be inferred from the first stanza, which we here translate:-

"I see thee again, after eight long years— Thou, whose aspect makes flutter my heart! I see thee again, but alas, 'tis with tears— Now to me but a sister thou art!"

His poetic plaint seems, however, to have been of no avail, the lamented husband of Charlotte having, after marriage, won her affections completely from her first love. He was a poet also; so was she! They were both artists too. "What she designed, he lithographed; what she wrote, he illustrated." In fact, their brief married life was, from all accounts, far happier than that which usually falls to the lot of princes; but, "death did lay siege to it!" nor could the princess long survive her loss.

Prescott, the Historian.—A Boston correspondent of one of our city papers says: "Mr. Prescott appears daily in our streets, and may be often seen taking long walks for the preservation of his health. He is now at his winter residence on Beacon-street, where he spends about nine months of the year. The other three months he has generally spent at Nahant and Pepperell, at both of which places he has country seats, most congenial to the pursuits of an author. Mr. Prescott is as systematic in his daily studies as any Boston merchant, and

as great a miser of the minutes. As many have learned, he was so unfortunate as to lose one of his eyes while in Harvard College. loss, the other eye became weakened through over-work, so that, practically, he has written his immortal histories as the blind write, or with an apparatus such as they use. And yet he has scarcely the appearance of any difficulty of sight, and recognizes his friends in the street with that single faithful eye. Indeed, the observer might regard his eyes as fine as one could desire. Mr. Prescott, while engaged in writing, writes rapidly, averaging about seven of the printed pages of his volumes daily. His secretary copies his manuscript in a good plain hand for the printer. He is now diligently composing a history of Philip II. His private library is a very valuable one, particularly in the department of that history that can throw any light upon the subjects of his past and present investigations. His library contains near six thousand volumes. It is a picture of a room that the proprietor had constructed for his special use, as he did his study, some distance above it toward the heaven, where his beautiful compositions are produced. That Mr. Prescott, with his physical embarrassments, has accomplished so much toward forming an American standard literature, is quite a marvel. Another wonder is, that though he has been confined to his books and his study for forty years, as close as the monk to his cloister, he has nothing of the scholastic manner, but the ease and polish of a gentleman wholly in society."

THE CRIMES AND CASUALTIES OF 1854.—From tabular statements of the past year, in some of

the newspapers, we gather:—
The total amount of property destroyed by fire in the United States during the year is estimated, in round numbers, at twenty-five millions of dollars. How economical then would almost any sum be, which should be expended

on improvements for the better extinguishment

The number of persons whose lives have been sacrificed by burning buildings is put down at one hundred and seventy-one.

There have been one hundred and ninetythree railroad accidents, killing one hundred and eighty-six persons, and wounding five hundred and eighty-nine.

There have also been forty-eight steamboat accidents, killing five hundred and eighty-seven persons, and wounding two hundred and twenty-

During the year six hundred and eighty-two murders were committed, and eighty-four persons were executed. In the state of New-York alone there were seventy-four murders and seven executions, and, in California sixty-four murders and fifteen executions. New-York, it must be remembered, in abatement of her dishonor, is the receptacle, the cess-pool of the European pauperism and vice that pours into the Union.

By the English Life Tables it is shown that the half of a generation of men of all ages passes away in thirty years, and that more than three in every four of their number die in half a century. COLERIDGE ON PREACHING.—Coleridge never made a more philosophical, not to say more evangelical suggestion than the following:—

"Since the revolution of 1688 our Church has been lulled and starved too generally by preachers and reasoners, Stoic or Epicurean: first, a sort of Pagan morality was substituted for the righteousness by faiti, and lately, prudence or Paleyanism has been substituted even for morality. A Christian preacher ought to preach Christ alone, and all things in him and by him. If he find a dearth in this, if it seem to him a circumspection, he does not know Christ as the pleroma, the fullness. It is not possible that there should be aught true, or seemly, or beautiful, in thought, will, or deed, speculative or practical, which may not and which ought not to be evolved out of Christ, and the faith in Christ;—no folly, no error, no evil to be exposed or warred against, which is not at contarriancy and enmity to Christ. To the Christian of this preacher Christ should be in all things, and all things in Christ: he should abjure every argument that is not a link in the chain, of which Christ is the staple and ring."

Put that gem, Brother Homilist, on the bald brow of your next "skeleton."

METHODIST MINISTERIAL EDUCATION. - A strong movement in favor of theological education has been in process among the Methodists for a few years past, much to the gratification or the affliction of the good men who respectively sustain or oppose it. The Institution at Concord, New-Hampshire, is unexpectedly flourishing, and promises soon to be numerically the first Theological Seminary of the country. Another school of the kind was opened lately, at Evansville, near Chicago, under unusually favorable auspices, a hundred thousand dollars having been pledged, it is intimated, by a single individual-a lady-toward its endowment. opening exercises are described, in our Chicago exchanges, as exceedingly spirited. President Dempster delivered an eloquent inaugural address; a collation was given on the premises; and addresses were delivered by Dr. Evans, Rev. Messrs. Judson, Crew, Burroughs, (of the Baptist Church, Chicago,) and Watson of the North Western Christian Advocate. On the return of the company to Chicago, in the cars, the reunion was organized, and the "speechifying ' resumed (everything "goes by steam" in that magnificent region) by Rev. Messrs. Watson, E., Williams, and T. Hurd, Esq. Mr. Watson's address at Evansville has been published, by request; it is remarkable for its brilliant originality. We give an extract on the "good old times" of Methodist pioneering in the West:-

"There is scarcely a preacher here to-day," said Mr. Watson, "who was ever inside of a theological school in his life. For one, I frankly confess that this is the first hour I ever spent under a roof devoted to such purpose. For three years, in the domestic comforts of a 'rough and ready' litherancy, we never saw a yard of carpet, not even rag carpet, or trod a sawed plank—nothing but 'puncheons' or porcelatin, that is, the clean swept dirt, without the 'puncheons' Our library was the saddle-bags; our closet and 'study' the wildwood; our parlor a prairie; our 'reading-desk' the snake-head-like pommel of a huge Spanish saddle; and our 'easy chair' the back of our favorite pacing 'Bucephalus,' Our circuit swept a circumference of over four hundred miles, with distances between appointments of from thirty to sixty. Nor did we, for he next seven years of twenty-three of our internatilife, as it regarded opportunity for study, fare much better. But in all this 'rough and tumble' portion of our itinerant life, we suffered nothing — absolutely nothing. True, we have often slept in prairies, with some danger of having a ratilesnake for a pillow; or in the woods, with some danger of presenting to the wolf or panter a tempting banquet; and still oftener

have we rode thirty miles to preach to a congregation of a dozen, and then, before dining, assisted with pestic and mortar, (the former consisting of an iron wedge inserted in the end of a split stick; and the latter, of a conical burnt mortise in the top of a stump) to 'pound the hominy,' which formed a staple in our excellent repast, of wild honey, bear meat, or 'racoon bacon,' taken either with or without the trenchers and wooden forks and fixings (we were often most orthodox in our primitiveness, and used those 'fingers made before forks') of our sturdy pioneer fathers. Yes, we say, we suffered none physically, (or none that we could mention without a blush,) but intellectually we did suffer much. Piety is not knowledge. The former is essential to the preacher; but the latter none the less essential to a preacher who would teach, I commenced the work of the ministry with just knowledge enough to keep me unhappy. I knew how little I did know, (a most wholesome lesson,) and was constantly unhappy, that circumstances should war so successfully with my attempts to acquire what seemed to me (and I now know I was not mistaken) essential acquisitions. After seven years of study in the itinerant school, and an honorable graduation, I still felt the necessity of a help unavailable—unfurnished then by Mchodism in this country. My experience was like that of Brother Judson, which has betrayed me into this egotistic digression. I have seen nothing yet to convince me that its teachings were erroneous

STATISTICS OF OLD AGE,-The census of 1850 shows that the oldest person then living in the United States was 140. This person was an Indian woman, residing in North Carolina. In the same state was an Indian aged 125, a negro woman 111, two black slaves 110 each, one mulatto male 120, and several white males and females from 106 to 114. In the parish of Lafayette, La., was a female, black, aged 120. In several of the states there were found persons, white and black, aged from 110 to 115. There were in the United States, in 1850, 2,555 persons over 100 years. This shows that about one person in 9,000 will be likely to live to that There are now about 20,000 persons in age. the United States who were living when the Declaration of Independence was signed in 1776. They must necessarily be nearly 80 years old now, in order to have lived at that time. The French census of 1851 shows only 102 persons over 100 years old; though the total population was near 36,000,000. Old age is therefore attained among us much more frequently than in France.

Poper in the Anglican Church.—We said in a late article, entitled the "Religious Scare-crow of the Age," that the Puseyite movement in England had turned out a failure, so far as its purpose to Papalize the Establishment was concerned. English Churchmen seem determined to uproot even its secret remnants in the learned institutions of the country. A memorial to Parliament is now in circulation, prepared by "influential parties," and purporting to be the "Petition of the Clergy and of the Laity of the Established Church of the United Kingdom of England and Ireland." It says:—

"That whereas the greatness of this nation doth, under God, rest on its complete and absolute independence of all foreign influence or control whatsoever; and whereas the noblest characteristics of Englishmen and Englishwomen do grow, by God's blessing, out of the unshackled use of the sacred right of private judgment secured to each and every subject, together with free access to the enlightenment of God's revealed will; and whereas the Legislature of this empire, in the exercise of its undoubted, sole, and righteous sovereignty, hath set up and established such a National Church as was deemed adequate to protect this

kingdom from counterfeit Christianity, and to uphold and teach, according to natural law and the gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, the sacred and ever-to-be-held inviolable truths of each separate nation's independence, and each individual man's right of private judgment and free access to the word of God; and whereas it is by your petitioners undoubtingly believed that there doth exist, and is daily increasing, within the pale of the said Established Church, a party organized for the purpose of gradually bringing this free Christian nation under the influence and dominion of a foreign pontiff, of principles by law declared to be arbitrary, tyrannical, idolatrous, and damnable, and oferrauding Englishmen of their aforesaid natural right of private judgment and free access to the word of God; and whereas there doth exist a general distrust of certain colleges or seminaries instituted for the training of elergy for the said Established Church; and whereas the care, oversight, and necessary reformation of overy body corporate doth manifestly belong unto that sovereignty by which it hath been created and set up; therefore, your petitioners protesting with all their souls against any reconciliation or fellowship with the said foreign pontiff, his usurping claims, arbitrary principles or false doctrines, do pray your bonorable house as a constitutional part of the Legislature and sovereignty of the realm, to take under your solemn consideration the dangerous state and condition of England and Ireland; and to appoint out of your honorable house, commissioners to inquire into the teaching, discipline, and ceremonial of all seminaries or colleges set up or countenanced by any archibishop or bishop of the said Established Church of England and Ireland.

A New Revolution,—The Archbishop Innokenti, in an Address to the Russian troops before the battle of Inkerman, said among other things:—"In heaven it has been decreed that the scepter which shall rule over the whole world shall remain alone in the right hand of the Lord's anointed autocrat of all the Russias!"

COMPLIMENT TO AMERICAN SCHOLARS.—In a notice of the Bibliotheca Sacra, the Christian Spectator (an English Journal) says:—"As a rule, we believe American theological writers to be better versed in modern languages, and more deeply read in ancient literature—in other words, better and abler scholars—than the majority of theological writers in this country."

EXPLORATIONS AT BABYLON .- We have repeatedly alluded to the explorations now in progress on the site of Babylon. From our English papers we learn that the celebrated orientalist, Colonel Rawlinson, has spent a portion of the winter there; a letter from him was lately read before the Asiatic Society of London. At its date he was encamped under the ruins of ancient Babylon, where he had been engaged in tracing the course of the old river through the ruins; and had succeeded, by the aid of bricks and slabs with inscriptions, all found where they were originally deposited, in identifying most of the buildings of the city, and in tracing the ancient wall, which gave a circumference pretty nearly agreeing with what we have received from Greek information. The excessive heat (110° in the tent) had, however, stopped out-door work; and the colonel had passed the time in his tent in making a literal translation of the great slab found on the Euphrates, sent to England by Sir H. Jones in 1807, and deposited in the East India House. He promised to send this translation as soon as completed; and in the mean time he transmits an abstract of it, recording, in succession, the repairs to

the Temple of Bel; repairs to minor temples; the rebuilding of the walls; the introduction of water into the city; the erection of fortifications and outer walls; the adorning of the gates; the building of the new palace, (the Kasr;) the statement that the work was begun on the new moon of Shamalu, and completed on the 15th day, (query, in a subsequent year?) and the formation of the hanging gardens, with stones like mountains, (not themselves like mountains.) The close adherence of Berosus to this statement satisfies Colonel Rawlinson that the Chaldean historian must have had this document before him when he drew up the notice of Nebuchadnezzar's works in Babylon, which is handed down to us by Josephus. This is in fact an epitome of the inscription in the East India House. In one passage, that of the admission of water from outside into the city, the slab agrees exactly with the ancient Armenian version of the passage published at Venice, the Greek original in that part being hopelessly corrupt. The incredible statement that Nebuchadnezzar completed his palace in fifteen days is justified by the inscription, though it may be understood diversely. The only part of the statement transmitted by Josephus not found in the inscriptions is that in which Nebuchadnezzar is stated to have made the celebrated hanging gardens for the purpose of pleasing his Median queen, which the colonel is of opinion Josephus might have mentioned as a probable inference, or with a view to connect Nebuchadnezzar with the Medes. The examination of this document has raised Berosus greatly in the colonel's opinion as an accurate compiler; and he is consequently induced to accept his chronology without hesitation.

A St. Petersburgh journal states that a learned Mongol, named Dorschi, has, after many researches, succeeded in clearing up the mystery which has long hung over the birthplace of Genghis Khan. This famous warrior was, it seems, born on Russian territory, not far from the fortress of Tchendant, on the right bank of the Amour, 50° north latitude, and 132° east longitude.

A SKULL THAT HAD A TONGUE.-When Dr. John Donne, the famous poet and divine of the reign of James I., attained possession of his first living, he took a walk into the churchyard, where the sexton was at the time digging a grave, and in the course of his labor threw up a skull. This skull the doctor took into his hands and found a rusty headless nail sticking in the temple of it, which he drew out secretly, and wrapped it in the corner of his handkerchief. He then demanded of the grave-digger whether he knew whose skull that was. He said it was a man's who kept a brandy-shop; an honest, drunken fellow, who one night having taken two quarts, was found dead in his bed next morning, "Had he a wife?" "Yes. "What character does she bear?" "A very good one: only the neighbors reflect on her because she married the day after her husband was buried." This was enough for the doctor, who, under the pretense of visiting his parishioners, called on the woman: he asked her several questions, and among others what sickness her husband died of. She giving him the same account he had before received, he suddenly opened the handkerchief, and cried in authoritative voice, "Woman, do you know this nail?" She was struck with horror at the unexpected demand, instantly owned the fact, and was brought to trial and executed. Truly might one say, with even more point than Hamlet, that the skull had a tongue in it.

HEART WORK .- We are not sent into this world to do anything into which we cannot put our hearts. We have certain work to do for our bread, and that is to be done strenuously; other work to do for our delight, and that is to be done heartily. Neither is to be done by halves and shifts, but with a will; and what is not worth the effort is not to be done at all. Perhaps all that we have to do is meant for nothing more than an exercise of the heart and the will, and is useless in itself; but, at all events, the little use it has may well be spared, if it is not worth putting our hands and our strength to. Dr. Arnold believed that while men held before them the shield of Christianity, all progress was safe. He allows that the advance of civilization destroys much that is noble, and throws over the mass of human society an atmosphere somewhat dull and hard; yet it is only, he says, by the peculiar trials of civilization, no less than by its peculiar advantages, that the utmost virtue of human nature can be ma-

FANNY FERN.—The Literary Gazette gives a frank verdict on Fanny Fern's late book. "Ruth Hall," it says, "tells the story of the struggles and successes of an authoress; and it will, of course, be taken as a passage of autobiography, whether it is so acknowledged by the writer or not. The curious public who long ago settled the question, 'Who is Fanny Fern?' will begin anew to discuss her history and her relations, and will busily trace out likenesses and analogies between the story and the real life. How much of it is fact and how much fancy, we neither know nor care; but we are sure it must have been a bitter experience of life that could lead to such a book, which sneers at religion, sees no kindliness in humanity, and admits not the strong instincts of natural affection. It makes some pitiful disclosures, unwittingly, perhaps, of a heart that has lost all trust in God and confidence in man-that has been soured by misfortune and angered by unkindness, We do not see how the book is going to make anybody either happier or better, and we cannot but think it sad to see a woman who has so much genius using it to no better purpose. Some of our American authoresses are fast writing down the character of American female literature. A more deplorable exhibition of a bad heart in woman could hardly be given than that presented in Ruth Hall.

Kossuth and Mazzini.—Both these remarkable men are about to put forth a part of their restless energy through the press. Kossuth is preparing for the press a collection of his letters from Turkey, which will probably contain some curious pieces of secret history. A revised edition of the great Magyar's speeches on the

question of the day—the Turkish war and how to manage it in the interests of freedom—may also be expected from Kossuth's hand. Some time ago, cotemporaries spoke of Mazzini as being engaged, at the instance of an American publisher, on a "History of Italy." There was no truth in this rumor. The Roman triumvir, we believe, is employing his leisure on a work likely to be of importance for the future of Italy—the development of the Italian Religious Ouestion.

Longevity of Literary Women.—The following examples show that devotion to literary duties is not necessarily destructive to the health and lives of women:—

Name.	Died.	Age.
Mrs. Hofland	1844	74
Jane Porter	1850	74
Mrs. Chapone	1801	75
Mrs. Sherwood	1851	77
B. Maria Roche		80
Mrs. Barbauld		82
Mrs. Piozzi	1821	82
Mrs. Edgeworth	1849	82
Mrs. Amelia Opie		S5
Miss Birney	1840	88
Hannah More		89
Joanna Bailey	1851	89
Mrs. Carter		90
Jane West		93
Hon. Mrs. Monckton		94
Harriet Lee		95
Mrs. Garrick		97
Caroline L. Herschell	1S46	98

OLD HUMPHREY is dead. His real name was George Mogridge. He resided in London, and wrote incessantly for the religious press. He was a genius in his way, and his works have a quaint charm which have made them exceedingly popular among religious readers of a "practical turn." They amount to some nine volumes. Peace to the good old man's memory!

THE RIGHT PRONUNCIATION .- The correct pronunciation of the word Niagara has become quite a questio vexata. A Mr. Fraser, in discussing the subject in the London "Notes and Queries," says that "the Huron pronunciation, and unquestionably the more musical, was Niagara;" and asks, " Have the Yankees thrown back the accent to the antepenult?" Hereupon a Yankee, dating from Hartford, Conn., replies, "That the Yankees are in no wise responsible for a change of accent. What 'the Huron pro-nunciation' might have been is uncertain, as the word had no place in the Huron vocabulary, It is a contracted form of the Iroquois name, Oniagarah; or, as it was sometimes written in old authors, Oghniaga and Oncagorah. Ak, in the Iroquois, denotes 'an upright rock;' ara, a 'path at a gorge.' The former yord, and perhaps the latter, helped to make up the original botryoidal name; though the syllable ar (as Schooleraft suggests) may denote 'rocks,' like the tar in 'Ontario,' and dar in 'Cadaracqui.' (Schooleraft's History of the Indian Tribes, &c., Phila., 1854, Part iv, pp. 381, 384.) lation of various forms of the name which occur in old manuscripts, Indian deeds, &c., affords conclusive evidence that the principal accent did not fall on the vowel of the penult. T. Dongan, (English Governor of New-York,) in a letter to M. de Denonville, Governor of Canada in 1686, writes Ohniagero. (Doc. Hist. of New-York,

vol. ii, p. 206.) In his Report to the Committee of Trade, 1687, he twice mentions Oneigra. (Ib. p. 155.) The same year he uses the form Onyegra. The recorded examination of an Indian prisoner, August, 1687, gives Oneageragh. (1b. pp. 251, 258.) The deed of the Sachems of the Five Nations to George I., September 13, 1726, mentions 'the falls of Oniagara, or Canaguaraghe. (Id., vol. i, p. 774.) In 1751, I find Niagra and Nigra, in the letters of Lieutenant Lindesay to Colonel (Sir) Wm. Johnson. (Id., vol. ii, pp. 623, 624.) And, finally, in a letter from Robert Livingston, Jun., to Governor De Lancey, written in 1755, Onjagera, (Id., vol. i. p. 811.) Goldsmith's pronunciation (in the oftquoted line from The Traveller) was, perhaps, more musical' than the Iroquois; but a ' Yankee,' before recognizing its authority, would suggest a reference to such of the correspondents of 'N. & Q.' as have in hand the subject of 'Irish Rhymes.'"

IRVING'S RESIDENCE .- Voyagers up the Hudson gaze with delight on the simple but beautiful residence of our still best beloved author. reposing quietly with its Gothic outlines on a "sunny-side" slope of the noble river's shore. A newspaper correspondent thus describes it :--"The house at 'Sunnyside,' in which Washington Irving resides, is one he built some three years ago. It is built on the site of the 'Van Tassel House.' In fact the new structure includes a portion of the old walls. At an earlier day it was called Wolfert's Roost-Wolfert Acker being one of the privy councillors of the renowned Peter Stuyvesant. Afterward it came into the possession of the Van Tassels. It was here that the quilting party and dance took place, so graphically described in the 'Legends of Sleepy Hollow.' It was here that the unfortunate Ichabod Crane and Brow Bows unequivocally met, both being suitors for the hand and heart of Kate Van Tassel. Your readers will recall the amusing incidents of that story, and especially the last appearance of Ichabod Crane. A weather-cock of miserable appearance, is perched on the gable-end of the main building. It was once the ornament of the old Stadt House of New-York, in the time of the old Dutch rule. The house is surrounded by trees-some wild and some planted by Irving. The buildings are nearly covered with vines and creepers. The trumpet flower and the ivy-vine are the most conspicuous of them. The ivy, that grows unusually rank, has a peculiar interest. It was brought from Melrose Abbey, near Abbotsford, Scotland, some twenty years ago. It was brought by a Mrs. Trenwick, an intimate friend of Mr. Irving, and planted at 'Sunnyside' by her own fair hands. This lady was a Miss Jean Jeffrey. Her father was a minister, and it was of this lovely girl, then about seventeen, that Burns wrote two beautiful stanzas, among the gems of his poetry.'

MISSED from our office a daguerreotype of Dr. Olin, from which our portrait some two years since was taken. If any friend has borrowed it he will please return it immediately.

Again—We miss our office files of "Hogg's Edinburgh Instructor." The borrower will please return them forthwith.

OUR BOSTON LETTER.

Death of an old Citizen - Lecture on St. Paul - Dr. Emmors Statues to Franklin and Webster-The Congregational Board-The American Movement-Literary Items, &c.

It gives one a startling idea of the changes that have been wrought within the past century to run over the reminiscences of one of our septuagenarian patriarchs. The venerable and well-known Samuel MCleary, Esq., for twenty-nine years city clerk—ever since Boston became a city—ts dead. He was baptized by Rev. J. Elliott, D. D., in 1789, and was one of the by Kev. J. Elliott, D. D., in 1780, and was one of the six boys to whom were awarded the first Franklin medals distributed in Boston. He formed one of the happy company of Boston schoolboys who, standing in ranks upon the Common, received Washington upon his entrance into the town. His residence was upon Beacon-street at a time when, in this court end upon Beacon-street at a time when, in this court end of our city, there were but three houses besides the famous Hanceck house. Looking down the hill from his residence, upon the Common, he has seen criminals hung under the great elm. He saw Talleyrand while he was living in Boston, and conversed with Marshals Moreau, Grouchy and Bertrand. He aiso saw that more distinguished exile, Louis Philippe, when he visited the city. He witnessed the launching of old "Tronsides," and from Powder Horn Hill, now embraced within the town of Chelsea, he watched the progress of the memorable sca-fight between the Clapeake and the Shannon outside of Boston Bay. W changes have transpired immediately around him, and what an eventful era has he witnessed in the history of Europe, during the period of his vivid recollections The names of the French marshals, after having been long tossed upon the waves of revolution, have passed into history, and the revolutionary king himself, rising upon one billow, descended suddenly beneath another, and once more wandered in exile until his death. And now the ancient clerk, with his multitudinous memories, has passed on into that world where "one day is as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day

as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day. Judge Thomas lately delivered an admirable lecture upon the "Life and Writings of St. Paul," before the Mercantile Library. The audience, composed largely of young persons, and always somewhat restive under a serious and elaborate lecture, looked not a little blank upon the amouncement of the topic; but the learned and eloquent speaker held thom, from the commencement of his address to the close, in increas-Ing interest, by the grace of his manner and the originality of his matter. He humorously remarked upon opening that, perhaps, it might be suggested that the subject was one peculiarly within the province of the pulpit. If this were true, he thought a fair exchange would be no robbery; and while clergymen were seen in possession of places of worldly trust, and had the charge of the state, a layman might be excused in venturing to care for the interests of the faith. He earnestly protested against the habit of bowing Chrismity out of the common circle of the human mind. Priceless as was its gift, it was given to all humanity, and for its daily bread. It could be chained to no altar. We might as well put a class on the gates of the morning, and dole out the light of common day. It was the ing, and dole out the light of common day. It was the great central light of history, and we might as well study astronomy and ignore the sun, as to study his-tory and ignore the gospel. "What," he asked, "was the history of all the Cesars, the Annals of Tacitus, the marvelous learning of Gibbon worth, in comparison with the brief and fragmentary journal of Luke, the beloved physician?" In an eloquent passage he speaks of Paul's visit to Peter at Jerusalem, after his return from Arabia and just hefore his return from Arabia, and just before his first great missionary tour. The cetemporary world, he said, knew nothing of the history of those men. The disciples might have watched them with interest. The Roman soldier on his round might have paused and listened to the voices of prayer and praise from that humble dwelling; but did he dream, think we, that those men were laying the foundations of an empire wider than that of the Casars, without limits of time and space; and that be-neath the tent of the one, or in the net of the other, all heath the tell of the ble, or in the lies of the other hands and heath of Paul and Nero, he closed with this noble sentiment.—"The life of St. Paul was with this noble sentiment:—"The life of St. Paul was in itself the best practical demonstration of the truth in user the best practical demonstration of the truth of the religion which it was his mission to teach—a life impossible before the dawnings of Christianity, of which the philosophy of the old world had no conception—a life in which self-denial was gain; poverty riches; the scourge of the Roman lictor the badge of a new chicary constant, markyaday, the worker of new chivalry; constant martyrdom the mother of

constant peace and joy; and the angel of death the keeper of the gateway of home."

A fine illustration of the truth of this sentiment is given in the January number of the North American. In an article under the singular title of "Finished Lives" This has a rules under the singular tide of "Finshed Lives"—a paper which every young man may read with special profit—the writer attempts to show what constitutes completeness in human life, and illustrates, by numerous striking personal histories, the truth, that it is not length of days, nor immediate success in the particular measures to which the energies of life have een devoted, but an unselfish and noble devotion to the well-being of others, crowned with a pious rever-ence for the will and approbation of our Maker. In alluding to the ministerial profession for exhibitions of finished lives, he relates an affecting incident in the closing hours of the truly venerable Dr. Emmons—a closing hours of the truly venerable Dr. Emmons—record which the writer also received from the lips of his now venerable son-in-law, Dr. Ide, of Medway. Said the dying patriarch, "I want to go to heaven. The more I think of it, the more delightful it appears. And I want to see who is there; I want to see brother Sandford, and brother Niles, and brother Spring, and Dr. Hopkins, and Dr. West, and a great many other visits of the property of the ministers. I want to see, too, the old prophets and the apostles. What a society there will be in heaven. the apostles. What a society there will be in leaven. There we shall see such men as Moses, and Isaiah, and Elijah, and Daniel, and Paul. I want to see Paul more than any other man I can think of. But it is a great than any other man I can think of. But it is a great thing to be allowed to enter heaven. Perhaps I shall be shut out. But if I am not saved I shall be discap-pointed." When the hour came for the old soldier to leave the militant for the triumphant Church, his char-acteristic words were, "I am ready." The whole article should be read. Each paper in the present number of this stately quarterly is worthy of its place, and full of entertainment and increased in the control of the state of of the stat

number of this stately quarterly is worthy of its place, and full of entertainment and instruction.

On Franklin's birth-day the committee, in whose hands was placed the charge of securing the proposed monument to his memory, met at the house of Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, to receive the reports of the sub-committees upon Design and Finance. About #16,000 had been subscribed, which is considered sufficient for the completion of the statue. A few thousand dollars more it was thought desirable to obtain, to meet the expenses incident to mounting it upon its pedestal and reparring a suitable inclosure. Mr. Greenough, the artist, has nearly completed his model for the casting, a miniature of which in bronze was exhibited in Mr. Winthrop's rooms. It will be east in brass, at Chicapee, where the large statue of De Witt Clinton was so successfully produced in metal some time since. It is to be eight feet in height, and to be mounted, twelved. feet from the ground, upon a square pedestal. The design represents Franklin in the familiar position with which he is associated in the mind, from pictorial representations, standing with his hat under his arm, and wearing a coat lined with fur. Before the next birth-day of the venerated sage, the task of the com-

orthogy of the venerated sage, fit that is of the committee will be undoubtedly completed.

Of the full-length statue of Webster which Powers is chiseling for the Webster Association in this city, Honorable G. W. Warren writes from Florence to Mr. Everett, that it is rapidly progressing. Webster is represented as standing erect, holding the Constitution of the United States in his right hand, and in his left adhering to the Union. The conception is said to be

adhering to the Union. The conception is said to be noble and appropriate, and the name of the sculptor is an abundant assurance of its admirable execution. The Congregational Board, of which several notices have appeared in this Magazine, was established in 1829, under the title of the "Doctrinal Tract and Book Society." Its object was, the circulation of tracts and nave appeared in this Magazine, was established in 1829, under the title of the "Dectrinal Tract and Book Seelety." Its object was, the circulation of tracts and books "adapted to explain, prove, and vindicate, the peculiar and essential doctrines of the gospel," as held peculiar and essential doctrines of the gospet, as held by the Calvinistic Congregationalists, and to preserve and defend their ecclesiastical polity. Up to 1847 their publications were confined to tracts, forty-two of which were prepared, and ten millions in the aggregate were distributed. At this time twenty thousand dollars were devoted by generous members of this denomination, as a permanent fund, to enable them enter upon a more extended work of publication. The works already issued, and to be followed by others of like value, are of the class that would necessarily be limited in their sale, and therefore not be likely to pass limited in their sale, and therefore not be likely to pass through the presses of the trade, and yet of invaluable worth to the minister and to many private Christians, Quite an extensive clergyman's library has already been published, and is offered, as you remarked, at an extraordinarily low price, so that the most limited in-comes may admit of its purchase. In addition to this, generous donations have been, and are continually

received, for the purpose of distributing these choice fountains of thought among their missionaries and pas-tors of small Churches and smaller salaries. A noble tors of small Churches and smaller salaries. A noble charity is this, and marked with the characteristics of a far-seeing economy; for in cultivating the mind and heart of a public teacher, who can tell the amount of good that may be accomplished? There can evidently be no better defence of a denomination than a breast-work of its more weighty divines, thrown up around every part of its communion. The last important every part of its communion. The last important work published by the Board is one of great general work published by the Board is one of great general interest, and will undoubtedly have a wide circulation in every community where New-Englanders are found, it is a republication of Morton's well-known New-England Memorial, with General Bradford's History of Plymouth Colony, and Notes by Prince, Hutchinson, and others. The work has been admirably edited by Rev. Sewell Harding, the excellent Secretary of the Board. It makes a noble octavo, and is sold at the very reasonable price of two dollars. It is a treasure-house of instruction and entertainment in relation to old board. It makes a notic occave, and is soid at the very reasonable price of two dollars. It is a treasure-house of instruction and entertainment in relation to old colonial chronicles.

colonial chronicies.
Upon the recommendation of Governor Clifford, the Massachusetts Legislature of 1853 impowered Hon. Ephrain M. Wright, Secretary of the Commonwealth, to cause to be printed the old records of "The Governor and Company of the Massachusetts Bay in New-Eagland," the first two manuscript volumes of New-England," the first two manuscript volumes of which, by constant reference and the corrosion of the ink, had become nearly obliterated. The Honorable Secretary employed the valuable services of Dr. Nathanlel B. Shurtleff, as well known as an anti-Secretary employed the valuable services of Dr. Nathaniel B. Shurtleft, as well known as an antiquarian and patron of the sciences as eminent in his profession, in this important work. Six volumes are now published in a style of mechanical perfection at once an ornament and an honor to the state. They form royal octavos of some six hundred pages. The sixth volume brings the record, down to the period, in 1656, when the colonial government of Massachusetts was superseded by the council under President Dudley. The present Legislature will undoubtedly follow the honorable precedent of their predecessors, and continue the publication of these interesting and valuable annals through the colonial period. There will then remain still another act of respect to our noble New-England history—the printing of the Old Colony records, now filed away, awaiting such a permanent imbodyment in the archives of Plymouth. The new fireproof editice, in the rear of, and united with, the State House, for the state library, is "now rapidly approaching its completion. It will cost the state about two hundred thousand dollars, and if its

state about two hundred thousand dollars, and if its internal arrangement is effected in accordance with the designs of the trustees, it will form one of the finest

designs of the trustees, it will form one of the finest library rooms in the country.

The late American movement, whatever may be said of the peculiar character of its organization, (and here good men honestly differ,) and howevershort may here good men nonestly differ,) and however snort may be the period of its organic life, (and its termination probably will be as welcome to many as its sudden birth and development were startling,) has already ac-complished many invaluable results. Besides setting in operation measures which will undoubtedly whole-somely modify our naturalization laws, and instituting inquiries into the shocking barbarities now practiced upon sick and insane paupers who are systematically upon sick and insane paupers who are systematically sent to this country by many of the petty European powers, it has directed attention to Catholic schools and the progress of Romanism, and without perse-cution or an exhibition of bigotry defended the Pro-testant community from a somewhat serious exposure, on the part of their children; for neither the ecclesias-tical nor the political power of Romanism is to be feared when our second one is different parachecodes to the when our people are intelligently awakened as to its real character and designs. The development of an American esprit de corps has served to rebuke the coquetting of our political parties both with foreigners generally and the united Catholic body specifically. But besides this, the movement has called into lively But besides this, the movement has called into lively requisition, some of the most facile pens in the defence of our Reformed faith, and in manly examination of, and opposition to, Romanism. We spoke of Dr. Beecher's work in a previous letter. Rev. Rafus W. Clark, one of our most active and popular elergymen, having delivered a series of ten lectures upon the subject in his pulpit, has consented to their publication for general circulation. They form a portable volume, landsomely published by S. K. Whipple & Co., and offered at a small price. The volume presents nearly all the salient points in the long controversy, and is written in a style so easy and popular, that what might be considered a forbidding subject is made to hold with peculiar interest the attention of the reader.

Dr. Adams, whose work upon slavery, honestly put for Admin, whose work upon savery, nonesty put for the abate the asperity of the controversy between the North and South, has only been like the easting of oil into the fire, rather than upon the troubled waters, has just put forth from the fruitful press of Jewett and 70., another precious volume, corresponding to his Friends of Christ," and entitled, "Christ a Friend." Pure and classical in style, fresh in its presentation of old and rich truth, evangelical in sentiment, and redo-lent with a heavenly fragrance, the volume will be prized as one of the few select books that rest near the

prized as one of the few select books that rest near the altar of devotion, and administer consolations in hours of depression, and afford material for reflection in seasons of religious meditation.

There is no volume of annual statistics that compares in value with the American Almanac, published by Phillips, Sampson & Co., and we are sorry to learn that its patronage is far from being equal to its deserts. The astronomical calculations are prepared by Mr. Bond, of the Cambridge Observatory. In polities, trade, economical statistics, scientific advances, biographies, it contains invaluable details, carefully arranged. Every professional man, merchant, and mechanic, will receive aid from its fruitful columns.

The portable poetical series of Little, Brown & Co.,

The portable poetical series of Little, Brown & Co., has grown by the addition of the poems of Coleridge, Keats, and Watts, forming five additional volumes of

Keais, and Watts, forming five additional volumes of this beautiful library.

Hon. George Lunt is the reputed Wesley Brooke, the nom de plume of the anthor of "Eastfort", or Household Sketches," published by Crocker & Brews-ter. The volume is a quiet New-England tale, with admirably drawn characteristic portraitures of every-day lives in our sober country towns and cities. The book is enjoying a generous patronage. Who is Ida May? If you find out, please refleve an anxious com-munity. James Russell Lowell's double lectures upon poetry, before the Lowell Lyceum, were crowded with May? If you find out, please relieve an anxious community. James Russell Lowell's double lectures upoperty, before the Lowell Lyceum, were crowded with interested audiences. Full of old reading and wit, himself a true poet, the anclent and the modern bards fared well in his generous hands. His fourth lecture opened thus anusingly—"One of the laws of the historical Macbeth, declares that 'fools, minstrels, bards, and all other such idle people, unless they be specially licensed by the king, shall be compelled to seek some craft to win their living,' and the old chronicler adds approvingly—"These and such-like laws were used by King Macbeth, through which he governed the realin ten years in good justice." I do not quote this in order to blacken the memory of that unhappy monarch. The ten years in good justice.' I do not quote this in order to blacken the memory of that unhappy monarch. The poets commonly contrive to be even with their enemies in the end, and Shakespeare has taken an ample revenge. I cite it only for the phrase 'unless they be specially licensed by the king,' which points to a fact on which I propose to dwell for a few moments. When Yirgi said, Arnur virunque cano, 'Arms and the man Line' he defined by the stretcher wayner the original I sing,' he defined in the strictest manner the original office of the poet, and the object of the judicious Mac office of the poet, and the object of the judicious Macbeth's ordinance was to prevent any one from singing the wrong arms and the rival man. Formerly the poet held a recognized place in the body politic, and, if he has been deposed from it, it may be some consolation to think that the fools, whom the Scotch usurper included in his penal statute, have not lost their share in the government of the world yet, nor, if we may trust appearances, are likely to for some time to come. The poet was once what the newspaner is now."

trust appearances, are incely to for some time to come.

The poet was once what the newspaper is now."

The present legislature are considering the question of a Girls' Reform School, the disuntion of sentiment in the matter turning upon the expediency of one large institution, rather than an officer with local rooms, whose duty it shall be to find positions in households for those exposed girls, even paying their board if necessary. Serious objections are thought to rest against a large institution like that provided for

The Westborough Boys' Reform School being full, it has been proposed to establish a nautical school, in which such of the boys as may give promise of be-coming good sallors may be properly trained. This course has been recommended by his excellency, and

meets with general satisfaction.

The New-England Society for the Promotion of Manufactures and the Mechanic Arts, numbering among its officers some of the first mercantile names among its officers some of the first mercantile names in our community, among other resolutions sug-gested by the pressure of the times, passed the follow-ing—a practical regard for which would alike benefit the private and public economy. Resolved, that we earnestly desire that our people should keep up those habits of plain living and high acting, in which the foundations of New-England society were laid.

Book Notices.

Keith & Co., New-York, have issued an important work entitled Positive Medicul Agents. We are not a medico, (for which we thank Providence,) and cannot therefore pronounce on the merits of such a production; but our cotemporary of the Christian Advocate and Journal, who is an "old practitioner," though we suppose not an "old fogy" in the art, declares that it is one of the greatest steps forward which medicine has made for many a year. We like much the tone of good sense and practical sagacity which characterizes the book. It is a treatise on the new alkoloid, resinoid and concentrated preparations of indigenous and foreign medical plants. The doctor is manifestly a "progressionist."

Juvenile books, notwithstanding the hard times, drop upon our table incessantly. lips & Sampson, Boston, have issued Country Life, and Other Stories, by Cousin Mary,-the main story consisting of finely-drawn pictures of the District School, Sunday School, Meeting-House, Thanksgiving Day, &c. The Angel Children; or, Stories from Cloud Land, by Charlotte M. Higgins, comprising seven beautiful sketches-not altogether fairy or ideal stories, but enough so, to present the peculiar and absorbing interest of fairy tales. The Cheerful Heart; or, a Silver Lining to every Cloud, a sweet, refreshing story for young and old. The Charm, a dozen or more pretty narratives. All these volumes are illustrated by cuts of unusual excellence-a fact of special merit in children's books. The young eye should be educated by the best possible samples of art.

Carlton & Phillips have published a neat little volume of Irish Stories for Thoughtful Readers. The stories have a good moral, and the engravings are numerous and well executed. The juvenile publications of this house are among the best in the nation, especially in their artistic work. The Child's Subbath-Day Book is one of their finest and cheapest issues. It treats of the observance of the Subbath in a manner adapted to children, and renders its lessons attractive by its really elegant cuts. The Tempest is the title of another of their small illustrated volumes — an entertaining treatise on the atmosphere and its phenomena, with numerous pictorial illustrations.

Fetridge & Co., Boston, have sent us an attractive little volume, consisting of stories, sketches, poems, and paragraphs, entitled the Little Folks' Oten. It abounds in engravings on tinted paper, and is such a medley of good things as cannot fail to interest any youngster who puts hands upon it.

Higgins & Perkinpine, Philadelphia, have published three discourses delivered by Rev. Dr. F. Hodgson, in Philadelphia, entitled the Calcinistic Doctrines of Predestination Examined and Refuted. Some men have a genius for polemics, as others have for mathematics or poetry. Dr. Hodgson has not only skill and tact at theological dialectics, but an evident pleasure in mastering difficulties, which can

come only from an original predisposition of mind. This little volume we hesitate not to pronounce one of the most trenchant polemical works on the subject yet produced by the Arminian party. We commend it especially to the attention of Calvinistic thinkers, as presenting one of the strongest exhibits of the anti-Calvinistic arguments.

Gould & Lincoln, Boston, have sent us Oscas; or, The Boy who had his Own Way—one of the "Aimwell Stories." It teaches an important moral in an attractive manner. The illustrations are not as good as usual with this well-known house; but the typographical execution of the volume makes amends for their defects.

Carter & Brothers, New-York, have issued a third edition of The Great Journey; A Pilgrimage through the Valley of Tears to Mount Zion, the City of the Living God; by the author of "The Night Watches," &c. It has a dangerous semblance to Bunyan's immortal allegory; but its successful sale shows that it is not an unsuccessful imitation. There is in fact a great deal of original thought in the volume, its style is winning and its fable skillfully managed, while a sweet spirit pervades its pages, and cannot fail to refresh the heart of the devout reader.

The Chart of Life, a new and important work by Rev. James Porter, author of "The True Evangelist," is not like the above, an allegory, though its title would seem to imply it. It is a series of elaborate and skillful essays on the dangers-"the rocks and shoals"-of man's moral life. Mr. Porter's former works have been extensively successful; this we consider equal to any of them. It is direct and energetic in style, and remarkably clear and practical and home-addressed in its counsels. There is sharp analysis as well as sound common-sense in his appreciation of moral questions, such as skepticism, social hinderances, &c. It is the very book for presentation to young Christians. Magee, Boston.

One of the best allegorical works on religion, (always excepting from the comparison Bunyan's-of course) is Keach's Travels of True Godliness. Keach was a cotemporary of the "Bedford tinker;" he does not, however, imitate him. Bunyan represents the Christian passing through the stages of experimental religion: Keach represents religion itself on a pilgrimage about the world, encountering all sorts of characters-the legalist, the Pharisee, the hypocrite, the old, the young, &c. The work has originality, and shares largely in the peculiar kind of interest which Bunyan has thrown into his narrative. The American Baptist Publication Society, Philadelphia, has issued a new edition, edited by Rev. Dr. Malcolm.

The Light of the Temple is the title of a volume from the pen of the Rev. Dr. Strickland. It is a history of the divine manifestations, in connection with the Jewish State Church down to the last dispersion of the Jews, after the Advent. The narrative is vividly sketched, and affords

continual and impressive moral lessons, as well as much valuable, historical, and geographical information. It has many of the adaptations of a popular book, and deserves an extensive circulation. Its pictures might have been better. Brust, Cincinnati.

The Men for the Times is the title of an eloquent sermon delivered by Rev. J. H. Perry, before the Methodist Churches of Brooklyn, on Thanksgiving Day, and published by request. It delineates with a decided hand the character demanded in the men of our times, and corresponds so thoroughly with our own views of the subject, as expressed repeatedly in these columns, that we feel more than satisfied with its able portraiture. We should like to insert the whole of it, had we space.

A cheap 12mo. edition of Pearson on Infidelity -the Evangelical Alliance Prize Essay-has been Issued by Carter & Brothers, New-York. The multiform aspects of unbelief from atheism to formalism, with their causes and agencies, are discussed by the author throughout with great clearness and power. No one will question the importance of such a work at the present time; and the forty editions through which the essay has passed in England, as well as the extensive circulation it has attained in this country, significantly attest the marked ability with which it is written. It ought to be read, not by theologians only, but by all to whom the truth of Christianity is a question of deep interest. Happily the low price (60 cents) at which the present edition is issued, makes it accessible to all.

Rev. Dr. Charles Elliott, whose great work on Popery has secured him a literary reputation both in England and this country, has given to the public his long-expected *History of the Great*

Secession from the Methodist Hpiscopal Church, in the year 1845, &c. It has been prepared in accordance with a vote of the General Conference of the denomination. Nearly six hundred closely printed pages are devoted to the ecclesiastical period from 1844 to 1848-quite as much space as is occupied by Dr. Bangs's whole History of the Church. The volume is a repository, of not only all the data and events of the "secession" as the doctor insists on calling it, but largely of the history of the precedent anti-slavery movement in England and this country-especially the Methodistic abolitionism of New-England. Our New-England Methodist readers will be surprised at the detail with which forgotten facts, and forgotten men too, of their anti-slavery conflicts, are here resuscitated. The research of the author is absolutely astonishing-it reminds us of the tireless industry of German scholarship. The book is not one for popular reading; in the nature of things it could not be; it is what the General Conference desired—a resume of the historical data of the great revolutionary event which it records. It will be invaluable to the future historian of the Church; it puts in a definitive form the showing of one party at least on the great question in controversy. If it is complained that the work is unnecessarily swelled by matters only indirectly related to its subject, it will be replied that this irrelevant matter is at least put into a convenient form, and makes the book not only a history of the Church movement, but of the general movement against slavery. Of the special views of the author on the legal aspects of the division, which he calls a "secession," we have not space here to remark; but as we differ somewhat from him, we may return to the theme hereafter.

Miterary Becord.

AMERICAN BOOKS IN GERMANY .- The Literary Gazette has a long article on American literature in Europe, in which the editor says :- " ' Uncle Tom.' of course, had its thousands of readers: 'The Wide, Wide World' has been almost as generally read, since its appearance first as a newspaper feuilleton and then as a regular volume; the 'Lamplighter,' in the new translation made at Leipsic, is now vieing with its predecessors in its claims upon general favor. These, it must be remarked, are all books showing the peculiar phase of American life, and are just the ones most likely to be mentioned in letters to 'the Fatherland,' from foreigners now resident among us. Beyond this there has been an increasing admiration for American poetry, especially for that of Longfellow; and we doubt whether any living poet, in whatever language he may write, possesses at this moment a wider circle of appreciative readers than does our distinguished countryman. The English original, and the German translation of his poems, are now almost equally well known upon the continent of Europe." The editor quotes from "Dr.

Herrig's Hand-Book of North American Literature "-a German work on our own writers-in which he says of our poets that "Pierrepont's 'Airs of Palestine' rank in depth of thought, beauty of language, and harmony of verse, among the best of early American poems. los Wilcox is compared to Cowper. Of the better poets of the second rank, he considers Sprague, Brainard and Steel, the most esteemed. Percival is spoken of in high terms as endowed with wonderful natural powers, and as distinguished for the bold imagination, the freedom and the facility of his verse. Whittier has the soul and spirit of a poet, and will undoubtedly attain the highest rank." No poetical writer appears to our German critic so "subjective" as Dana; none shows so clearly the marks of his individuality. "His words are imbodied ideas, and one of his single epithets often contains a great and powerful thought." Halleck is highly praised, and his "Marco Bozzaris" characterized as a master-piece; but "Holmes is said to stand first among our modern humorists." These are illustrations of the criticisms

which are made upon our poets. Three, however, are reserved for higher praise and more extended comment. They are Bryant, Longfellow and Poe, holding, as poets, in the estimarion of Dr. Herrig, very much the position of Calhoun, Webster and Clay, as statesmen.

The New-York Free Academy.—The catalogue of this noble institution for 1854 makes a striking exhibit: a faculty of no less than twenty instructors, headed by Dr. Webster—a programme of study remarkably thorough and well collocated—and a "summary" of students for the year of no less than four hundred and thirty-seven, about two hundred and forty of whom are in the introductory department. A better provision for education adorns not any of our great cities.

The Boston Library.—Our Boston correspondent has frequently alluded to this experimental undertaking. The Second Annual Report of the trustees has appeared, and demonstrates the success of the attempt. It says:—

"Its growth has exceeded the most sanguine expectations of the trustees. In their annual report of last year they stated that the income of Mr. Bates's munificent endowment, of the generous donation of Mr. Phillips, and of the other invested funds of the library, would furnish the means of purchasing 3,500 volumes for the current year, while from other sources still further accessions might be confidently anticipated. In point of fact, the library, during the course of the year, lad, at the date of the librarina's report, been increased by 6.583 volumes, and about 3,000 pamphlets. Of these, it appears by the librarian's report, that over 2,000 volumes, and nearly all the pamphlets, have been bought. If we are authorized to form an opinion of the future growth of the library from the experience of the past, we may safely calculate upon an increase thereafter of at least 6,000 volumes annually, exclusive of pamphlets; a rate of increase which in fourteen years will carry the library up to 100,000 volumes—a larger collection than any at present existing in the United States."

This is an encouraging example for other cities of the Union.

According to the census, there are 15,615 public libraries in the United States, and 4,636,411 volumes, of which 1,760,820 are in this state. Comparing the free with the slave states, the former have by far the most libraries. For instance, Virginia has 54, and New-York 11,013; Alabama 56, and Massachusetts 1,462; South Carolina 26, and Connecticut 164; Georgia 7, and Rhode Island 96. Of the slave states, in proportion to population, Mississippi has the most public libraries, and Virginia the fewest, although those of the latter contain a greater number of volumes than those of any slave state, excepting Louisiana, South Carolina, and Virginia.

The literature of Russia is far more extensive than most Americans suppose. The universities are seven in number, and are at St. Petersburgh, Moscow, Kasan, Charkoff, Keif, Dorpat, and Helsingfors. The last named is for Finland, and is established at the capital of that country, and no longer at Abo, (Obo, as they pronounce it,) where it long was. The instruction is given in the Swedish language in this university. The university of Dorpat is at Livonia, one of the Baltic provinces, and is probably the best of the whole. The instruction is given in German. The other five universities are for the instruction of the Russian

youth. The institution at Wilna is not, we believe, a university, though it is often called such. There is no university at Warsaw, nor has there been since 1831. The young men of Poland are required to go to Dorpat for their university education.

Sir John Franklin, whose fate seems now to be definitely settled, was born in 1786, entered the British navy as a midshipman, on board the Polyphemus, and served at the battle of Copenhagen. His voyages have been too numerous here to be mentioned. Literature is indebted to him for three works, the titles of which we give:—"Journey to the Coppermine River," 2 vols. 8vo.; A Second Journey to the same locality, 4to.; "Voyages to the Polar Seas," 4 vols. 18mo.

Genesee College, Lima, New-York, has been somewhat reorganized under promising circumstances. Its new president, Dr. Cummings, has made a decidedly favorable impression in its behalf. It has an able and a thoroughly working faculty. Including the academic section, the catalogue for the past year reports nearly nine hundred students.

The Newark Library Association has at present about 5,000 volumes on its shelves .- The Printers' Free Library, located at No. 3 Chambers-street, New-York, has nearly 3,000 vols .-The munificent donation of \$5,000 by the Hon. Josiah Little to the city of Newburyport, for the founding of a Public Library, has been accepted, and a spacious room of the City Hall building has been set apart for this purpose.— Hon. D. S. Gregory has presented the Young Men's Christian Association of Jersey City with 2,000 volumes of literary, religious, scientific and miscellaneous works.—The new Public Hall at Lawrence, Mass., connected with the Pacific Mills, has about 1,500 carefully selected volumes .- The catalogue of the Library of the Rochester Athenœum and Mechanics' Association has now between seven and eight thousand volumes, and embraces a large number of stand-

An American necespaper in Europe has been commenced in Paris by Charles L. Fleischmann, giving a summary of news from this country, for the benefit of our countrymen in Paris.

Schiller's Works.—The children of Schiller are endeavoring to obtain from the Prussian Chambers an extension of the copyright of their father's works. Their copyright is already secured till 1858, and they pray that the term may be extended twenty years.

Wisconsin University, located at Madison, has property worth \$205,000 over and above all Prof. D. Read has been recently liabilities. elected to the chair of Mental Philosophy. We commend its financial example to western colleges. Now is the time for them to secure substantial endowments in the form of real estate, the very best investment. Soon the cheap lands of the west will be taken up, and the opportunity lost. A half a million should be the minimum with which any new western college should be content. The Roman Catholics know how to "speculate" in this manner, but our Protestant institutions seem to be sleeping away the opportunity.

The Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn., is reported successful in its attempt to raise \$100,000 for its further endowment. The sum should have been double that figure; but it has done well for the "hard times." Its catalogue, now before us, shows one hundred and twenty-three students—thirty-seven in the Freshman Class. Its prospects will doubtless brighten in its better financial circumstances. Its faculty includes some of the best instructors in the land.

Dr. Kitto, whose death we announced some months ago, was a very laborious scholar notwithstanding his poor health. The list of his works includes "Bible History of the Holy Land," 8vo.; "Court and People of Persia," 18mo.; "Cyclopædia of British Literature," 2 vols. roy. 8vo.; also, an "Abridged" and a "People's" edition of this Cyclopædia. "Daily Bible Illustrations," 8 vols. 12mo.; "Essays and Letters," with a Memoir, 12mo.; "Geography of the Holy Land," with Atlas, roy. 8vo.; "History of Palestine," 12mo.; "Pictorial" ditto, 2 vols. roy. 8vo.; "Lost Senses, Deafness and Blindness," 2 vols. 18mo.; "Pyictorial Life of our Saviour," 4to.; "Scripture Lands and Bible Atlas," 12mo.; "The Tabernacle and its Furniture," 4to. He also established and conducted, until within two years, "The Journal of Sacred Literature," which has since passed into the hands of Rev. G. Burgess.

The Moniteur, Paris, has published a decree, opening a credit of \$20,000, to be applied to the necessary expenses which the collecting, editing, and publishing of the first Napoleon's writings entail. The correspondence will include not

only the Emperor's autograph and dictated letters, but also his proclamations, instructions, bulletins, reports, and various orders. Even the notes which he appended to projects submitted to him will be used. Whatever may be thought, in a literary point of view, of the feuilleton system, which still prevails in France, though of late years with greatly diminished éclat, it is certain that it has produced to a few of the most eminent authors immense sums, which under any other system it would have been absurd for them to hope for. Thus, from a statement recently published at Paris, it appears that Chateaubriand received for the publication, in the feuilletons of one of the daily papers, of his "Mémoirs d'Outre-Tombe," \$19,420, or a little more than \$100 for each feuilleton. Lamartine received \$10,000 for his "Confidences." To Madame George Sands, for the "History of her Life," now in course of publication in a Paris newspaper, \$26,000 have been paid; and it is probable, from the extent of her work, that her remuneration will be at least as great, if not greater, than that of either of her distinguished cotemporaries. Considering the difference between poetry and prose, it will be seen that these French people have received more in proportion than the "half-a-crown per line" of Scott, which so aroused the wrath of

The Bakersfield North Academy, under the principalship of Rev. H. J. Moore, reports one hundred and twenty-three students—a larger number than at any preceding year.

The Gazette de l'Académie, of St. Petersburgh, states that the Chevalier Bunson continues to reside in retirement at Heidelberg, and has just sent a new historical work to his publisher.

Arts and Sciences.

THE wife of Omar Pacha has just had published, at Paris, five military marches of her composition for the piano. They are the first musical productions known to exist of the wife of a professing Mussulman.

Some German gentlemen have succeeded in discovering the temple of Juno, near Argos, which was buried in the earth. They have ascertained its length, width, and height, and have found in it remains of a great number of marble statues.

Proposed Canal across the Isthmus of Suez.—M. Lesseps, formerly French consul in Egypt, has obtained from the Viceroy, Said Pacha, a firman, granting to a company, of which he is director, the applied-for authority to make a ship canal across the Isthmus of Suez, connecting the Mediterranean with the Red Sea, The canal, seventy-five miles long, is to be completed in twelve years, the company having a right of levying a toll on all vessels passing through for ninety-nine years. The capital is to be raised by shares, and M. Lesseps expresses himself as being promised the support of

eminent bankers in France and Germany. Egypt will not be called upon to make any outlay; the viceroy is to have fifteen per cent. of the net profits, and at the expiration of the lease the works are to become the property of the government.

Lieutenant Maury, of the observatory of Washington, reported to the Academy of Sciences of Paris, in a recent sitting, that one of his assistants, in September, discovered a new planet. He did not, he stated, announce the discovery before, from the belief that it might have been previously made in Europe. This is the first planet ever discovered in America. By Mr. Maury's request it has received the name of Euphrosyne.

There seems to be no abatement in the inventive genius of our countrymen. The number of patents issued is reported weekly. They have sometimes amounted to nearly fifty, though thirty is about the average number per week, making over fifteen hundred issued annually. About eighty-five per cent. of these are from the New-England States.

Asiatic Explorations.—See our Editorial Notes for news from old Babylon. The London Asiatic Society declares that the excavations at Birs Nimrud, which have been on a grand scale, have resulted in nothing of consequence; no inscription—not a cylinder has been found. At Kouyunjik fine sculptures are still found, but nothing new in inscriptions. The tablets met with are merely contracts, benefactions, or mythological formulæ.

Expedition to Central Africa.—The London Athenrum has already announced that dispatches have been received with the news of the death of Dr. Barth. This sad intelligence has been transmitted by Dr. Vogel from Kuka, who, in a letter dated the 18th of July last, had informed Col. Herman at Tripoli of the rumor having reached Kuka of Dr. Barth's death at Menade, near Sakatu. In order to ascertain the correctness of this statement, and, in the worst event, to save the papers and other effects of Dr. Barth, he (Dr. Vogel) had at once dispatched his most trustworthy servant to that place.

The Geographical Society of Paris held its annual sitting lately. It was announced that the government is prepared to support and reward travelers who may be willing to explore the parts of Africa between Senegal and Timbuctoo; from Lake Tchad to the mouth of the Tchadda by way of Yola and Yacobe; from Lake Tchad to Belenia in four degrees north latitude; and from Mombas in the coast to Belenia, by Mount Kenia. A detailed report on the operations of the society during the preceding year was read. An account was given of a voyage on the White Nile, by M. Brun-Rollet, to as low down as three degrees north latitude, which is considerably further than any traveler has yet gone. On his way he fell in with some very singular tribes.

The French photographers in the East have already sent to Paris four hundred and nine photographs of incidents in the campaign.

The rarest of all the rare early engraved portraits of Shakspeare—a fine impression of the medallion of 1655—has been secured by Mr. Halliwell, London. It is said that only two other original impressions are known.

Important Discovery. - The Albany Beening Journal appeared on paper "made entirely from The editor remarked, its inventor, George W. Beardslee, Esq., of this city, kindly furnished us with a ream to print for circulation among those directly interested in the important discovery. The paper is made from pulp produced from basswood shavings, of a peculiar form, thrown off by Mr. Beardslee's planing machine, which has been improved to produce this result. It contains no mixture of rags, or other material whatever, nor sizing. It is from the pure wood alone. The paper furnished us was made at Satterlee's Mill, Little Falls, under unfavorable circumstances. The supply of pulp was so small that the mill had to be served by hand instead of by guage pumps, the consequence of which was such irregular feeding as to produce slightly irregular thicknesses of paper. The paper has also been used, with perfect success, by Mr. Gavit for transferring fine line engravings-a result which cannot be attained by any other ordinary newspaper.

But Mr. Beardslee is not restricted to basswood. He has made experiments which leave no doubt upon his mind that paper of a texture even superior to that which he has already produced from that wood can be produced from other native woods, found in equal abundance.

Astronomical Discovery,-Professor Pierce of Harvard College has made a scientific discovery which will unsettle, to say the least, the universal accredited theory, that the moon is uninhabited, because she has no atmosphere. That the moon, as far as we have yet been able to examine her, has no atmosphere, or at least none of sufficient density to conform to our optical laws, and the demands of any animal life known to us, is unquestionable. But this can be positively affirmed of only one side of our satellite; for, as will be remembered, although she revolves upon her axis, she constantly presents but one side to the earth. Now it has been discovered by calculation, and demonstrated as geometrical fact, that the moon's center of form is eight miles nearer to us than her center of gravity, through which, of course, her axis of revolution must pass; or, in other words, this side of the moon is sixteen miles higher than the other. If, therefore, we suppose that the moon has an atmosphere such as ours, it would be of such extreme rarity on the only side exposed to our observation, that, for optical effect and animal life, it might as well not exist. For mountains upon the earth, none of which are over five miles above the level of the sea, have been ascended to a height at which life could not be supported for any length of time, and still mountains have stretched above the panting traveler. What, then, must be the atmosphere at four times such an elevation? The conclusion seems inevitable, that, although the hither side of the moon is uninhabitable for want of an atmosphere, the remote side may be perfectly adapted to animal life. It is at least certain that the mere want of an atmosphere perceptible to us, is no longer conclusive as to the uninhabitableness of the planet that rules the night.

The coal product of the world, in the year 1853, is estimated at 75,000,000 tons; of which amount 40,000,000 were produced by Great Britain, and 9,000,000 by the United States.

Professor Zahn, who has passed not fewer than fifteen years in investigating the ruins of Herculaneum and Pompeii, is preparing for publication, at Berlin, the twenty-seventh and last part of his great work on the monuments discovered in those towns. This work is one of the most expensive ever published in Germany, each copy costing 300 thalers, (about \$230.)

Excavations made in lands belonging to the Propaganda at Rome have led to the discovery of a chapel near the Via Momentana, containing the tomb of Pope Alexander I., who suffered martyrdom in 116. The tomb forms an altar, and bears an inscription indicating that it was erected by a prelate in the fourth century. The chapel is in a better state of preservation than might have been expected from its antiquity, and it contains remains of beautiful decorations.